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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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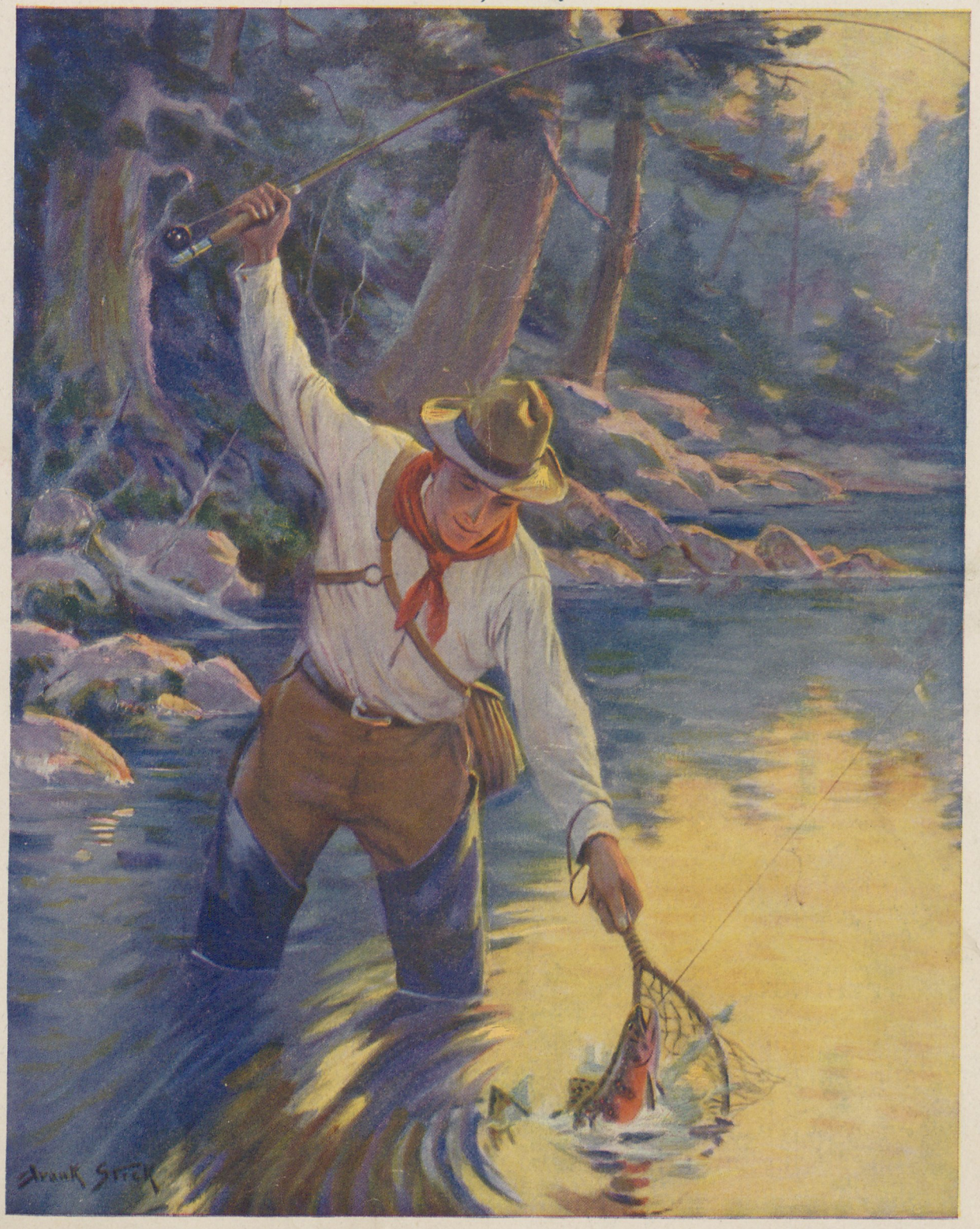

Zane Grey—Stewart Edward White—O. W. Smith

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HARD HITTING
CLOSE PATTERN

The Remington Heavy Duck Load

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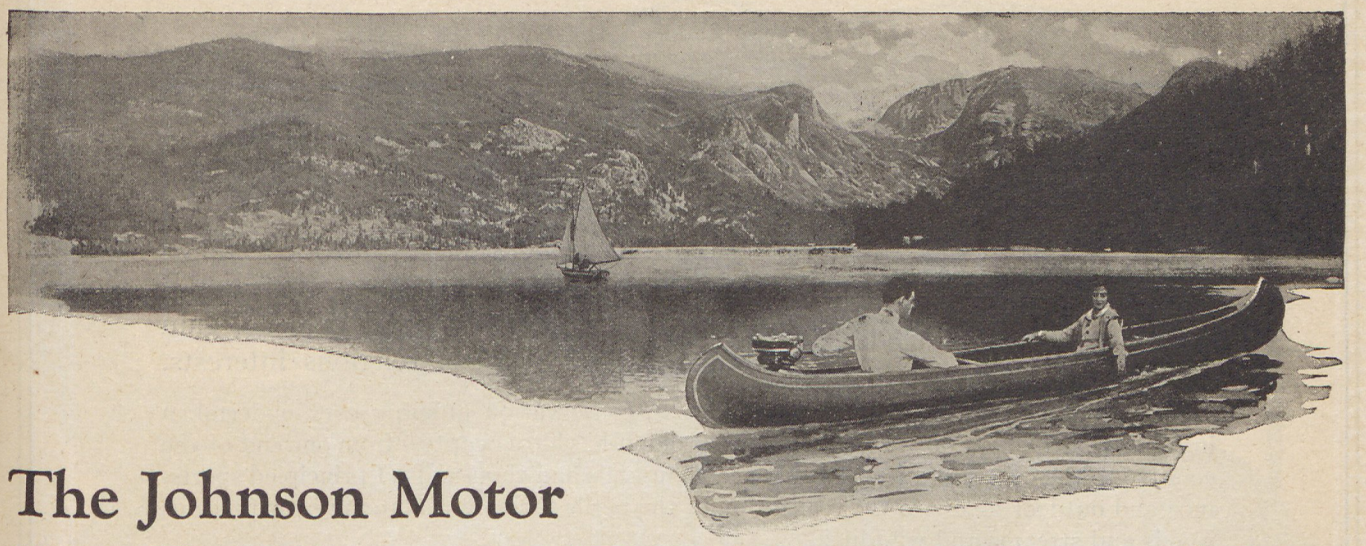

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THOUSANDS of fishermen, sportsmen, sailors and summer cottagers have found a lot of attractive features about the Johnson Outboard Motor in addition to its unapproached dependability—though of course that's really the feature that made people buy more Johnson Motors from dealers last year than any other make.

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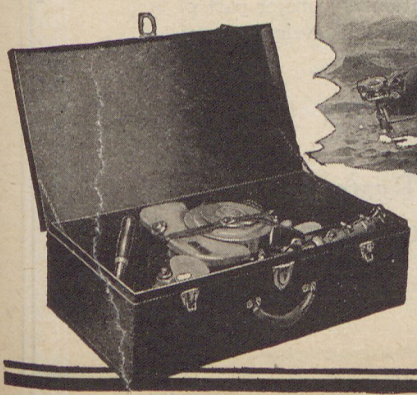
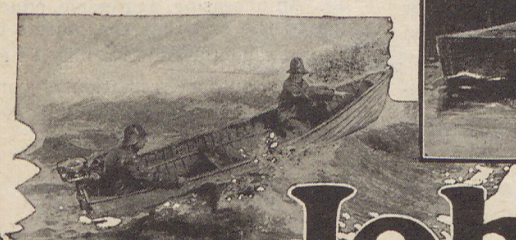
Runs errands at the summer cottage or camp—even if "town" is miles away.
Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine.

Pack your Johnson in this suitcase and take it with you—anywhere





Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though but twenty six months old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

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Outdoor America

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CONTENTS

Painting by Frank L. Stick . . . . . Cover
Conservation in Thought, Word and Deed . . . . . *Stewart Edward White* 7
Editorial.
Stories and Reminiscences by Jacob M. Dickinson . . . . . *Jacob M. Dickinson* 8
A Fishing Justice.
Nelson McGavock.
An Anti-Climax and Swift Conviction.
Springtime Along the Little River . . . . . *El Comancho* 10
By one of America's Master Woodsmen.
When the Sign was Right . . . . . *O. W. Smith* 13
Concerning a Big Rainbow.
Pollution . . . . . *Dr. James A. Henshall* 17
The State-Wide Menace of Stream Pollution in Illinois . . . . . *Fred R. Jelliff*
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.
A Boy and a Badger . . . . . *Clarence Vance Shields* 20
"Surpassing the love of woman."
Walloping the Wavey . . . . . *Gerald W. Peck* 22
Geese on the Bear River Overflow.
Three Silver Logs . . . . . *Sherman Brown* 23
Reverie of a Fisherman.
Devil's River Again . . . . . *Betty Benton Patterson* 24
The Family go Camping.
The Lost Legend . . . . . *Donald Hough* 26
Last Installment of the only American Myth.
On the Nipigon . . . . . *Ozark Ripley* 28
Rapids and Trout and Happiness.
The Grizzly King . . . . . *James Oliver Curwood* 29
A Romance of the Wilds.
The McNary-Clarke Bill 33
Endorsed by Second Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.
Our Outdoor Calendar . . . . . *Warren H. Miller* 36
Practical and Fascinating Outdoor Lore.
Report of the League's Second Annual National Convention . . . . *George K. Shaffer* 38
Cartoons by Everett E. Lowry.
Forest Fires, Automobiles, Good Roads . . . . . *Zane Grey* 48
Eloquent and Forceful Plea for our Forests.
Forty Minutes with President Coolidge . . . . . *By the Editor* 51
With two coupons for you to sign.
Bill Leavitt's Big Black Drum . . . . . *By Switch Reel* 58
Angling Memories . . . . . *By Anglers of the League* 60
Bird Lore . . . . . *Bob Becker* 70
Superior National Forest News . . . . . *Paul B. Riis* 72
The Trap Shooting Department . . . . . *Conducted by George C. Franklin* 76
The Kennel Department . . . . . *Andrew Brooks* 90

fishermen—get this book!!

Every follower of Ike Walton should have this book. If your hobby is fishing — whether it be bass, trout or muskellunge, bluegill or crappie, tarpon or sword-fish — this book will prove of unusual interest.

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Every year we receive thousands of letters telling of the big strings and record fish caught with Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines. It is reasonable to believe that this is why these three are the choice of the best fishermen in all parts of the country.

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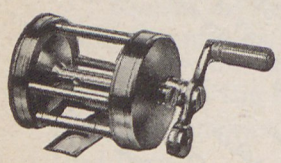
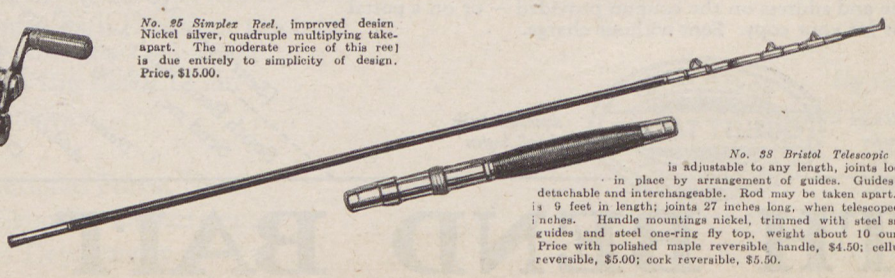


No. 25 Simplex Reel, improved design. Nickel silver, quadruple multiplying take-apart. The moderate price of this reel is due entirely to simplicity of design. Price, $15.00.



No. 38 Bristol Telescopic Rod is adjustable to any length, joints locked in place by arrangement of guides. Guides are detachable and interchangeable. Rod may be taken apart. It is 9 feet in length; joints 27 inches long, when telescoped 33 inches. Handle mountings nickel, trimmed with steel snake guides and steel one-ring fly top, weight about 10 ounces. Price with polished maple reversible handle, $4.50; celluloid reversible, $5.00; cork reversible, $5.50.

Kingfisher Mist Color Enamel Line is suitable for fly, brook trout, general lake and stream fishing. A medium weight enamel line, tough, strong and durable. Color: Slaty-gray. 25 yards to coil, four connected—100 yards in box. Price per 100 yards, 14 lb. test, $4.50; 16 lb. test, $5.00; 21 lb. test, $5.50; 25 lb. test, $6.25.

Outdoor America

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Conservation in Thought, Word and Deed

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

"In my mind, one branch of the conservation of the out-of-doors that has been more or less slurred and neglected, in favor, perhaps, of more pressing and immediate needs, is the education of the one who is to use that outdoors when it is preserved. Just as long as it is considered more or less ethical to talk conservation in general and practice small infractions of the law, either formal law or the unwritten code of sportsmen, just so long will real conservation lack. As an example of this, among many others, the duck situation in California will do very well. There are still in California hundreds of thousands of ducks, more than I have ever seen in any other part of the world. When I was a boy the Kankakee marshes of Indiana furnished probably as good wild fowl shooting as was anywhere then known. However, the number of ducks now in California, as compared to the numbers that existed twenty or even ten years ago, is as one to one hundred. I know this will be denied by many men who happen to get their shoots in the concentration up the Sacramento valley. When one sees the swarms of wild fowl in the air during the morning flight in that valley, he cannot conceive there can be any more ducks anywhere in the world. But I have known California game for thirty-five years, and my statement is deliberate. This is, as I said, a concentration. In the old days, ducks could be found as thick as that in a thousand other places. The game laws are fairly good here and the enforcement attempted is as effective, probably, as the appropriation facilities permit. However, the ducks are decreasing, and they are going to continue to decrease. This is because of two things: There is the sportsman who goes out and shoots for himself two or three limits, generally justifying the slaughter by the fact that some one with him has a one dollar license on which he claims he is justified in shooting. Then, also, he often brings his wife into the field for the purpose of shooting the two limits. Second, is the activity of the market hunter poacher. The marketing of ducks is prohibited in California. However, anyone with sufficient front, and not under suspicion, can go to almost any leading hotel or restaurant and, if he knows the ropes, get his wild ducks served to him quite openly at any time. It is a matter of common knowledge. Why the legal proof has not been obtained, I do not know; probably something to do with political pull. Answering this need, the poachers have a very elaborate system: Night shooting on the ponds, and rapid shipping to the city in automobiles. The process is known as "dragging," and is also a matter of common knowledge. Occasionally one of these men

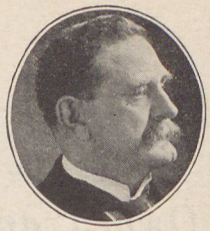
Author of The Blazed Trail, The Silent Places, The Gray Dawn, The Forty Niners, etc.

(Continued on page 83)

Stewart Edward White

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Stories and Reminiscences By Jacob M. Dickinson



IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

A Fishing Justice

HORACE H. LURTON of Tennessee was a lawyer first, last and all the time. Nothing pleased him more than reading law books—yes, one thing did, and that was fishing. In that his interest never flagged.

About 1900 a party consisting of Judge Horace H. Lurton, J. R. Todd, Carter H. Fitzhugh and the writer went to camp on a beautiful maple tree point above Barker's Lake on the Chippewa River. I took with me one of our old family darkies who was over seventy, was run down, and needed the stimulus of the Northern Woods. He was a Chesterfieldian, of the Old School, and of great dignity, enhanced by his prominence as a Deacon of a large church.

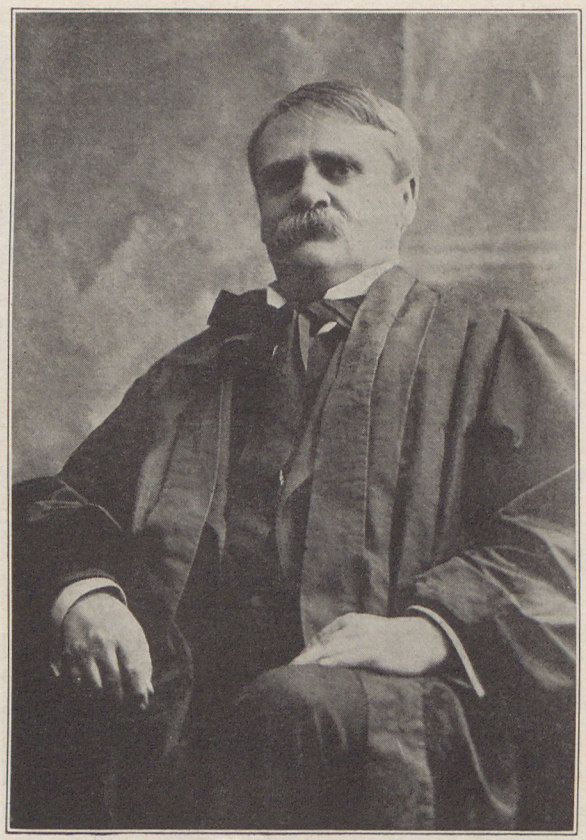
Everything was new to him and he was new to that clime. A young Indian girl, who had never seen a negro, trembled like a leaf when her eyes fell on him. Early the first morning of our Camp Life, John, in an excited tone, cried out to the Judge, "Boss, come quick, here's one of them concubines here for you." The Judge indignantly went to the tent flap and said, "John, what in the Devil do you mean?" John said, "Here, right up there in that tree, but be careful for the guide says those quills are awful."

Sunday came and we lounged about the camp, struggled with our limited literature and cast longing glances at the water. The Judge said, "Did you ever fish on Sunday?" I admitted that up to that time I never had. He said that most of the Apostles were fishermen, that doubtless they fished on the Sabbath when grub was low, and as we were where our example would not corrupt anyone, we would be justified in getting a Muskie for supper. I told him to get his rod and I would connive by pulling the boat.

Our dignified Deacon scowled at the preparation for desecration, and as I pushed off the boat, pulled off his hat, bowed profoundly, and with withering sarcasm said, "Boss, a pleasant Sabbath to you." I replied, "You sanctimonious specimen of desiccated anatomy, if you tell in Nashville that Judge Lurton and I fished on Sunday, you might as well make an engagement with an undertaker." He served the fish, but with a reproachful and reserved manner, and somehow the flavor of that fish did not appeal to us. John was superb to brush and hand to gentlemen their hats and coats, but I never knew him to do a lick of real hard work. After friendly relations were reestablished, and we talked of old times, I asked him confidentially, and as a brother in black, if he really had ever done any laborious work, and he said:

"I was always working about the house, and mostly in the front hall, and never labored with the plantation hands, but when the Yankees came to Nashville, they began to fortify Fort Negley. One day they caught me in town and pressed me into service, and put me to digging trenches, and it almost killed me. It was three days before I could get word to old Miss where I was, and the very next day she drove up on top of that hill in her carriage, got right out and ordered me to get up with the driver, and we drove away before the Yankees got over their astonishment." John was a part of the old Régime and known to all Nashville, and has long since rejoined his old Miss.

The Judge fished assiduously even after he became a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and almost to the time of his death. I think he must have slipped over a line, when Old Charon was ferrying him over to the green fields and unpolluted waters where old Izaak, and other worthies of the craft, are gently landing the trusting fish with barbless hooks and as gently releasing them.



Judge Horace H. Lurton, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1910 to 1914.

JUDGE DICKINSON is not only one of our leading American citizens, but one of our greatest and most enthusiastic sportsmen.

He has been devoted to fishing and shooting all his life and was a noted rifle and revolver shot not many years ago. He has had a remarkable career and his stories and recollections are historic and full of human interest.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army when he was fourteen years of age and after the war studied law in the United States and in France and Germany.

He was Assistant Attorney General under President Cleveland; Secretary of War under President Taft, and a close personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt.

He is the author of the Izaak Walton slogan: "Fish and Game Cannot Vote."

—*The Editor*

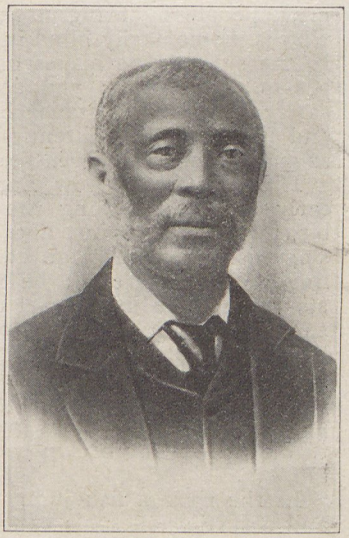
Nelson McGavock

HE belonged to Mrs. Jacob McGavock, of Nashville, Tennessee, having been given to her by her father, Felix Grundy. He was trusted in

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

every way by the entire family and no one ever doubted his integrity. He was not a glib, quick, bright negro, but could read and write and had some judgment. Mrs. McGavock had her negro men taught a trade and consequently, when they became free, each was immediately self-supporting. Nelson was a house painter and accumulated a goodly estate, after the war. When the McGavock young men, four of them, joined the Confederate Army, Nelson went with one as his body servant. Mrs. McGavock always preferred a letter from him, for while her son wrote about the Army, marches and battles, Nelson always told the incidents of daily life, and what they needed in the way of clothes and medicines. When the order went forth, stripping most officers of their personal servants, Nelson returned home, faithfully served his old master and mistress long after he was made free and until, the war being over, families were reunited.

After the War, he carried on his trade on his own account, but never lost touch with the family. In sickness he was always attentive and in death he took his place as a mourner with the family. He was highly respected in the community, owned his own home, became a money lender; later he became a preacher and finally a Bishop in the Methodist Church. Frequently he visited various members of the family to inquire about their health, and that of their children and grandchildren. Even in his old age it required much insistence to make him sit down. He would stand and fumble his silk hat and make diverting conversation until some one would take him by the arm and lead him to a chair. Even then he would sit uncomfortably on the edge and would soon terminate his visit. A grandson of Mrs. McGavock was a practicing lawyer, and always felt it to be a privilege to represent gratuitously the old man in his law matters which were not infrequent on account of small real estate purchases and loans. He lived beyond eighty and no man in Nashville enjoyed more confidence and respect than he did from whites as well as blacks. A good knowledge of his life extending over fifty years did not reveal to the writer anything requiring explanation or apology. His life was upright and pure, responding fully to all obligations to his God and his fellow men.



"Deacon" John Tate.

An Anti-Climax and Swift Conviction

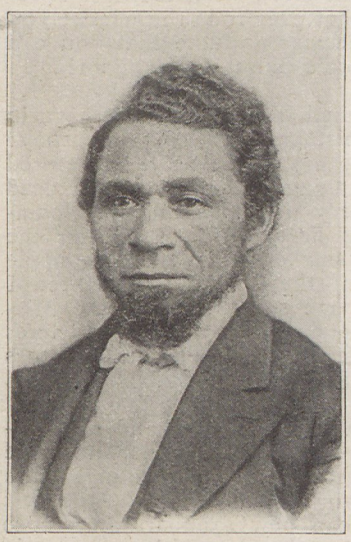
IN Nashville, Tenn., many years ago, the entire Petit Jury of the Criminal Court became violently sick at a boarding house kept by a Jew.

Rumors soon became rife that the landlord had fed to them a calf that had died unslaughtered. Indignation rose to a white heat, and their confreres, a friendly Grand Jury, promptly indicted the host.

The case excited much public interest. James M. Quarles was employed as special counsel to assist in the prosecution, and Edward H. East was retained for the defendant. Both were astute, able lawyers, and persuasive speakers, and knew the bible, as an old darky preacher once vaunted his knowledge "from Generations to Revolutions." It was a mixed jury of Gentiles and Jews. The only uncontroverted facts were, that there was a sickly calf in the back yard of the landlord, that had mysteriously disappeared shortly before the collapse of the jury and that a Kosher butcher had regularly, but sparingly, furnished meat, including veal, to the boarding house keeper.

The balance of the testimony was by shady, irresponsible, negro witnesses for the prosecution, who betrayed personal dislike, and by relatives and dependent employes, for the defendant who were manifestly sympathetic and swift. There was hopeless conflict, and the doubts were aggravated by a wholesale impeachment of witnesses.

The Attorney General contented himself with a formal presentation, knowing that he had Quarles to conclude. East briefly discussed the law and testimony, and then launched forth in a brilliant review of the most attractive parts of the history of the Jewish people. With the fervor of a prophet of old, he pictured Moses, the Great Law Giver, descending amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai from the presence of Jehovah, and proclaiming to his people the judgments which the Lord their God made to set before them, and how the people replied that "all the words the Lord had said will we do," and then how Moses went up into Sinai, and the Glory of God abode upon the Mount, the sight whereof was like devouring fire to the eyes of the children of Israel. He described how the Great Law Giver went up alone from the plains of Moab into the mountain of Nebo and died, and the Lord buried him in a valley, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre, until this day. Then with his vibrant, sonorous voice and rapt, faraway gaze, as if he were an Ezekiel in the land of Chebar when the heavens were opened and he saw the visions of God, he recited:



"Bishop" Nelson McGavock.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

In those days juries were well versed in the bible. While all the hearers were manifestly under the influence of the glamour of East's oratory, the Judge, jurors, and spectators, who recalled the golden calf, seemed to wonder what Moses had to do with that sick calf. He then passed in rapid review, the destruction of the Jewish nation, the persecutions inflicted upon them, and how, throughout all time, in all countries, under all sufferings and vicissitudes, they had held to the religion, and laws of their fathers, and illustrated them in their daily lives.

He took up the testimony, vivisected the witnesses for the prosecution, ridiculed and denounced them for their general worthlessness, and the inherent weaknesses of their evidence. His own witnesses were not much, if any, better. He touched upon them lightly, and then with a great show of frankness, admitted the hopelessness of the task of reconciling the conflicting statements or of

(Continued on page 87)

Springtime Along the Little River

By EL COMANCHO

Etching by Earl H. Reed

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so. Drop me a line also and tell me why you don't, if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. "El Comancho."

I COULD, were I so inclined, hunt up a certain writing and quote from it the information that the wind is tempered to fit the requirements of the shorn lamb. There is really no pressing need for the quotation so we will eliminate it.

There is a certain time in the year, however, when tempered winds come up out of the south, bringing with them the smell of all the sweet spring days that ever were.

Sometimes I think that nature has some hidden way to gather from the passing breeze the perfume of the Pussywillow—dainty, elusive as a sweetheart's smile, softly satisfying as a baby's touch, sweet beyond the reach of language.

Gathered also is the far flung odor of the Balm of Gilead tree; that enticingly seductive scent of Paradise which is the blended breath of wallflower and roses, of trillium and violet, of sweet peas and waterlilies—of the bouquet of the world's blossoms, of sweetgrass and bursting buds. I do not know what it is, for it resembles every sweet odor that ever rode the winds; you can pick out and recognize any perfume that you can shut your eyes and think you'd like to smell again!

Yet it is none of them.

I've smelled the bitter smell of buffalo range sage in it, yet it seemed the next instant to be new mown hay!

I've recognized the hot, dry smell of heat-tortured desert rocks and age-old things a million years dead that comes to your nose only with the smell of blooming Yuccas and skurrying lizzards that bask on the blazing sands, and yet it smelled of Wenatchee apple orchards and the valley of the Yakima, and these I could not for the life of me separate from the Mississippi delta smell one gets among the waving acres of tall grasses below old New Orleans where the 'gators grunt and call to each other and the dead mud smells like marigolds!

The south wind brings the spring days and this elusive, haunting composite sweetness together into the valley of the Little River after the ice goes out and the waters recede, leaving behind to mingle with the rest the smell of snow and clean new sandbars and those made up of mud, alike, nor mixing one with the other.

Specific gravity works in its own mysterious way with its millions of little pulling hands that reach up and pluck clean grains of sand from the muddy flood, to pile them all in long clean heaps, wherein each grain weighs the weight of each other grain, no more or less.

The song of birds has been stilled for many weeks; but now! The scattered trees are tuneful with an eager company of love-making feathered singers who see to it that no one can, or does, by twist of mind, or mental lapse, forget that spring is here!

The Grackles cackle and call from their nesting sites among the water-loving willows standing kneedeep in flood leavings that later on shall be hot, bubbling, green-scummed ponds wherein a million frog-children sing in almost deafening concert beneath a heedless moon.

Here and there, round-about, the Turtle Dove explains to its reluctant mate that the scheme of life and living includes a family of awkward squabs domiciled on a most insecure platform constructed in the forks of a handy tree and considered, by courtesy only, a nest.

Flickers call from their drumming-posts and presently we see one, hard at his task, high up on the iron-hard, weathered, topmost blasted limb of a great lone oak.

A Bluejay adds his chatter and the Redheaded Woodpecker calls with querulous voice, broadcasting the news that it is nesting time.

A Red Squirrel races all over the oak with love-making companion and both vanish at the first suspicious noise, to reappear again a bit later.

Far out across the fields the crows voice their opinion of mankind represented by a man with a gun who occasionally demonstrates his inability to harm any of the crow people by firing uselessly at some passing crow who is momentarily blind in one eye or a bit careless as to the side-slip he makes down the flowing wind as he passes the gunner; you see the crow travels with a safety margin of distance between himself and trouble and he never does intentionally quite use it up so far as man is concerned even though some men think he does.

The tuneful Meadow Lark is as much a feature of early springtime along the Little River as the Bluebirds and the Robins, and he is optimistic enough to sing his cheery message even while the smell of snow lingers in the breeze; he makes so little hardship of staying so late in the fall and coming so early in the spring that one is ready to believe sometimes that he stays all winter long.

The Bobolink cascades his melody as he rises straight up into the blue and then drops silently down to pasture ground with its smell of green things just thrusting up through the good brown earth that, in time, mothers us all.

In the river a fish jumps, limbering his stiff muscles and a turtle pokes his cautious head above the surface for a breath of fresh air while he looks about, to see what he can see.

A frog croaks, absent-mindedly, not yet sure that he is awake for the summer.

From the pasture side the cattle voice impatience because of the lagging grass that is hurrying its best to cover the world with green, while the cattle browse among the budding twigs, already the hunting ground of the first fumbling bees, wide ranging for the taste of new nectar that they find in the first sweet buds.

A bank-hidden Muskrat cruises along upstream on the surface, betraying himself with wavelets that flow outward across the stream as he noses up against the current, keeping close under the overhanging bank where no prowling hawk can pounce on him unawares.

Ordinarily he travels at night, but this is Springtime and he is lean of flesh and has yet to condition himself for his summer's task of living and his stomach craves new, green food.

He knows where the first tules and cat-tails sprout in the shallow backwaters of the little bayou that he can reach presently by keeping close under the river bank where the eddies make easy going.

If prowling Mink or Weasel does not find him he will go his way and live his life in peace, for he is no warrior at any time.

If a Mink should find him—well, the Wilderness will record one more tragedy and never miss a heartbeat, for all wildings live because they can think and act quickly in case of stress, and they die when the enemy acts quicker than they.

It is always so and few indeed are the wild things that come to a peaceful finish of their life journey, for violence is always just a step ahead and a step behind, ready to rend and tear, to maim and kill.

The "big fish eats the little one" all along life's pathway in the wilds.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Muskrat fares on, but his scent is left lingering in the air as nature has planned, because this is Springtime, the mating season of all the wildings, and nature never forgets a single detail of her plan to carry on; two and two are always four; never three, never five, never else but four, because it is the law; and as the law is, so is the law and thus the swimming Muskrat fares north against the river current and gives notice of his passing to the world and his own people by the lingering scent he leaves behind and which, to the wilderness man and river loafer, is part of the odor of spring.

Two months hence the Muskrat would pass secretly, for he would travel at night and leave no scent except the faint smell one finds about his feeding places where he comes to open the clams taken from the river bottom to feed on, or to cut, with chisel-like front teeth, the white stalk-bottoms from the tules with which he litters the river banks.

At night, sometimes, you will hear a sudden explosive plunge of some small body into the peaceful river and it will happen without warning; just a crash, in a small way, on the still night air.

What is it proclaims the silent cruising of the great Horned Owl who glides on soundless wings, wide eyed and alert, all about the feeding places of the nocturnal creatures?

He has come upon the feasting Muskrat and tried to catch him unawares but the rat has acted with the sudden energy of a steel spring released and he has beaten the terrible claws of the owl to the safe harborage of the river deeps, likely by the fraction of an inch, which was enough, but nothing more.

The baffled owl has merely snapped his bill and blinked his baleful yellow eyes and sailed on by; he knows that somewhere along the river a foolish rabbit will stray six feet beyond the safety of a thicket and meet his end when the silent bird swoops down.

And so it goes.

The south wind, flowing northward in steady current, caresses the trees and brings the message of summer to the sleeping buds.

The sun reaches down to rouse the dormant germs in resting seeds of myriad forms, and life stirs in their germ-keyed chemic composition—they begin to move in rhythmic waves of action and lo! A new green thing comes forth from the brown earth and it takes on form and spreads and expands until it heralds its parentage and takes its place in the scheme of things, to live out its lifetime and finish the task allotted to it by the

Etching by Earl H. Reed.

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mother-power that gave it being and palpable shape.

The Little River, flowing steadily, coming out of the unknown north and passing on into the unknown south, knows and waters them all from the stately, fixed trees to the hunting Owl and the Bat that wings over its surface while the night is young and the heat still radiates upward from sun-warmed ground to keep the moths moving during their short hour of activity.

When the chill of late night fogs the air the moths creep under cover and the predatory Bat hooks one claw to convenient knot and wraps his skinny wings about him, like an Indian in his blanket, and there hangs pendant, head down, in hollow tree to calmly sleep until conditions are right for the flying things to be about again—and that is that.

Many things happen along the Little River.

It drowses by, scarcely moving in the long, still reaches, where even a falling leaf, spinning down from tall overhead limb, makes a circle that spreads outward all around from where it strikes the glass-smooth water to the farthest margin; it sings and gurgles along where the channel narrows and rock strata makes small rapids to furnish lurking places for hungry fish that swirl upward for food borne on the current surface.

Tragedy, death by drowning, comes to many wild things and the river bears the floating bodies on until they strand on bar or margin to furnish food for crawling things that come forth by magic, it would seem, from slimy hiding places under rocks or in the eddy ooze.

Fishes of a dozen kinds cruise restlessly, living secret lives that only long and patient seeking reveals, a little bit at a time, to the student naturalist who learns or not as he uses his eyes and brain to piece a fabric together out of many scraps of piecemeal information.

Cattle come at midday to drink or stand belly-deep in cooling waters and rid themselves of the pestering flies that forever torture them.

Whooping companies of younglings from the land of Boyhood come to swim and play away the summer hours, heedless of the slow passing of Time that soon will be their only capital and which they will try to hoard and save, only to have it slip by unhesitatingly, unhurried, resistless as fate itself, bringing gray hair, age, helpless muscles and brittle bones, and finally, the Great Adventure that all living things must reach at the End of Time where begins the Long Journey that all must make alone.

Turtles bask on the sandbars and snags to tumble into safety with awkward scramblings on alarm; seasonal urge makes them forget self and abandon caution while they journey up the bank to the hot sand of the high flood-bars left back among the trees by receding waters so that turtle-kind may drag flat bodies there, like lumbering caterpillar tractors, and deposit many round white eggs in hot dry sand hollows of their own making, to be covered lightly by the mother, thus leaving the sand to hover and hide the eggs and bring forth the young at the end of the cycle allotted. The turtle has cold blood, no affection for its offspring, and its slow mind can think of but one thing at a time—therefore it has remained a turtle, unchanged all down the ages, for the fossil turtles in the rocks are in no whit changed from their descendants of today in many cases, just as the sharks and bowfin fishes have held true to ancestral form.

The Little River reveals such secrets as these where it has hewn its gorges through sandstone or limestone bed and exposed the strata to the prying eyes of man who is the one animal endowed with consuming curiosity to read the riddles of the marching years.

Man, never satisfied with what is, seeks to find out what has been and what will be, not realizing that the more he learns the more he must, and the less he knows, for his brain is limited in scope while the Universe is Endless and beyond his capacity to learn.

The Little River is symbolic; it points out many things, and he who is its most intimate familiar becomes, in the course of years, the Philosopher of merit, for the Little River teaches Basic Truths as it passes by.

Not every man may see this.

To many people the river always remains just "the River"—a place to go and fish or swim or loaf or play at picnicking.

To some it is a place of mud and bugs and horrid creeping things.

To those who come with open mind it is a teller of tales, a bringer of messages from far places, a carrier of burdens, a laborer working at gigantic tasks of rock hewing, excavating, building and tearing down.

It has its secrets, hidden deeply and given grudgingly; it has its stories to tell, flouted openly for all to see and kept there in mute, voiceless display for him who runs to read.

It is companionable and friendly and a patient carrier to float one and his belongings down across the reaching leagues from the high lands to the sea.

It can turn suddenly and show its teeth and raise nine kinds of merry-hell.

All it has to do is to gather together the water tonnage of a cloudburst, a roaring rainstorm, or vast acreage of melting snows and rush this accumulated weight of water down its narrow channel; nothing more.

Bridges go down, the bottom changes, banks are cut away, the roads washed out, dams ground to wreckage, buildings topple and float away, trees crash down and are ground to snags, whole fields melt like sugar, fishes are thrust into pockets to perish, devastation stalks from hill to hill of the river valley and there is no peace anywhere—nothing but wreck and ruin, strife and trouble, peril and sudden death.

And tomorrow the sun shines, the rushing waters subside, the silt and roil settles down and the Little River becomes again the friendly, peaceful stream, drowsing along unhurriedly, pleasantly, through a cheerful land alive with life and song, just as it always has been—always will be. Peace to the Little River. It has been my friend for many, many moons.

After Breakfast—at the Camp—

By GEORGE A. TRUE

IT'S a fine fresh morning to go after Johnny Trout—
What d'you say?
I'll get the rods and leaders and bring the tackle out—
You meet me here with lunch and creel and we'll be on our way!
What d'you say?

WE'LL fish the meadow-riffles from the spring to high-bank wood—
Come along!
And even if we miss the fish the hike will do us good:
We can see the shad-bush blossom, we can hear the grackle's song—
Come along!

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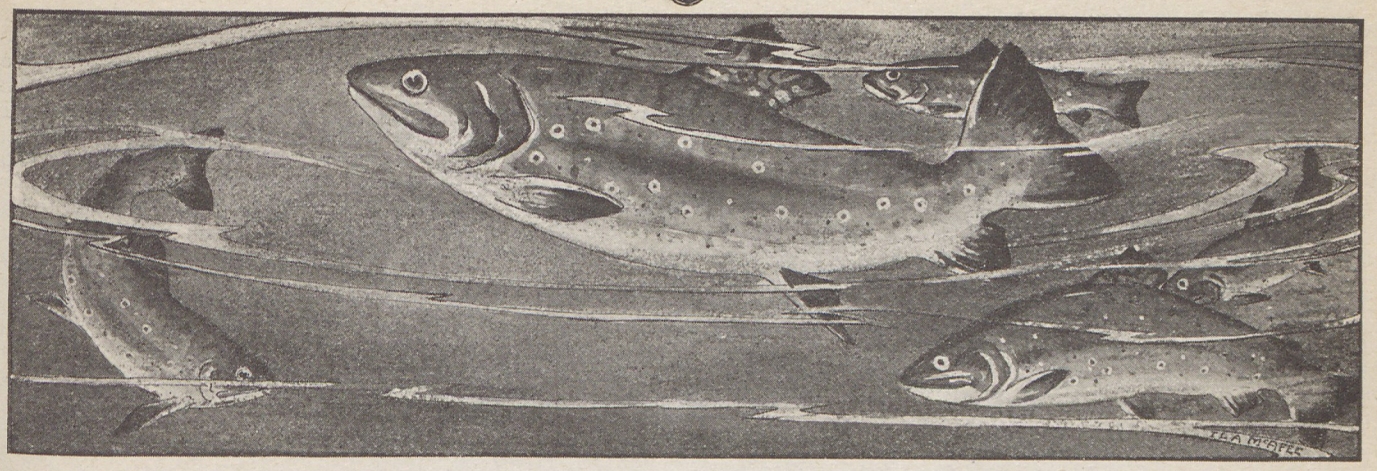


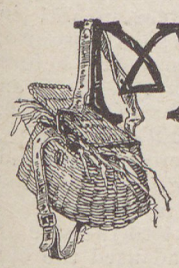
When the Sign Was Right

By O. W. SMITH

Decorations by Ila McAfee

Author of "Trout Lore," "Casting Tackle and Methods," etc.

Being the Unvarnished Account of the Conquering of a Certain Rainbow That Had Long Inhabited "Big-Hole."



MANY of us proclaim that we do not believe in signs, of course not, just the same we don't exactly enjoy seeing a strange black cat peering in our bedroom window, and as for horseshoes, well, they do look awful nice nailed over the door of one's fishing camp. But we are not superstitious when it comes to fishing, dear no! There is nothing in an East Wind but a chill, and as for its being lucky to "spit on the bait" there's nothing in it of course. All the foregoing by the way of an introduction, which may have and may not have anything to do with the following yarn. A fellow has got to start somehow, hasn't he?

There is a certain pool on my trout stream which we have come to call "Big Hole," though of course it is not quite as large as the pool at the foot of Niagara Falls; just the same, the water which has rushed down over the ledge of red sandstone rock for centuries has hollowed out quite a basin at its foot, where a man can drink standing up if he were so unfortunate as to fall in. The wise man treads with care when he walks its marge, for the wet rock is very treacherous. There are back-currents and undertows in the Big Hole. Once upon a time I was standing on the inclined rock which points the river into the pool, the water itself snarling and growling about my legs, as it sought to trip me up. It did. I hooked a good fish, and in my wild endeavor to set the hook, lost my balance and fell. When I came to I was lying on my back, twisted in such manner that the water was not over my face, but my legs were trailing over the edge of the rock, beyond which there was ten feet or more of water. No one at all acquainted with the ways of rainbow need be told that such a deep hole at the foot of a long, wild rapid—and there is a wilder one below—would be the home of some good fish. Always the experienced and understanding flyman can connect up with a goodly fish or two, when the sign is right.

> "I tell you, Scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish."
> *Izaak Walton*

Now as to the conformation, or topography of the Big Hole. I have already told of its depth, and of the rapids—falls they would be termed on less tumultuous streams—both above and below. The western marge of the pool is sheer rock, fully twenty-five feet high, though beneath the surface of the water there is a narrow out-jutting ledge a foot or thereabouts wide, along which a venturesome and steady-nerved fisherman can walk. The eastern bank slopes to the water's edge gently, though beyond the range of high water is a solid wall of trees; however, the angler can walk about there, keeping a weather eye out for loose rocks and driftwood, swinging his rod with comparative freedom. Fortunately a man can wade out into the pool from that side, watching carefully that he does not step off into deep water. Some centuries ago a great slab of rock, as large as a small house, broke off from the ledge above and plunged down into the water; indeed, it was that rock which helped to make the Big Hole, and not the action of the current alone. There, now you know as much about the general situation of things as I can tell you. With the stage all set, so to speak, let us on with the play.

One day, fishing from "Lower Meadow" up, as is my habit, for it always pays to fish against the current when flecking a dry-fly, I came through the heavy rapids to the lower edge of "Big Hole" and paused to study out the water, as is also my habit. Never cast a random, guess-work dry-fly, is one of my pet convictions. Even while I gazed out over the foam-flecked, blue-black water, I saw a movement at the very foot of the big rock that held my eye, not so much a movement as the hint of one, if you understand what I mean. Again it came and I caught a glimpse of a shadowy form slipping through the opalescent water. I gasped, scarce believing my eyes, for if it were a trout it was the granddaddy of all rainbow. Would it come again? I waited my cast for another ocular demonstration. Honestly, I thought I was "seeing things," thought that much fishing had made me mad. Then for a third time the great, dark form shot to the surface, just causing a ripple and disappeared. Without any question the fish was a rainbow and feeding on some minute form of insect resting upon the surface of the water. Quickly, frantically I ran through my fly-book for something, what I did not know. In my doubt, or lack of knowledge, I settled upon a No. 16 Wickham's Fancy, and sent it venturing out upon the water. Nothing stirred at all, the pool was as guiltless of movement as the leaves of the aspen which leaned out from the bluff above.

I was too old a hand to lose my head, and thrash the pool in mad eagerness, as the way of the inexperienced

would have been. Quietly I backed down until certain my form did not show to any sharp eyes peering from the shelter of the rock, then I splashed to the shore and sat down to think it over. That the rock sheltered a trout of impossible proportions, fresh run probably from the deeps of Lake Superior was a patent fact. That I wanted that fish, at least desired to try conclusions with him, goes without saying; but how to connect up with him, that was the quesion. If only I could know just what variety of minute ephemera was tickling his appetite, but that seemed out of the question. I waited as long as angler-flesh could endure the suspense, then, with a tiny Pale Evening Dun fast to the end of my leader, essayed the rapids again.

I have already suggested that mounting those rapids was something of a task because of the slippery character of the rocks. Did you ever step on a bar of soap in a bath-tub, the kind that doesn't float? If so you know something of the proposition I was up against. But I reached my old position safe and dry. Of course I did not send my fly out on venture, I waited to see if my fish was stirring. (Already I called it "mine!") I waited for fully five minutes and there was neither hint nor sign of a fin, then, the temptation too strong, I let fly the Dun, to alight at the head of the pool, float and eddy down at the behest of the current, until it bobbed along the edge of the rock itself. Once I thought I caught the glint of a movement deep down in the water, but I could not be positive. Once more I threw. It was a beautiful cast, beautifully executed and beautifully timed, but I failed to admire it for it brought no result. For fear that I might overdo the thing I retired to the shore and sat down again.

It was a beautiful morning, calm and still. The sun shone brightly in the skies, flooding all but the far edge of the Big Hole, where the rock still afforded shade. I knew in a half hour the sun would be directly overhead, searching out every nook and cranny of the pool. My first impulse was to get back and cast, and cast, and cast; but my second and wiser one, the one I acted upon, was to leave the pool to sleep beneath the noon-time sun and fish above. Turning my back resolutely upon the Big Hole I ascended the slide, fishing on upstream as though there was no such thing as leviathan anywhere in the river. I tried to forget it, but of course always in the back chambers of my mind there lurked the picture of a great shadowy form.

The day proved perfect for dry-fly work. By noon a fleet of white clouds drifted out of the northwest, followed by others, and all afternoon I had alternate sunshine and shade, which every fly-man knows is ideal fishing weather, granted hungry trout. The trout were hungry all right, feeding upon some variety of small black fly, the exact character of which I could not make out. I found that a Black Gnat, with half its body cut away and wings removed, made an ideal counterfeit presentment. By four o'clock I had captured all the fish I had any business taking, and had released more than I had allowed entrance into my basket. Many a good fish had regained its liberty just because the fly had not injured it appreciably, and practically every unharmed fish went back into the water. Such fishing is wonderful.

Just before turning back, where a boulder lifted its stark sides right in the very middle of the stream, I saw a good fish rise to an insect. I waited a moment, then sent my malformed Gnat out to strike above and float down as would an insect that had fallen into the water. No sooner had the fly swept around the side of the rock than a brown was out and all over it. I honestly do not know how better to describe it, so fierce was his attack. Of course you have noticed the eager manner in which a hungry brown attacks a fly? I did not have to strike the fish, indeed there was no time in which to do it. I felt I was fast to a good fish and entered into the game with all the zest of a man who has had good luck and is willing to fight his best, content with the issue, whether victory or defeat. And it was a great little battle. How my 3½ ounce rod bent and swayed! Once or twice I trembled for its integrity, for the current was fairly strong, which added to the weight of the fish, gave it considerable advantage when it cared or was wise enough to utilize it. I need not describe the battle. For fifteen or twenty minutes we fought, above and below and around that boulder; but because the sign was right, the strain of the rod had its way and I led a 3 pound brown into the folds of the waiting net.

It was the augury I needed. I knew I could do miracles. There was no fish in the river that day not under the necessity of yielding to the blandishment of my flies, the compulsion of my rod. Say what you please, there is more in the **feel** of the angler than some of us realize. In that mood I set out down the river satisfied that I was going to try conclusions with the big rainbow and certain that I would win. I was just as sure of it as I am now that I am sitting here in my pleasant study hammering out the story on this Remington typewriter.

I approached the Big Pool cautiously, having a care not to make unnecessary noise, looking well before me. Remembering the time I lost my footing and nearly my life, I kept to the far edge, determined that no mistake of mine should mar a perfect day. The pool lay in deep shadows, and I knew that if hungry and at home old "Square Tail," as I had already named him in my mind, would surely rise to my offering. Reaching the sloping bank, I sat down on a convenient boulder to recover my breath and adjust myself to the changed conditions, for nowhere on the whole river is there such a broad pool. Then, too, I was in no hurry to begin. More fish are lost because of the haste of the angler than for any other reason, both in the cast and after. Think it over. Sitting so, a mosquito, hungry for blood, made a dive for my cheek and before I could crush him had made his presence felt. Even as I brought my hand down I thought: "Of course, mosquitoes! That was what 'Square Tail' was feeding upon. Strange I had not thought of it before!" Should I change flies? I regarded it as hardly necessary, for rainbow and brown had been taking my murdered Gnat with avidity all afternoon. Out of respect to the size of "Square Tail" I changed leaders, for I had used the old one for some hours. And I was on the point of putting on a Black Gnat when I bethought me of a tiny fly an Englishman had sent me to try out. There it lay in the open box, a tiny bit of gauze and feathers, smaller I'd say than an American No. 16. A dark drab in color, tiny wings spotted. Looked for all the world like a mosquito!

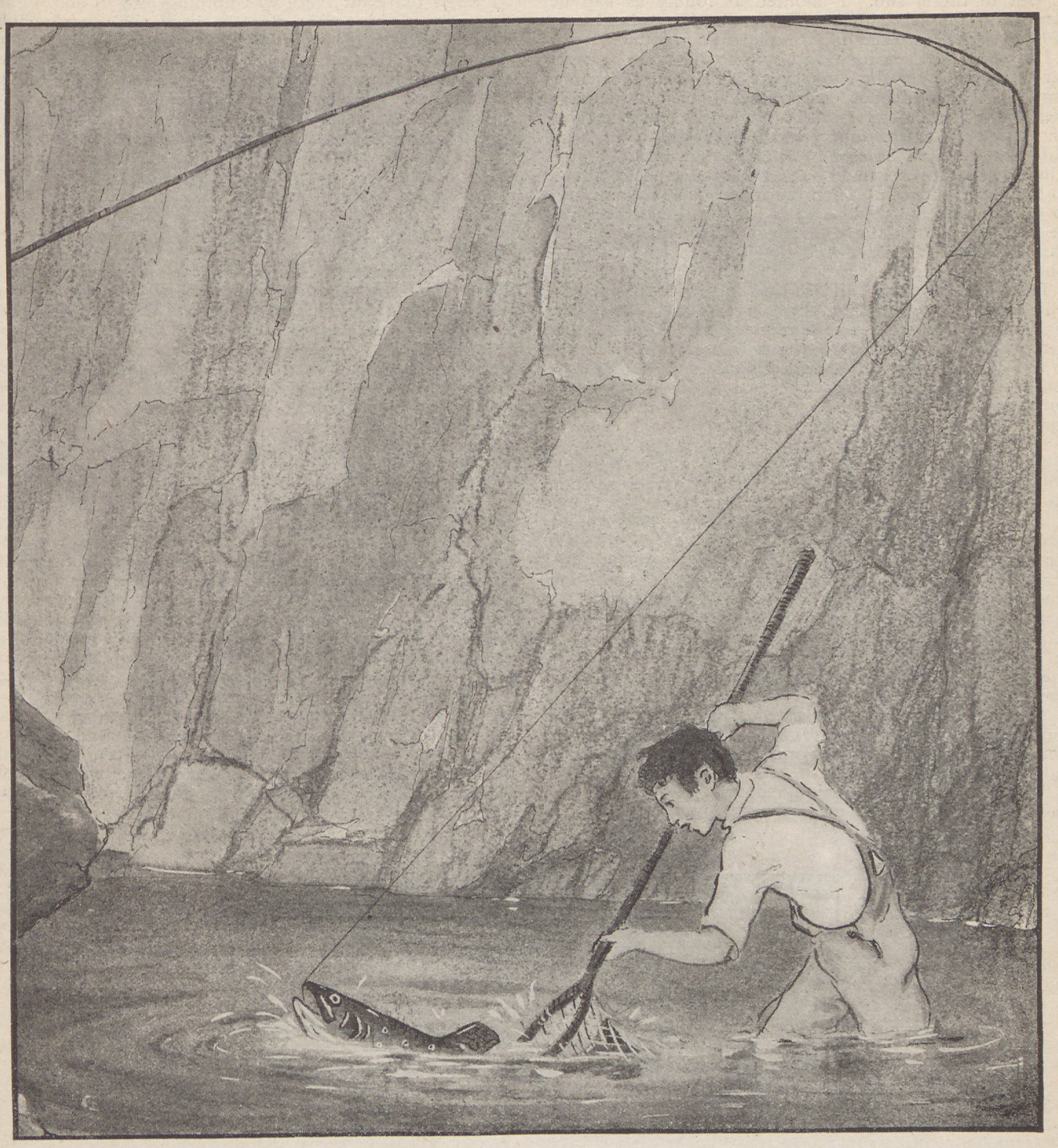
Now I had not thought of that fly since I had placed it in my box. While on the upper river playing rainbow it was the farthest thing from my mind. Why did I happen to think of it just then? Explain it to your own satisfaction if you can, I only say, "Because the sign was right," and let it go at that. It was but the work of a moment to knot it to the end of the new tapered leader. So small was it that it looked little larger than the knot. Then I tested out every inch of the leader itself, for while it was one of the best, and had been in my leader-box between moist felt since morning, I was leaving nothing to chance. Satisfied at last that everything was in perfect order, I arose, stepped out into the water until I could command every inch of the surface.

Now no man makes the first cast under such circumstances without experiencing a thrill, no matter how widely experienced and blasé he may be. I used to think the time would come when it would be simply a matter of the day's work, but actually the longer I live, the more experience I have, the greater the thrill. I did not debate long as to where I should cast. The great boulder in the center undoubtedly sheltered the fish. But just to get my hand in I sent the tiny fly out to the head of the pool, to strike just where the largest amount of water poured down. Instantly there came a sharp tug and the fly stopped.

"Hooked on some snag that has come down the river! I exclaimed in disgust, angered that all my plans should be thus nipped in the bud. "What about the 'sign being right' now, you tarnal idiot?" I growled.

Thinking, perhaps, I might free the hook by a little force, I raised the tip of the rod, intending to put some strain on the hook. No sooner had the line come taut than a great fish went into the air and even in the dim

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



"Wading far out into the water he slipped the net up over the fish from the rear, which was wrong, but I said nothing—"

light I could see that my gossamer leader trailed from its jaws. I was hard and fast in old "Square Tail"! "What about the sign **not** being right now?" I roared to my pessimistic self that had been complaining. That I was in the fish was no credit to me. I had nothing to do with it. It was simply luck if you will. You see he had moved up there to the influx of water with the declining sun to be first at the down-coming food, and my fly by chance had struck just right and naturally. He had hooked himself.

Then began one of the greatest battles of my angling career. His first move was to dash in the direction of the boulder, his purpose being clear, to rub the smarting, stinging bit of steel from his jaws. That I could not allow. I gave him the butt until the delicate cementing of split-bamboo bent into a dangerous parabola, and I thought it must smash. At that instant I was guilty of wishing that I had my **six** ounce bass rod in my hands. To use more force I did not dare. I could only pray that the strain would be sufficient to prevent him from reaching the sharp edges of the rock. It was. He could not endure the constant pull. Turning, he darted toward the head of the pool once more, the line ripping and tearing through the water with a perfectly audible sound. I remember I thought of a toy engine I had possessed when a lad that used to make very much the same sound when excess steam would escape.

Then the fish essayed a thing that made me fear. He attempted to **go up over** the shoot! The water nowhere was above six inches deep, and he floundered along, half out of the water.

"Why, he's a whale!" a voice shouted and I became conscious that I was not alone. A barefoot boy stood just beyond me, cane-pole forgotten at his feet.

"Get in there, son," I shouted as loudly as had he, "and drive the fish back into the pool. Hurry! Hurry! If he ever gets into the upper rapids he's a gonner!"

I thanked Heaven for that boy that day. He splashed carelessly out over the slippery rock, his bare toes clinging as no rubber boot could have done. Actually he **kicked** the fish, before it would give up its cherished plan of migrating in to country new. Everything held and old "Square Tail" slipped back and down into the pool. The boy quickly splashed back to my side. He wanted to be in at the finish. Then the fish took it into its head to go downstream, and had the boy not headed him off he certainly would have escaped that way. Ah, that barefoot boy was a godsend that day! I even forgave Longfellow his poem.

Then old "Square Tail" settled into a regular circle, which suited me perfectly, going 'round and 'round at a rapid rate. Always the rod kept the strain on the line and always the line tugged at the leader which was fast to the fly in his jaw. I knew he would soon tire, for no fish ever lived in fresh water that could stand the steady pull of even a 3 ounce rod. Perhaps ten minutes passed and I could see that he was weakening.

"All over now but the nettin'," gloated the boy.

"Don't be too sure, son," I replied; "that fish has not accumulated all those inches without gathering some knowledge also."

Hardly were the words from my lips, than the fish suddenly dashed out and away in the direction of the rock. Though I brought my rod up and back as quickly as I could, I was not quick enough. He reached the rock and was hard and fast. I knew what had happened. The leader was twisted about some projection. It was a tense moment.

"Shall I dive in, mister, an' see what I can do?" asked the boy, and he was game to attempt the foolhardy stunt, was that boy.

"Hardly worth it," I retorted, "and anyway I can loosen the line if the leader will only hold until I can get around on the other side and walk out on that narrow submerged ledge."

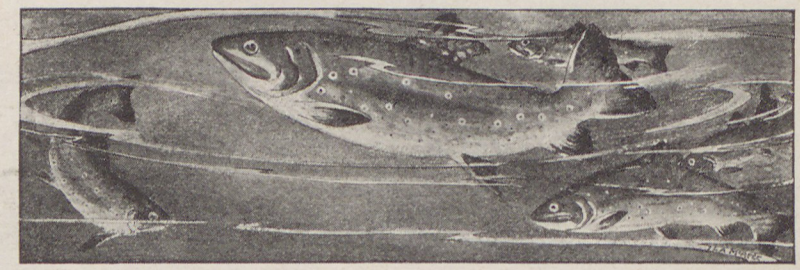
"Yes," said my companion, "but if you slip in with them hip-boots on, you are a gone goose!"

I knew that, but there was nothing else to do. I ran across the slippery slide, close down by the water's edge, where I ordinarily would have trodden fearingly and with utmost caution. Then I was out on the narrow ledge and feeling my way along. I was right, the leader was twisted under from that side, a gentle urge or two sufficing to convince the fish that his scheme had not worked. Then he was out in the open, chug-chugging away and I was put to it to work back along the narrow ledge, holding the rod with one hand and the reel with the other. A performance the boy appreciated, for when I stood by his side he remarked with great glee, "Lucky for you, mister, that Ringling ain't here or he'd have you in his circus!"

Up to this time the fish had not left the water, which was strange, for usually a rainbow goes into the air the first thing. But he made up in the next five minutes, leaping clear of the water the boy said, "A thousand times," though I am willing to subtract one or two. I felt it was his expiring effort, and it was. At the conclusion of his spasm he settled down into a slow circling motion and I unslung the net, the boy watching me with eyes the size of saucers.

Then I did one of the things I am certain St. Peter will remember. I handed the net to the boy and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Net him, son, will you?"

Would he? I'll say he would. Did he? I'll say he did. Wading out until he stood in water well above his middle, he slipped the net up over the fish from the rear, which was wrong but I said nothing, trusting that the monster was too well spent to make a last dash; anyway I more than half hoped he would break away, for he had put up a wonderful fight and there was born in me a great respect for him. But nothing happened, the boy splashed in shore, carrying net and fish hugged against his body. So we laid old "Square Tail" out on the cobble stones. We measured and we "hefted" and we congratulated each other. Then side by side, as becomes conquerors, we trudged down the road and into town. The boy is still telling **his** side of the story and it grows with each narration. Of course mine does not. When you go up against such a monster, be sure the sign is right.



"I Think How Walton—"

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

I THINK how Walton once, in quiet joy,
'Mid scenes esthetic plied the angler's art;
And far from base renown and hate's annoy,
Found comfort in the dictates of his heart.
By flower-lit mead heard the first summer bird,
And rippling rill o'er Stafford's bosom sent:
Inspired by God to breathe th' immortal word,
The fruitful themes long in his being pent.
On the Dove's bank he knew Life's inner sweet,
Visited Heaven by the Swaynham Brook;
And there forever sound his deathless feet,
And, phantomlike falls still his silvery hook.
From Axe-Edge to the calm of Weaver Hill,
His golden presence holds fore'er its thrill!

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

I REGARD the following article of Mr. Jelliff's as extremely important and valuable. It names specific polluted areas in Illinois in dire need of cleansing and it should make a tremendous appeal to a public which is being imposed upon by such evil conditions, to arouse itself and by dint of the great power of public opinion, to free itself and the rivers and waters of the Commonwealth from the bondage of such pollution. Let the people of Illinois and the people of each locality similarly affected protest so loudly against the evil that their voices will be heard and that it will be understood that no longer will they be quiescent under such unjust, unfair and unnatural conditions. Public opinion must make itself heard and felt before anything helpful or remedial can be accomplished. Remember the words of Secretary Herbert Hoover on this subject: "Until the people care and let their State governments and the National Government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any Outdoor America legislation."

James A. Henshall

The State-Wide Menace of Stream Pollution in Illinois

By FRED R. JELLIFF

THE pollution of the streams of Illinois by sewage and factory waste has reached a point where a State-wide protest should be formulated and a campaign organized to reduce the present evil and prevent further increase. The public must be informed and positive action taken. We seem to have ample law and no fault is found on this score. We have a state board with power to act, and we have no desire to criticize the board. Stream pollution is largely the result of indolence and ignorance which do not take into account the effects, and which seek the easiest way of getting rid of waste and sewage. A late report of the Illinois Department says: "Contaminated water is a mighty dangerous enemy." It is time that attention be given in every institution and by every commercial body of the state to the menace that this indiscriminate practice constitutes.

First, I will emphasize the fact that the time is approaching when as much as possible of the water that falls from the clouds, must be conserved for animal, vegetable and industrial consumption.

A Local Crisis

IN my own county last year a great railroad company was forced to haul water from an artificial reservoir forty miles away; our electric light and power company was reduced to an extremity to procure an adequate supply of the right kind of water; farmers were compelled to haul water for stock, many streams were so dry that one could walk on their beds, and municipalities were at their wits' ends to obtain water fit to use, and in ample quantity.

The procuring of unspoiled supples is each year becoming more difficult.

The source of our supplies is the rain. Is it possible to formulate a policy by which a larger quantity of this may be made available before it is contaminated with organic or mineral impurities?

Authorities give the annual rainfall of the state as thirty-five inches. In years of maximum rainfall, a total of fifty inches or more may be precipitated, while in years of least rainfall the total may not be more than twenty-four inches or even less. It is in these years of least rainfall that the need of conservation of water becomes most apparent, and when the effects of pollution become most acute and dangerous.

Drift Supplies Inadequate

DRIFT formations of various depths cover most of our state and the yellow clays, sands and gravels absorb water which is diffused through their layers. Below the yellow clay lies a bowlder of blue clay that as a rule is impervious to water. Part of the rain sinks through the soil and subsoil into this yellow clay, which thus over a large area is a water bearing stratum. Water is retained in it because of the blue clay underneath. This underground reservoir is not by any means inexhaustible, although our state reports properly call it our largest and most valuable supply and surface well over much of the state extends into it. The water-level in this formation has been lowered and it can no longer be relied on as in the pioneer days, to meet the increasing demands. Professor J. A. Udden in one of the early Bulletins says: "The general level of the ground water is being lowered." As early as 1908, the Bulletin spoke of the insufficiency of the yellow clay supply.

Another important consideration is that the wide spread tile drainage of the surface has accelerated the run off, so that not so large a quantity of water as formerly reaches the yellow clay. In a general way one can figure this run off at nearly one-third of the precipitation. It is estimated that nearly one-third is evaporated and at some seasons of the year the proportion is greater.

This leaves about a third to sink into the water bearing clays, sands and gravels, and a portion of this seeps out along the edges of the blue clays into the streams or breaks out in springs.

Of very great economic importance, therefore, is what becomes of the portion that sinks into the clays or runs into the streams. It is on this that man and all other animal and even vegetable life depends for most convenient supplies.

"WHEREAS, the Illinois Division of this League at a Convention assembled on the 27th and 28th of February, 1924, courageously adopted a resolution protesting against threatened legislation, the effect of which would be to increase the pollution of the Illinois River.

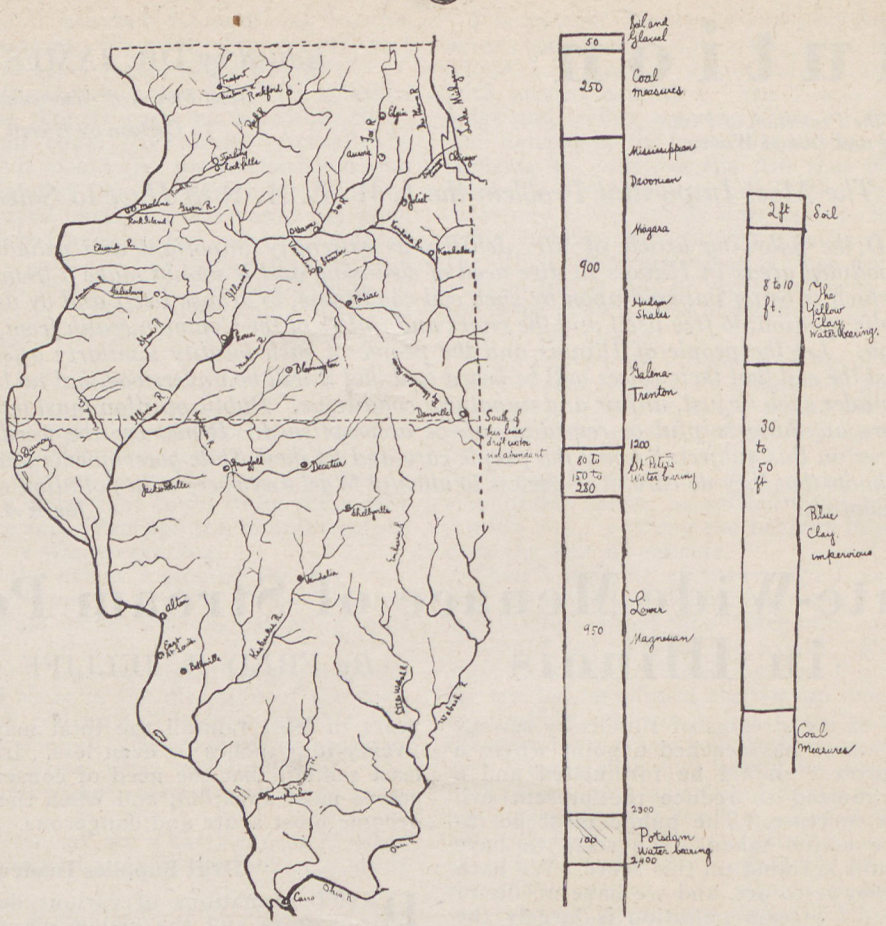
NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the League commends the action of the Illinois Division in resisting any legislation on the subject that does not tend to correct or alleviate the condition of pollution in that once beautiful and valuable river."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

In the State Bulletin for 1913, it is stated that "with very few exceptions there are no sources of water supplies in Illinois that are free from possible contamination." Again it is declared that "all running streams are in danger of pollution." To this it can be added that many of our streams are now polluted.

How Municipalities Are Supplied

THE report of 1917 listed 433 municipalities with water supplies of which 189 are from rock wells; 149 from drift wells; 67 from streams; 22 from Lake Michigan, and 10 from springs. To these must be added the tens of thousands of drift wells on private premises. One must consider also the hundreds of municipalities that do not yet have public supplies and whose needs must be kept in view.



Stream map of Illinois, showing principal cities of the State, where there is the greatest menace of stream contamination. The two sections are of the Potsdam well and the surface formations at Galesburg. In a general way north of a line extending east and west through Ottawa, one approaches the deeper formations. In some parts of the State the drift is much deeper than at Galesburg.

Let us first take the pollution of the run off as exhibited by our streams. This is accomplished by the contamination of watersheds as well as by the discharge of waste and sewage into the channels.

Cedar Fork, a small stream that flows through Galesburg, furnishes an illustration. Untreated sewage and much waste go into this and render the water foul and exceedingly offensive. These putrid discharges poison the water for eight to ten miles below the city. Estimating the watershed of the creek at seven square miles, when it crosses the west city limits, this creek would have in a year of average rainfall, a billion and a half gallons of water, with seepage possibly of a quarter of a billion more. Sewage renders all this absolutely unsafe for use.

If this water were conserved and impounded, the gas company and other industries along its banks would have an ample supply. As it is, not even a frog will venture into it for miles below the city, and fish life was long since extinguished. Live stock will not drink the water, and the stream which might be an asset, is changed into a liability to the farmers.

This is not an isolated case. Because it is easiest and cheapest, cities and factories all over the State are using streams as open sewers and as receptacles for waste. Neither lake, river, nor creek is spared. When we are discussing this we naturally think of Chicago, but after an investigation, I am convinced that most of the Illinois cities, little and big, are equally guilty and that the poisoning of the water that falls pure from the clouds is nearly a general practice.

AS militant Waltonians we are asked to write our views on stream pollution. I am writing this near the banks of the Great Miami, below the junction of five tributaries, which makes this river in itself a little father of waters.

For many years the writer has watched with sinking heart the ever increasing volume of filth that is being dumped into this historic stream.

Dayton, Ohio, has a history of which any city might well be proud. Many of her citizens are makers of history, might we say epoch makers, but in one particular she does not rise above the rest of the State, she is doing her full share of stream Pollution. Time was when the "Great Miami" and its tributaries were all that out-door lovers could ask, but today I stand on an old familiar spot on its banks and watch the oil and acids covering the surface while beneath drifts a torrent of poisonous swill from the city's thousand factories, filth so unspeakable that an attempt to describe it would land this humble article in the waste basket. Little wonder that the age-old phrase wells up in one's throat "How long, O Lord, how long." However, as I take it, it is not the abuses alone you want to hear of; you would have us tell what is being done towards prevention; this may mean a little dip into the future. We know the Izaak Walton League is growing in Ohio, still it would be too much to hope that we can bring about needed reforms through the direct votes of the League, but we know what constitutes a majority of the votes in our State. Now, with a reasonable amount of education and every member a missionary, soon in the future we expect to get things done; when that time arrives you will hear a mighty refrain rising from North of the Ohio River. "We are coming, Brother Henshall, five hundred thousand strong." That the fight will not be an easy one can be surmised when we hear of the savage opposition to some of our plans; and it is in such opposition that we get a full view of the Augean stables which the Izaak Walton League proposes to clean out. The mighty Hercules cleaned those historic stables by turning the river so it flowed through them. Now we propose to cleanse the rivers by walling off the Augean stables. Henceforth, let our motto be "Organize and Educate."

Most respectfully,

CHARLES SMYTH, Dayton, Ohio.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Illinois River Endangered

LET us take the Illinois River first, a stream once renowned for its charm and beauty.

Through the drainage canal it receives much of the sewage of Chicago and is so befouled by this that even the bottom of Lake Peoria, far down the river, has its blanket of filth. The main tributaries of the Illinois are the Kankakee, DesPlaines, Fox, Vermilion, Mackinaw, Sangamon and Spoon rivers and Crooked creek.

The Fox river valley is quite thickly settled. The large cities of Elgin, Aurora and Ottawa use this as a sewage channel, not to mention smaller towns that find it a convenient depository.

The report of 1921-22 says: "The conditions of the sewage of the Illinois River are more pronounced than ever."

The discharge of twelve Elgin sewers pass into Fox river, but Elgin is now building a sanitary sewer system.

Aurora has nine sewers connected with the channel, and there are several outlets from various private and manufacturing plants along the river the discharges from which are said to be untreated.

An effort was made by the Rivers and Lakes commission several years ago to abate the nuisance, but the War interfered.

The Desplaines river is polluted by the sewage of Joliet and by its factory waste.

The foul condition of the Sangamon river is in the reports deemed a special object of concern. The sewage of Decatur and Springfield has been going into it. The report of 1918-19 declares that the Sangamon river is greatly polluted below Decatur. Decatur, however, has the last year abated its nuisance by constructing a million dollar sanitary sewer system, which is now being put in operation, and will provide for all save flood water.

Jacksonville and Bloomington empty their sewage into creeks, but it finds its way into the Illinois river.

The Kankakee river receives the sewage of Kankakee and there are other towns along it that may contribute toward fouling it.

Both Streator and Pontiac on the Vermilion river use it for sewage and other purposes. In the State report of 1920-21 special mention is made of the foul condition of the river at Pontiac. Another comment is that "during a large part of the time, the Vermilion river below Streator consists only of sewage, industrial waste, and mine water."

Since the foregoing comment it is understood that Pontiac has built a disposal plant and that Streator is considering one.

Conditions at Peoria

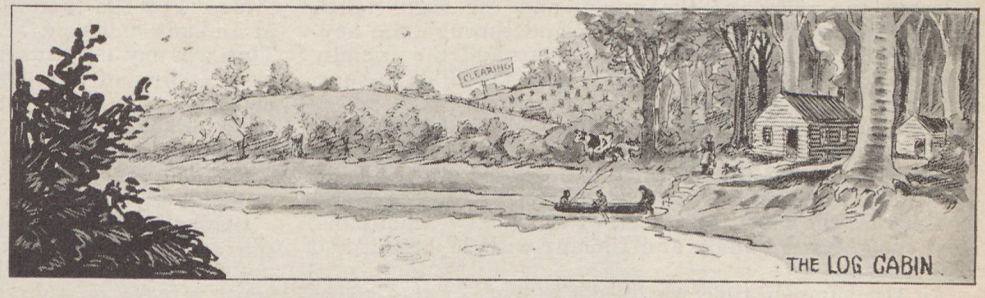
PEORIA is on the Illinois river, and its sewage and waste go into it. We have the authority of a game and fish official, familiar with the condition of the river there, that when the water is low the stream is in a foul condition, and that the fish are liable to be injuriously affected.

It seems unnecessary to multiply instances, for this is enough to indicate the extent to which the Illinois

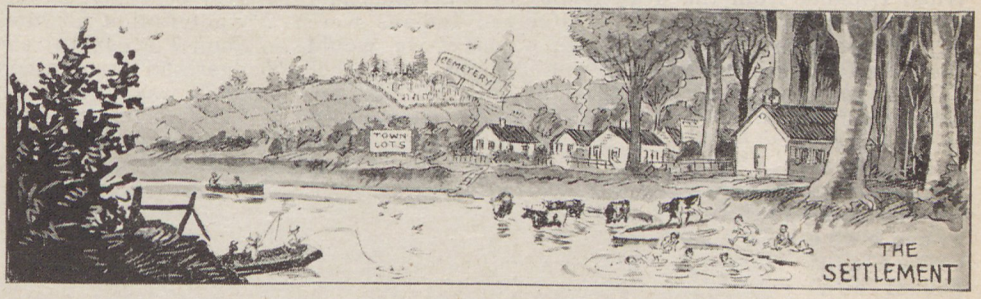
(Continued on page 78)

THE HISTORY OF A RIVER

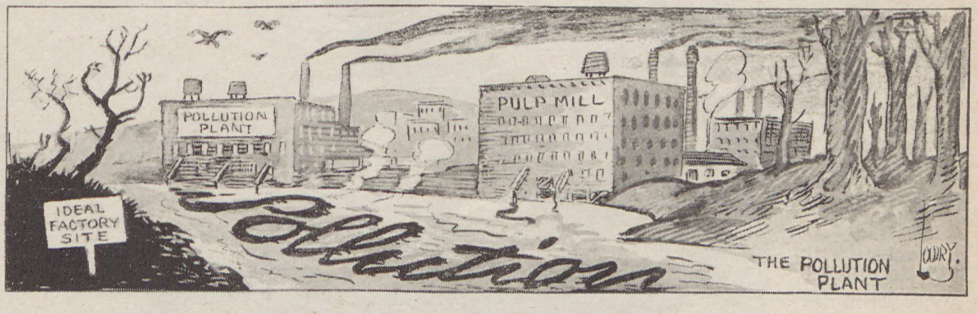
No. 1 Since time out of mind the red man has here pitched his wigwam, to fish, hunt, and rest from strife.



No. 2 On its friendly shores the white man reared the first rude cabin of the wilderness, and called it "home."



No. 3 A settlement, with churches, schools and flocks, was inevitable. Civilization follows the river.



No. 4 And now comes Commercialism to pollute and poison this ancient friend of mankind. Zero in appreciation!

A Boy and a Badger

By
CLARENCE VANCE SHIELDS

Illustrations by Frank Stick

WHENEVER I see a boy who is fond of an animal pet, and solicitous of its welfare, I experience a feeling of common sympathy for him. I am reminded of an incident which occurred when I was a small boy, and which for over a quarter of a century has been fondly reminiscent to me, and which has had a controlling influence over me in my attitude toward our little friends—the denizens of the prairie and forest.

My parents and their four small boys lived at the time in a humble homesteader's cottage among the rolling grass-covered hills in the Big Bend County in Eastern Washington—then a Territory. The county was new. Wild life was abundant. Settlements were few and far apart.

During the long, cold winter nights, while the coyotes greeted the rising of the moon, and the shrill north wind whistled down the chimney and through the keyhole in the door, we would gather around the friendly stove and listen with great interest to the Bible lessons, and stories of adventure and achievement read to us by our parents. We saw David kill Goliath, Christ feeding the multitude and forgiving sins. With Lewis and Clark we crossed the continent, sailed the stormy main with Captain Kidd, helped Fremont plant the Stars and Stripes on the most lofty peak of the Rocky Mountains, and slaughtered buffalo and Indians with Wild Bill and Kit Carson.

In the summer time we lived the lives of the heroes we worshipped. With bows and arrows and pop guns we killed whole tribes of Indians, took their valuable tribal trinkets from the dead bodies of the chiefs and carried them away as booty. After the Indians were exterminated or driven from the country, we would hunt buffalo, grizzly bear, mountain lions and other wild animals, ship their pelts to St. Louis and Tacoma, sell them for fabulous prices, and then take a trip "back to the states" to be received among admiring Easterners as the brave and gallant conquerors of the wild west.

One time I had gone over to the Crab Creek range to drive home the milch cows which we let run on Uncle Sam's public domain. A little badger had wandered away from his place of safety, and was spied by the most deadly enemy of all wild life—a human being.

At the thought of a chance to kill, I grabbed a club and started in hot pursuit of my prey. The race was a short one. I was fleet of foot, and driven on by my inherent desire to destroy. The little fellow, with his short, fat legs, could not run very fast. He was in a cow path worn deep by the hoofs of thousands of cattle on their way to water. Like many humans, he was in a rut and could not get out. Soon I was upon him. My club hit hard on his defenseless little back. He rolled over, perhaps by instinct to use his well developed claws as his only means of defense; but my blow had been too much for him. His thick hair and tough hide had not given him ample protection. Apparently he was dead.

Out of breath from exertion and excitement, I leaned on my club and looked at my victim like a mountaineer would behold a newly slain grizzly, but with much more pride. For the first time I realized that my slaughter of Indians and wild beasts had been only imagination. This was my first success at real killing. I was seized by a feeling of triumph, joy and self satisfaction. To me the accomplishment was so wonderful and heroic. Wild Bill, Kit Carson, and all the rest had been accompanied by bands of brave men who shared in their glory. They had real guns loaded with powder and lead. I was alone. I did the killing with only a club.

Before me lay the object of my achievement, his long, silky, gray hair parted in the middle down his spine. I noticed his graceful well formed head, black with clean white streaks on the sides. He wore a white necktie, and had cute little ears. His appearance was that of innocence, kindness and timidity. I touched his soft, silvery coat, and noticed that it was warm and friendly. My admiration for him turned to affection, then to pity.

Soon I began to reflect upon what I had done. The badger had not offered to fight but had tried to save his life. It was all he had, and was perhaps sweet and dear to him. He was not large and ferocious, but little, harmless and kind—a baby away from his mother. He had never wronged me or my people or anyone else or their people. He was so pretty too! Why had I killed him? Did it do me any good? Did it do anyone any good? Was it right for me to kill him just because he was little and defenseless and away from home? His mother had, no doubt, warned him about leaving the burrow in the day time. He had disobeyed. Did

"During the long, cold winter nights, while the coyotes greeted the rising of the moon—"

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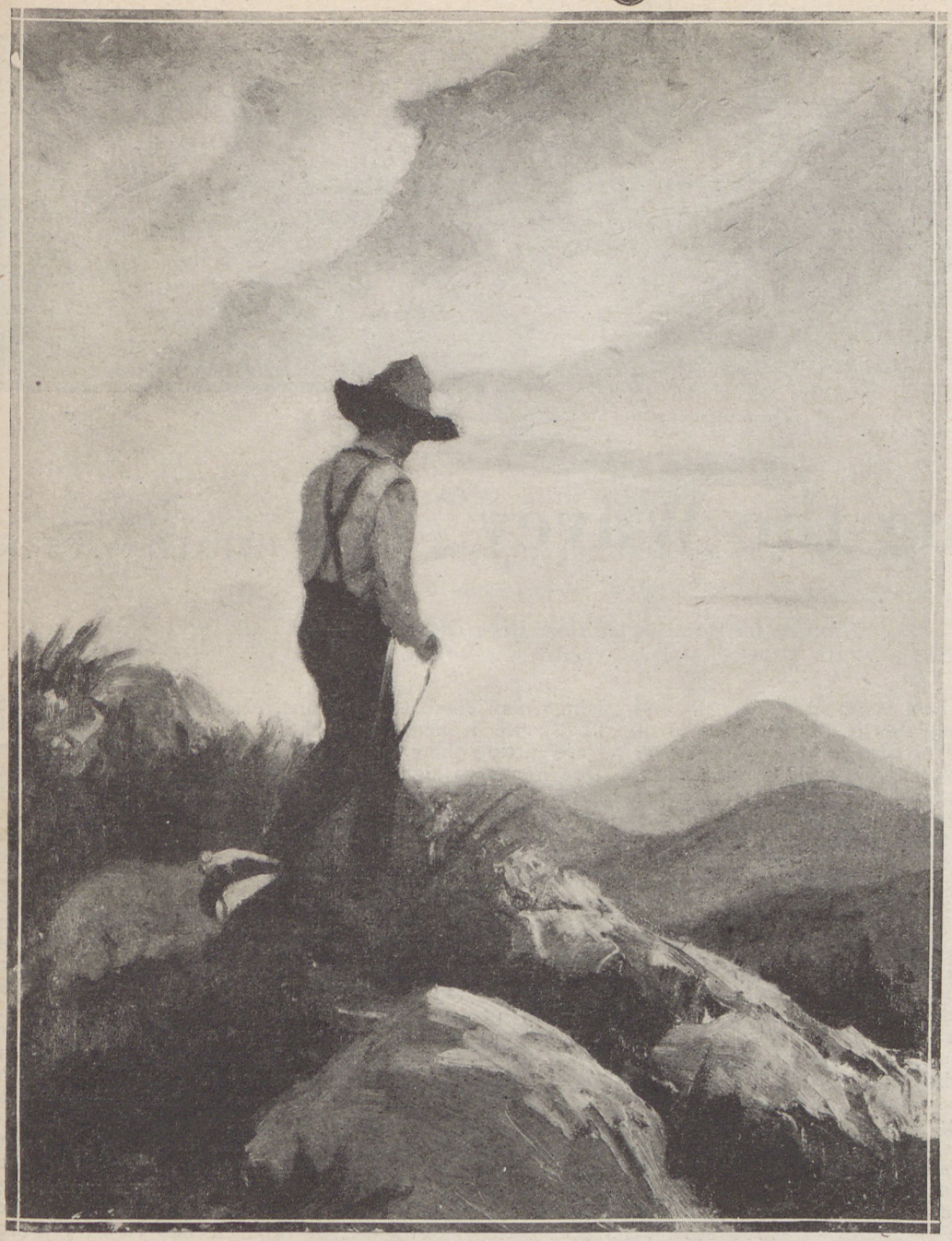

"I untied Mat's chain and started toward Crab Creek, leading him."

that give me a right to kill him? Had I ever disobeyed my mother? What if a great, big Indian with feathers in his hair and paint on his face and a bowie knife in his hand would sneak down upon me from behind the bluff and scalp me just for the fun of doing something. I felt miserable and mean, and was a sorrowful coward. The sight of the club was repulsive to me. I cast it aside. My conscience was burning me up. A great lump came to my throat. I fell on the ground beside the little badger and began to cry.

Tears brought no relief. I was pierced through the heart by another thought. I had longed for a pet. One brother had won the affection of the family cat. Old Toy, the dog, would perform tricks for another. Even Roy, the youngest boy, scarcely old enough to walk, had tamed the great Plymouth Rock rooster. It would eat out of his hand. Chief, my pet colt, had grown away from me, become a rope horse, and was out on the round-up. I alone had no pet. What a wonderful little friend and playmate the baby badger would have made. He would have been mine because I had found him. No one could have disputed my claim. I could have fastened him with a trap chain, built a house and enjoyed the distinction of being the owner of the only pet badger in Lincoln County, perhaps in the world. But it was too late now. The badger was dead. I had killed him. I had done it wrongfully and without any reason whatever. I could blame no one but myself. My remorse seemed greater than I could bear.

As I lay sobbing a cheerful thought came to me for an instant. Perhaps he was only stunned, and not dead. Could I do anything to restore his life? Would Gunn's inhaling powder, camphor, or Oregon grape root tea do any good, if I had some? It was only a mile back to the house. The sun was still high. Could I make the trip in time to save his life? What would mother say? Would father call me "chicken heart?" Could Jesus help if he were here? He cleansed the leper, healed the blind, raised the dead. Could he do anything for a badger? Would he come if I prayed? "Thou shalt not kill" sounded in my ears. Did this mean me? Who could it mean but me? Did it apply to badgers? Of course it did. Didn't badgers like to live the same as men? I was afraid to pray. There was no hope left. I was despondent.

While gazing with sadness on the little animal before running away from the scene of destruction, I was first frightened and then thrilled with delight at what I thought was a sign of life. The badger seemed to move. In anxious anticipation I watched closely. Seconds seemed like hours—yes ages. Finally he really did quiver, and then made a plain and visible move. My hopes raised. With great joy I watched him slowly open and shut his little black eyes. They were soft, pleading and pretty. Presently he rolled over, struggled a little, stood on feet and shook himself as if to smooth his ruffled fur, made an effort to walk, and was really alive.

I took him into my arms, caressed and hugged him. He appeared to enjoy it and made no effort to escape. He was as docile and affectionate as a kitten. His little eyes seemed to speak forgiveness and confidence. My heart was full of joy as I gently and tenderly carried him home. I was the happiest and proudest boy in the world when Mother said I could keep him.

He was cordially received by my brothers. The honor of capturing him was mine, but the pleasure was shared by all. Of all pets, he was the most interesting we ever had. We named him "Mat" because he would sometimes lay down and flatten out on the ground like a door mat. From the start he was gentle, but never did

(Continued on page 75)

The mentor showing the way he does it.

Walloping the Wavey

By GERALD W. PECK

Hunting for Geese on the Bear River Overflow

GOOSE shooting at best is an arduous task and whether one contemplates it in retrospection or anticipation a mind picture is drawn filled with hardships for which only a good bag with its attendant thrills can compensate. Pits on a sandbar or in a stubble field carefully—yes stealthily prepared, the long haul to and fro and the large number of failures make the game somewhat of an undertaking at best. I always associate goose shooting with the Dakota stubble fields and in this association get some comfort from the fact that no matter what else may loom up as an obstacle, as a rule the pits are dry. What with shooting ducks and other flyers in the mud and water the variety of dry ground shooting has at times a strong appeal.

All of the hardships of ordinary goose shooting seem like play when compared to a shoot on the salt grass flats of the Bear River, for even the thrill of a successful shoot is tarnished somewhat by the job of packing out. There is much difference between shooting Canadas and shooting Lesser Snow geese, for when the latter decide to come to decoys they are pretty apt to come and are not nearly so suspicious and fussy as the Canadas. After all a wavy is more of a goose than most geese and it seems a shame to cover his unattractive carcass and stupid head with such gorgeous plumage. Few sights are as inspiring as a large flock of Lesser Snow geese on the wing with the bright sunshine glorifying their plumage.

The "Doc" decides to stake up a couple.

We had been shooting ducks with an occasional Canada for several days and the bags were very fair, considering the ragged shooting after a long idle summer. Not every one can step right into his stride and hit them on the nose, and this is particularly true with so wide a variety of targets. One interesting feature of this Bear River duck shooting is the mixed bags, for everything from Canadas to Green wings may come to the guns. It took some time, but finally we ironed the kinks from our shooting, and were hitting them with a fair degree of regularity; the Doc began to sigh for new worlds to conquer. Right here, let me say that the Doc is a glutton for punishment when I do the work. The Doc is built for a fast track if anything, but will never do for a mud lark. Bogs down too easily. And so when he began to audibly wonder about a goose shoot I became apprehensive and immediately commenced by "setting up" exercises. The atmosphere in Utah makes it possible to see for a distance that is astonishing and we had for some days seen the wavies working, but they seemed miles away. We knew they had found the young salt grass and until the green shoots were exhausted they were safe, for nothing but an aeroplane could get to them. To see hundreds of them winging their way back and forth with the mountains serving as a background was indeed tantalizing and the Doc fairly wore out a pair of binoculars and the seat of his pants watching them and trying to make himself believe they were working closer. I listened to him out of a politeness that is natural with me, but did not warm up very much. He drew my attention time and again to where pits could be dug with the probability of getting a shoot, all of which I admitted but insisted that the geese would have to start working at least a mile south of where they were before I would make a move. This went on day after day with me killing most of the ducks and Doc watching most of the geese. The goose shoot was his idea and he refused to give it up. Finally, I agreed that if they got close enough so that no matter what happened I would not have to carry him over a quarter of a mile through that bootjack mud, I would go. The opportunity came earlier than we thought and

(Continued on page 79)

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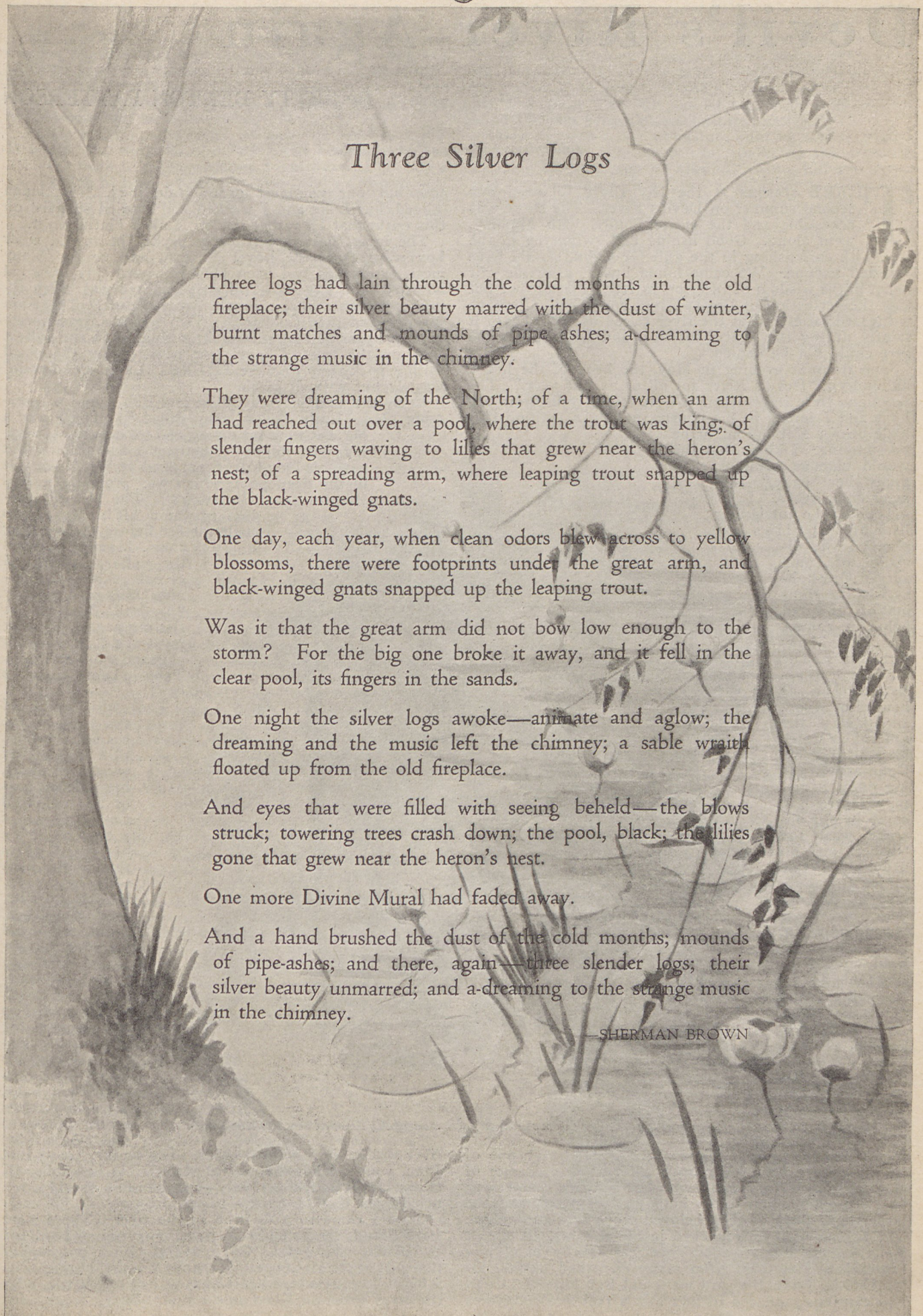

Three Silver Logs

Three logs had lain through the cold months in the old fireplace; their silver beauty marred with the dust of winter, burnt matches and mounds of pipe ashes; a-dreaming to the strange music in the chimney.

They were dreaming of the North; of a time, when an arm had reached out over a pool, where the trout was king; of slender fingers waving to lilies that grew near the heron's nest; of a spreading arm, where leaping trout snapped up the black-winged gnats.

One day, each year, when clean odors blew across to yellow blossoms, there were footprints under the great arm, and black-winged gnats snapped up the leaping trout.

Was it that the great arm did not bow low enough to the storm? For the big one broke it away, and it fell in the clear pool, its fingers in the sands.

One night the silver logs awoke—animate and aglow; the dreaming and the music left the chimney; a sable wraith floated up from the old fireplace.

And eyes that were filled with seeing beheld—the blows struck; towering trees crash down; the pool, black; the lilies gone that grew near the heron's nest.

One more Divine Mural had faded away.

And a hand brushed the dust of the cold months; mounds of pipe-ashes; and there, again—three slender logs; their silver beauty unmarred; and a-dreaming to the strange music in the chimney.

—SHERMAN BROWN

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Devil's River Again

By BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

Illustrations by Georgie Fisher Wheeler

THREE seasons at the bay shore followed our second summer on Devil's River. The shore was accessible and the entire family, with Mammy, went along. Good fishing and swimming in the bay, with surf fishing in the gulf for Colin, should have satisfied anyone. We came home husky, asserting our belief in the wisdom of vacation variety. Perhaps we felt that the perfection of Devil's River might pall. Perhaps we feared satiety. But the river called us. We heard it faintly during the winter months, and with spring the lure could not be denied.

One fragrant evening in May, the head of the house announced, "Devil's River for all of us this year." The reactions were interesting. Whoops and yells from the boys and I joined in the chorus, adding a petition that little brown Mammy might be taken along. I knew that she would manage some way to guard her "baby," Bob, aged eight years.

We made intriguing lists of supplies and planned the division of camp duties. Our hobby was the elimination of hired help on camps. Every fellow with a duty. The boys were to assist Colin as hewers of wood, and keep the smaller water bags filled, while Colin saw to the big ones. Mammy was to guard camp in our absence, wash the "dishes" and do many little things that only faithful Mammies, brown or black, find to do. I was chosen as head cook with everyone to be on call as my sworn assistants.

As usual the packing slogan was, "go light." There came the happy day when we marked and filled the six light duffle bags, which were to be packed into the large, heavy one of its kind. We were generously allowed one change of clothing top and under, a swimming suit and "something to sleep in." There were individual canteens and the larger boys clung to their beloved scout axes and knives. The fishing rods were packed in metal cases, all except Bob's. This unique affair was carried by hand and represented gleanings from many discarded outfits, assembled by Luke, the yard man, and Bob himself. Colin had cautiously offered to buy him a reel and rod, lures too, but our youngest proudly declined, "I'm much 'bliged, but Luke and I worked and studied so hard on this outfit that I'd rather risk it. Luke's bettin' on it."

The lures that were tenderly packed in an old cigar box were especially novel in form and color. Many moth eaten flies had been plucked, many bits of wood adorned with gay dots and stripes, there was much tying, and then shellac. Finally we were off! The train journey and then Comstock. Two wagons were necessary this year and we placed little Mammy in the softest seat, on the bale of kapok cot pads. After the usual jolting, rocky trip we were THERE! Camp was "made" wearily but with dispatch.

Early the next morning John and Bob found a swimming pool, "Little Folk's" they called it. There was a big, flat rock for diving and on occasions, soaping, too. Sonny sometimes made a third, but with his longer legs managed very well with us in the deep pool, which was promptly named "Big Folk's." The blessed freedom of camp life! My scouts made the fire before the morning swim. Mammy watched the coffee, cocoa and cereal. After a lightning change from my "Annette" I was soon stirring pancakes, using my tried and proven egg and milk powders. Then plans for the day!

"Bob held a good string of bass, while John mournfully drooped over two tiny perch."

The swish, swish of the willows, the roar of the falls, the drone of woods noises, the darting bass or astonished company of perch, the "blond" pigs that would come a-visiting with the friendly dog, food, sleep, rest—and we had feared satiety!

The third day I took my casting rod with weighted flies and went for big ones, alone. Colin preferred his fly rod and cunning cork bugs. The boys were sworn to keep to one side of the river and in sight of each other. The scouts, Sonny and John, were confidentially held responsible for Bob. Of course all of us felt perfectly sure that Bob would catch no fish but it did no harm to let him try.

Soon I came to a division in the river. There were small islands separated by deep narrow channels bordered by rustling river grass. Oh, how I gloried in putting my lure just at the right spot, where the channel began. Zip, a big fellow struck savagely and we had our battle, with the river grass an advantage for Mr. Bass. I averaged

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my limit, enough for supper, and the live-fish box.

Colin and I had a sort of trysting rock below camp. There were books and pillows cached in a deep recess and we met there to put our surplus catch in the fish box while they were shimmering, alive. Colin had done even better than I with his string of two-pounders. There were too many for the box and we gently released our liveliest catches, for a leaner day.

As we came up the slope we saw the boys in camp. Bob and John were seated on a log and we paused hidden behind a bush to enjoy what we might hear. Bob held a good string of bass, while John mournfully drooped over two tiny perch. He apologized for bringing them, "You see, Bob, I didn't think you'd even get a nibble, but gosh—"

Bob was valiantly trying to conceal his joyous pride. Sonny came up with several nice ones taken with his almost-as-good-as-Mother's reel and grinned at the two on the log. The dog was an interested spectator.

Colin called "Heigh-Ho, anyone home?" and we came out of hiding. With one lightning movement Bob grabbed John's pair of perch and held them with his beauties and came squealing, "Muth, Daddy, look-ee what John and I caught. Luke bet right." John opened his mouth to protest but the small sportsman went on, "Not a fly on us, but I wouldn't trade my outfit for anybody's."

We were hard put to eat our catch, the ones that were not just the right state of wiggliness for the box. Mammy was a real epicure and said, "I ain't had as much or as fine fish since I was bawn." So we lived up to our creed of "waste not."

Before we slept John came to me, "Mother, I can't rest, I didn't catch a single one of those big fish, only the little perch you couldn't really see. Bob caught all of them on his funny Luke outfit. Gee, he's a keen kid. He'll be SOME scout!"

During the weeks that followed Bob had many lean-luck days, while John and Sonny came in ladened, but the little fellow was a real fisherman and continued loyal to Luke and the home made tackle. He dried his line as we did and oiled the queer wire and spool arrangement that he called his reel, and guarded it from the inquisitive goats or the before mentioned blond swine.

Many times we had heard voices across the river but only once had seen a human being. He was a lank man who had frankly stared and turned away from the offensive sight of my khaki trousered limbs. We correctly surmised that this person owned the pigs and the hungry dog. The variety of diet we offered plus the boys' warm hospitality had evidently lured these animals from their home.

One night it rained. Rained on Devil's river! That is a rare happening. Everyone crept under tarpaulin or shelter tent, snug as any bug. Sonny had let the dog into his tent when through the roar of wind and rain I heard a faint but sharp, "Halloo."

In duet Colin and I inquired, "Who is it?" With a lantern flickering before him the lean man appeared under the tarp that hung before our tent. Forlorn and drenched he shivered as he asked, "Stranger, ain't you got a woman here? I seen her long hair onct. My baby's sick, the tel'phone ain't workin', the hosses got out and me and my wife is 'bout crazy. We same as knowed your woman is a actress critter, but she's a woman and orta have learnt something 'bout babies."

Colin was on the point of an indignant reply when I emerged buttoning my shirt and pulling on my felt hat. With medicine kit in hand I announced, "I'll go with him, and see what I can do." Protesting, Colin held me tight, "You shall not go." There was much more to which I replied by recalling a certain tragic memory, "Suppose the doctor that night had been unwilling to be disturbed—"

Colin's eyes met mine with thankfulness and understanding in their depths. "Yes," he said simply, "you must go."

Into the roar and rain we disappeared, the man and the "actress critter." The lantern was broken by a falling limb. I brought forth my flashlight but it was wrenched from my hand by a whipping willow that swayed and bent and whistled and S-O-U-ed. You who have been abroad in a real storm know what trees say and do. It cannot be described. My kit was slung to my belt and the oiled leather resisted rain. Through thorn brush, over rocks, we stumbled. Then the man stopped and finding my ear yelled, "We gotta CROSS the river, lady. I've lost my rope some way but you let me ketch hold of your hand and you better let me tote that satchel."

Over slippery rocks down into sucking eddies, pulled, twisted by the surging current we made the crossing. Slipping at every step we climbed a little hill and saw a dim light shining from the tiny window. Someone opened a narrow door and the man said, "The actress woman come, Mamma." "Mamma" stood aloof for a moment. She was really very young but dirty and slovenly with a long snuff brush drooping from her mouth. She took my dripping hat as I hurried to the home-made bed on which the child lay flushed and restless. Two awkward boys hovered near their little sister, fear and adoration mingled in their faces. There was agony in the mother's eyes as she awaited the verdict. The thermometer told there was a high temperature. I asked kindly, "What has she eaten?" The mother confidently replied, "Just vittels, same as all of us. Maybe a little salt bacon, sody biscuits and some beans—frijoles you know. Come to think of it this last sack HE brought from town was the hard kind and wouldn't cook up tender. But, lawdy, taint nothin' she's et hurt 'Baby,' she's gotta stummick like a little burro."

As this is in no sense a treatise on first aid my method of treatment would be irrelevant. Daylight brought the sun and "Baby" smiling weakly asked for her treasure, a cheap straw hat wreathed with bright pink flowers. Hours before I had taken off my soaked clothes and was something of a priestess draped in a coarse canvas wagon "sheet." There seemed to be no clean garments available.

Smiling the mother brought two tin plates heaped with food, breakfast for me and the child. They were identical even to the last blubber of fried, salt pork. Suppressing my horror, I produced a jar of malted milk from my kit and with great diplomacy persuaded "Baby" to try it.

The following day found me back in the bosom of my family. The week that remained of my stay was most happy for the fish. My rods were not used as my waking hours were spent in inspiring "Mamma" with the desire to change her way of home-making. I began on food and cleanliness. The entire family had ignored the possibilities of the river for bathing purposes. They were goat-ranching on shares and had not even thought of making a garden in the rich patch of over-flow land near them. Colin called me "Happy Hooligan" but he made seed lists and suggested that the man ask the ranch owner for a milch cow.

We had not discussed the "actress-critter" idea and naturally I assumed that these people had found me to be what I was, a prosaic matron. They had come to ignore the once hated khaki pants.

On our last day in camp the entire family called. "Baby" was resplendent in her treasured hat. After much stammering the man said to me, "You ain't never said nothing 'bout not being a stage-actress and I reckin you are one. But I want to tell you, if all of'em are like you, pants or dresses, I'm for'em all the way."

(Continued on page 83)

"Mammy was engaged in a lively tug o' war."

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The Lost Legend

A Chronicle of the Fragmentary History of one

PAUL BUNYAN

Mythical Hero of the American Forests

As Told by John Rogers to His Grandson, and Compiled by

DONALD HOUGH

Illustration by E. H. Kuhlhoff

CONCLUSION

I HAVE been sitting here the whole evening, telling you about Paul Bunyan and his great accomplishments, and about the miraculous deeds of his men and beasts. My tale has started nowhere, it has ended nowhere—an unsatisfactory sort of an arrangement, I know, but the best I can do, because that is all there is to tell.

The legend of Paul Bunyan has been irretrievably lost. One of two situations obtained: either a real legend did once exist and Paul was the hero of a tale that was coherent and pleasant to read or hear about, and this has been lost and has come to us as a fragmentary account, or else the story of Bunyan has ever been disjointed, and added to, and polished by hard usage, and given to us by the lumberjacks without thought of making it an entire tale.

It is my belief that the latter supposition is the correct one, for Bunyan was referred to, not as the hero of a story, but as a person who existed contemporaneously—a popular man, known to all.

Poor old Paul would doubtless feel great embarrassment if he knew how he was being bandied about in the universities of today, and the subject of study by learned men. The unfortunate part of this is that the incomplete legend of Paul Bunyan has suffered at the hands of those who would make his tale complete, and of those amateur mythologists who have added current jokes and modern situations to the old polished and time tested stories.

Since coming out of the woods I have encountered my old friend in so many strange places, amidst such incongruous scenery, and have heard tell of his doing so many things unbecoming the old school of woodsmen, that I have been at times actually ashamed for him.

I have heard tales of Bunyan's mighty gasoline engine, and of other such contraptions foreign to the life of the pioneer woodsman. Probably the outstanding of these comprise the Bunyan Farm group. It seems that somebody discovered that Bunyan ran a farm in connection with his camps. I have heard that he had an immense corn field, and that the corn grew so rapidly that when one of his men got lost in the field and climbed a stalk to take note of his surroundings he couldn't climb down fast enough to keep even with himself, and eventually starved to death.

I have also heard that on this farm he had a Roan Colt, not unlike the Blue Ox in many respects. He built a race track for this colt, and the colt ran around so fast (it was a five mile track) that he threw dirt in his own face, and in two days had worn down the track to such a depth that he struck water, and Paul had to use it for a duck pond from that day on.

The methods used by this rustic Bunyan in farming his land were little (if any) less startling than those he employed (and, it must be remembered, invented) as the greatest lumberjack of all time. But the farm meant nothing to the lumberjack, and while I did once hear a woodsman repeat some of the Bunyan Farm stories, he was a very young fellow, and certainly not conversant with the traditions and ways of the woods.

I did read not long ago a version of Paul's birth which was related by an Eastern school teacher and given wide circulation. In spite of the fact that great characters never seem to have been born, it was found necessary (probably to conform to some state law or other) to give Paul a decent start in life. So he was pictured as having been born in Maine of French Canadian parents. He rolled over in his sleep when a few days old and destroyed four miles of standing timber (another day and Maine's forests had been obliterated!) and had to be transferred to a floating cradle. When Paul rocked in his cradle—we are told—it caused a great tidal wave in the Bay of Fundy, destroying several villages. He was awakened only when the British navy had been rushed to the scene to fire broadsides near his ears. When he stepped out of his cradle he sunk seven ships, etc. etc.

Now the way to differentiate between real Bunyan tales and synthetic ones is to remember this, and to apply it to all: that Bunyan, and the things he did, were all a part of the every day life of the lumberjack—his experiences, his problems, his characteristics. Lumberjacks were never farmers, nor were they (save in rare instances) ever sailors. I doubt if any ever had heard of the Bay of Fundy, or that if they did, they knew where it was—and certainly very few knew what a tidal wave was.

It is such as this that is destined to distort this lost legend of Paul Bunyan (if ever it was a legend) for attempts to fill in the blank places must inevitably end in failure. The legend is lost, as I have explained, or is fragmentary, and it can not be changed now by any person on earth. If it was to have been rounded out complete, the opportunity belonged to the lumberjacks.

The story is written; the pen is destroyed.

When I say destroyed, I know what I say. There is only one place left where it may be found again, and that is in the fastness of Alaska. Additional tales of the exploits of Bunyan may come from there, but everywhere else lumbering, as part industry, part adventure, has gone; lumbering as a matter of so much a day and so many carloads or board feet has taken its place. There is no longer any need for the Blue Ox, and indeed even his monstrous deeds are surpassed by the engines that are now used. The lumberjacks have become railroad hands and gasoline motor experts, and all in all, they are a queer, mixed lot. The lumberjack who worked in the woods because he loved the woods, cut trees because that is what he particularly wanted to do, and felt the blood of the pioneer and the adventurer in his veins—who loved the battle with the wilderness more than he loved his pay, has gone forever.

In his place we find transient workers who speak foreign languages. These will never perpetuate—certainly will not add to—the history of Paul Bunyan, partly because they have difficulty enough to make each other understand simple conversation, and partly because they have no American tradition and do not care about bothering with one—and partly, too, as I have said, because there is no longer any need for Paul Bunyan.

The tales I have told you are incomplete. I have forgotten many; many I never heard. From time to time you will hear real Bunyan stories, but it can safely be said that Paul has followed the Seven Axemen down the tote road, never to return.

The reason for the existence of Paul Bunyan is quite understandable, and proper, and not to be wondered at. It is merely that the man who worked in the woods found need for a vehicle for expression—for some concrete way (as such things go) in which to give tangible

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"I have been sitting here the whole evening telling you about Paul Bunyan."

form to the forces with which he was in daily contact, and of which he was a conscious part.

It has been said that perhaps other Bunyans, known by a different name, may arise. This is doubtful, and I will tell you why. The other day I saw a great poster on which was painted the gigantic, noble figure of a man in overalls—standing high above his fellows, godlike in countenance, unholy in strength. Across his chest was the word "LABOR."

This man was probably the Paul Bunyan of labor—symbolic of the kinship of toil, an emblem to be followed and to inspire; the soul and spirit of labor personified. But in comparison to the real Bunyan it was a weak, insipid thing. It did not grow from the laboring men, but was painted by an employed artist, and so it was the artist's conception of the spirit of labor, and not Labor's conception of itself. A mechanical age has purged most labor of all romance and of all adventure, without which Bunyan could never have lived.

Of all callings, I can name but three which seem to me to be so constituted as to permit the presence of a true Paul Bunyan. One is lumbering, another is cowpunching, and the third is seafaring. I have heard of one Pecos Bill, said to be the Bunyan of the plains, but I never have heard of a corresponding figure of the sea.

When adventure in the American woods died, so died Paul Bunyan. He has gone with his Axemen, his Blue Ox, and his mighty crew. The bonds of kindred efforts and adventures drew the lumberjacks together; and from these, from the quiet of the nights and the magnitude of the forests, with the awe and inspiration unconsciously absorbed from the great wilderness, came Paul Bunyan.

His race is run; his story is incoherent; his deeds were many of them foolish. But he has (perhaps with his two man saw, perhaps with the able assistance of the Little Chore Boy) carved a niche, by main strength, in the Hall of American History.

All of this I know, lad; for I, too, worked with Paul Bunyan. It was a long time ago, several winters after I had found the camp of the Two Cooks—ah yes, I remember now: it was the year of the two winters, in Shot Gunderson's crew on the Big Onion, not long after Paul had invented the round turn, and forty years before he drove the Great Round River Drive!

IN JUNE

Gene Stratton-Porter Zane Grey
Maxwell Struthers Burt

Photograph by Fred H. Brown

On *the* Nipigon

By OZARK RIPLEY

THE Nipigon is an inerasable memory, fixed, everlastingly luring with its tremendous beauties and angling appeals. And it will continue to lure me until again I hear the thunderous music of Virgin Falls and cast a fluttering, feathery deceit in its white-flecked, wave-crested, tumultuous, seething waters of crystal.

Nipigon holds me. I hear it. I feel it and veritably I can see the monstrous, big trout I lost above McDonald rapids.

Always we lose the big trout or the big bass, but this one I lost in a fair fight and there remains a sense of contentment now and then at his escape, simply because he knew his habitat better than I and sought freedom amidst some rocks that I never believed existed. He is still there doubtless, and after he forgets the sting of the tiny floating cork-bodied yellow jacket, some other angler will experience the thrill that I did and hold for a few moments the hope of taking the record speckled chap of the season.

Right at the door of the Ranger's cabin above Virgin Falls there are to my notion some extremely queer trout. They do not deport themselves according to the rules of the game, nor according to the theories so many angling authorities advocate. When a hatching was on they refused every artificial fly that approached in coloration or form, any of the insects they were rising for. I know this, for I tried the true-to-nature offerings consistently and failed, though trout were rising in myriads. I never got that four-pounder until I cast a floating yellow May—the strangest of all contrasts, to the evenings hatching.

Not only did this prove to be true once, but often. Nicholas John knows the waters. He insisted one evening that I try everything in my fly book of a gray coloration. Again those trout refused. Then just for fun I shot into the first suck of fast water above McDonald's a trout-size feather minnow which should only have the name oriole appended to it instead of the fanciful name it bears—and the largest and most net-fearing fish I ever creeled took it.

"Nishin!" the Ojibway word for all right, other anglers will say, and cite experiences just the opposite. I have seen them prove it too by their catches when I was unable to get a rise—when I tried my best with a Montreal to imitate a fly and failed to bring a fish, and when the first cast another Nipigon visitor made with a Montreal a trifle larger than mine brought the rise of a monster, one incidentally, that he promptly landed and both he and I waxed enthusiastic over fly and fish.

The versatility of Nipigon trout is past credence. I marvel at it. The only thing similar there to it was my favorite Cree, Jim Craig, a product of the upper Ontario. Think of a full blooded Cree singing "Maggie" perpetually in his native tongue, always cheerful and perpetually a worker of panther-like quickness. They can claim honors for the different canoemen of the Nipigon, but for speed and skill in fast water I never saw his superior except in the hills of the South. There boatmen will spear fish at night in fast water which an Indian in day will only navigate with the utmost caution, except, possibly, Jim Craig, the wise swift water craftsman.

But there is a sane reason for the cautiousness of the Nipigon Indian guides. They are loyal to their charges, and believe that carrying their passengers safely, as well as providing them with the best fishing, is their destiny and they revel in it.

But to return to the versatile red spots of the Nipigon. Again I insist they are as versatile as my favorite Cree. Some chaps, who never before cast a fly, caught mammoth trout. And here is another secret to store in your book of fishing knowledge; those big Nipigon trout shined up well to more lures than any other of the trout family I have ever seen.

With a small wooden lure of the wobbling type, the most awkward bait caster ever I have seen, hung one weighty redspot at the head of a rapid. Another with a weighted bucktail gang large enough for a giant of the musky family, took a squaretail behind a rock, while I, in my ignorance was watching him with laughter from a concealed clump of spruce.

Think of it, all the dainty millinery, exact replicas of what the trout family fed upon, I had previously for a half hour offered the big fellow without a movement of fin in recognition!

And then another angler with a many-hooked wooden minnow did a similar trick—and always will remain in my mind the hardships of his guide with the bait caster he had in tow—at every cast the reel backlashed, the lure sank and the guide was forced to walk up stream with the rod and maneuver to unfasten it. As a tribute to the moods of the trout of the Nipigon it was a whopper that finally hit that minnow. I still see him weaving in the clear water, red spots flashing, until finally all the fine creature's efforts were wasted, and through sheer force of tackle he was reeled into the net.

Nipigon wilderness probably brings more of the fair sex to its haunts than any of other well-known waters. The women shrink at the thought of it all, but subside into raptures of delight at the sight of Virgin Falls. They are awakened there to the beauties of Nature, and the rest of the trip they must take, really expressing in the end absolutely more enjoyment than some of their mates. And such is woman! She will shrink at the thought of spending a night in a tent in the big outdoors, but once she does it forever after she is a convert to trips in out-of-the-way places.

After all, the fruit of the rib of the first man inherently is his mate. Later on atavism comes into play. Sometime the original desire to live for a while in wilderness countries long remains dormant, but the prick of scenes of transcending beauty arouse it and the

(Continued on page 84)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Grizzly King

CHAPTER FOUR

By
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

IN THE edge of the balsam and spruce Langdon and Otto sat smoking their pipes after supper, with the glowing embers of a fire at their feet. The night air in these higher altitudes of the mountains had grown chilly, and Bruce rose long enough to throw a fresh armful of dry spruce on the coals. Then he stretched out his long form again, with his head and shoulders bolstered comfortably against the butt of a tree, and for the fiftieth time he chuckled.

"Chuckle an' be blasted," growled Langdon. "I tell you I hit him twice, Bruce—twice anyway; and I was at a devilish disadvantage!"

"'Specially when 'e was lookin' down an' grinnin' in your face," retorted Bruce, who had enjoyed hugely his comrade's ill luck. "Jimmy, at that distance you should a'most ha' killed 'im with a rock!"

"My gun was under me," explained Langdon for the twentieth time.

"W'ich ain't just the proper place for a gun to be when yo'r hunting a grizzly," reminded Bruce.

"The gully was confoundedly steep. I had to dig in with both feet and my fingers. If it had been any steeper I would have used my teeth."

Langdon sat up, knocked the ash out of the bowl of his pipe, and reloaded it with fresh tobacco.

"Bruce, that's the biggest grizzly in the Rocky Mountains!"

"He'd 'a' made a fine rug in your den, Jimmy—if yo'r gun hadn't 'appened to 'ave been under you."

"And I'm going to have him in my den before I finish," declared Langdon. "I've made up my mind. We'll make a permanent camp here. I'm going to get that grizzly if it takes all summer. I'd rather have him than any other ten bears in the Firepan Range. He was a nine-footer if an inch. His head was as big as a bushel basket, and the hair on his shoulders was four inches long. I don't know that I'm sorry I didn't kill him. He's hit, and he'll surely fight shy. There'll be a lot of fun in getting him."

"There will that," agreed Bruce, "'specially if you meet 'im again during the next week or so, while he's still sore from the bullets. Better not have the gun under you then, Jimmy!"

"What do you say to making this a permanent camp?"

"Couldn't be better. Plenty of fresh meat, good grazing, and fine water." After a moment he added: "He was hit pretty hard. He was bleedin' bad at the summit."

In the firelight Langdon began cleaning his rifle.

"You think he may clear out—leave the country?"

Bruce emitted a grunt of disgust.

"Clear out? Run away? Mebbe he would if he was a black. But he's a grizzly, and the boss of this country. He may fight shy of this valley for a while, but you can bet he ain't goin' to emigrate. The harder you hit a grizzly the madder he gets, an' if you keep on hittin' 'im he keeps on gettin' madder, until he drops dead. If you want that bear bad enough we can surely get him."

"I do," Langdon reiterated with emphasis. "He'll smash record measurements or I miss my guess. I want him, and I want him bad, Bruce. Do you think we'll be able to trail him in the morning?"

Bruce shook his head.

"It won't be a matter of trailing," he said. "It's just simply hunt. After a grizzly has been hit he keeps movin'. He won't go out of his range, an' neither is he going to show himself on the open slopes like that up there. Metoosin ought to be along with the dogs inside of three or four days, an' when we get that bunch of Airedales in action, there'll be some fun."

Langdon sighted at the fire through the polished barrel of his rifle, and said doubtfully:

"I've been having my doubts about Metoosin for a week back. We've come through some mighty rough country."

"That old Indian could follow our trail if we travelled on rock," declared Bruce confidently. "He'll be here inside o' three days, barring the dogs don't run their fool heads into too many porcupines. An' when they come"—he rose and stretched his gaunt frame—"we'll have the biggest time we ever had in our lines. I'm just guessin' these mount'ins are so full o' bear that them ten dogs will all be massacreed within a week. Want to bet?"

Langdon closed his rifle with a snap.

"I only want one bear," he said, ignoring the challenge, "and I have an idea we'll get him tomorrow. You're the bear specialist of the outfit, Bruce, but I think he was too hard hit to travel far."

They had made two beds of soft balsam boughs near the fire, and Langdon now followed his companion's example, and began spreading his blankets. It had been a hard day, and within five minutes after stretching himself out he was asleep.

He was still asleep when Bruce rolled out from under his blanket at dawn. Without rousing Langdon the young packer slipped on his boots and waded back a quarter of a mile through the heavy dew to round up the horses. When he returned he brought Dishpan and their saddle-horses with him. By that time Langdon was up, and starting a fire.

Langdon frequently reminded himself that such mornings as this had made him disappoint the doctors and rob the grave. Just eight years ago this June he had come into the North for the first time, thin-chested and with a bad lung. "You can go if you insist, young man" one of the doctors had told him, "but you're going to your own funeral." And now he had a five-inch expansion and was as tough as a knot. The first rose-tints of the sun were creeping over the mountain-tops; the air was filled with the sweetness of flowers, and dew, and growing things, and his lungs drew in deep breaths of oxygen laden with the tonic and perfume of balsam.

He was more demonstrative than his companion in the joyousness of this wild life. It made him want to shout, and sing, and whistle. He restrained himself this morning. The thrill of the hunt was in his blood.

While Otto saddled the horses Langdon made the bannock. He had become an expert at what he called "wild-bread" baking, and his method possessed the double efficiency of saving both waste and time.

He opened one of the heavy canvas flour sacks, made a hollow in the flour with his two doubled fists, partly filled this hollow with a pint of water and half a cupful of caribou grease, added a tablespoonful of baking powder and a three-finger pinch of salt, and began to mix. Inside of five minutes he had the bannock loaves in the big tin reflector, and half an hour later the sheep steaks were fried, the potatoes done, and the bannock baked to a golden brown.

The sun was just showing its face in the east when they trailed out of camp. They rode across the valley, but walked up the slope, the horses following obediently in their footsteps.

It was not difficult to pick up Thor's trail. Where he had paused to snarl back defiance at his enemies there was a big red spatter on the ground; from this point to the summit they followed a crimson thread of blood. Three times in descending into the other valley they found where Thor had stopped, and each time they saw where a pool of blood had soaked into the earth or run over the rock.

They passed through the timber and came to the creek, and here, in a strip of firm black sand, Thor's footprints brought them to a pause. Bruce stared. An exclama-

tion of amazement came from Langdon, and without a word having passed between them he drew out his pocket-tape and knelt beside one of the tracks.

"Fifteen and a quarter inches!" he gasped.

"Measure another," said Bruce.

"Fifteen and—a half!"

Bruce looked up the gorge.

"The biggest I ever see was fourteen an' a half," he said, and there was a touch of awe in his voice. "He was shot up the Athabasca an' he's stood as the biggest grizzly ever killed in British Columbia. Jimmy, this one beats 'im!"

They went on, and measured the tracks again at the edge of the first pool where Thor had bathed his wounds. There was almost no variation in the measurements. Only occasionally after this did they find spots of blood. It was ten o'clock when they came to the clay wallow and saw where Thor had made his bed in it.

"He was pretty sick," said Bruce in a low voice. "He was here most all night."

Moved by the same impulse and the same thought, they looked ahead of them. Half a mile farther on the mountains closed in until the gorge between them was dark and sunless.

"He was pretty sick," repeated Bruce, still looking ahead. "Mebbe we'd better tie the horses an' go on alone. It's possible—he's in there."

They tied the horses to scrub cedars, and relieved Dishpan of her pack.

Then, with their rifles in readiness, and eyes and ears alert, they went on cautiously into the silence and gloom of the gorge.

CHAPTER FIVE

THOR had gone up the gorge at daybreak. He was stiff when he rose from the clay wallow, but a good deal of the burning and pain had gone from his wound. It still hurt him, but not as it had hurt him the preceding evening. His discomfort was not all in his shoulder, and it was not in any one place in particular. He was sick, and had he been human he would have been in bed with a thermometer under his tongue and a doctor holding his pulse. He walked up the gorge slowly and laggingly. An indefatigable seeker of food, he no longer thought of food. He was not hungry, and he did not want to eat.

With his hot tongue he lapped frequently at the cool water of the creek, and even more frequently he turned half about and sniffed the wind. He knew that the man-smell and the strange thunder and the still more inexplicable lightning lay behind him. All night he had been on guard, and he was cautious now.

For a particular hurt Thor knew of no particular remedy. He was not a botanist in the finer sense of the word, but in creating him the Spirit of the Wild had ordained that he should be his own physician. As a cat seeks catnip, so Thor sought certain things when he was not feeling well. All bitterness is not quinine, but certainly bitter things were Thor's remedies, and as he made his way up the gorge his nose hung close to the ground, and he sniffed in the low copses and thick bush-tangles he passed.

He came to a small green spot covered with kinnikinic, a ground plant two inches high which bore red berries as big as a small pea. They were not red now, but green; bitter as gall, and contained an astringent tonic called uvaursi. Thor ate them.

After that he found soap berries growing on bushes that looked very much like currant bushes. The fruit was already larger than currants, and turning pink. Indians ate these berries when they had fever, and Thor gathered half a pint before he went on. They, too, were bitter.

He nosed the trees, and found at last what he wanted. It was a jackpine, and at several places within his reach the fresh pitch was oozing. A bear seldom passes a bleeding jackpine. It is his chief tonic, and Thor licked the fresh pitch with his tongue. In this way he absorbed not only turpentine, but also, in a roundabout sort of way, a whole pharmacopœia of medicines made from this particular element.

By the time he arrived at the end of the gorge Thor's stomach was a fairly well-stocked drug emporium. Among other things he had eaten perhaps half a quart of spruce and balsam needles. When a dog is sick he eats grass; when a bear is sick he eats pine or balsam needles if he can get them. Also he pads his stomach and intestines with them in the last hour before denning himself away for the winter.

The sun was not yet up when Thor came to the end of the gorge, and stood for a few moments at the mouth of a low cave that reached back into the wall of the mountain. How far his memory went back it would be impossible to say; but in the whole world, as he knew it, this cave was home. It was not more than four feet high, and twice as wide, but it was many times as deep and was carpeted with a soft white floor of sand. In some past age a little stream had trickled out of this cavern, and the far end of it made a comfortable bedroom for a sleeping bear when the temperature was fifty degrees below zero.

Ten years before Thor's mother had gone in there to sleep through the winter, and when she waddled out to get her first glimpse of spring three little cubs waddled with her. Thor was one of them. He was still half blind, for it is five weeks after a grizzly cub is born before he can see; and there was not much hair on his body, for a grizzly cub is born as naked as a human baby. His eyes open and his hair begins to grow at just about the same time. Since then Thor had denned eight times in that cavern home.

He wanted to go in now. He wanted to lie down in the far end of it and wait until he felt better. For perhaps two or three minutes he hesitated, sniffing yearningly at the door to his cave, and then feeling the wind from down the gorge. Something told him that he should go on.

To the westward there was a sloping ascent up out of the gorge to the summit, and Thor climbed this. The sun was well up when he reached the top, and for a little while he rested again and looked down on the other half of his domain.

Even more wonderful was this valley than the one into which Bruce and Langdon had ridden a few hours before. From range to range it was a good two miles in width, and in the opposite direction it stretched away in a great rolling panorama of gold and green and black.

Frank Jaw-Bone Stops Hunting

By PHILIP GORDON WYLIE

I TELL you now, Philippe, wan tale
W'at mak' your eyes stick out.
Sapristi! W'en da col' win' wail
An' summer turn about,
Da fall cloud in da sky she sail
An' da bull moose shout.

DEN dat's da time dis story came
W'at I am tell to you.
Up on a lac she's ain't got name
I bring da leedle canoe
An' portage Brulee jus' da same
I'm al'ays use' to do.

DA ole wolf holler all da night,
An' da loon is laugh all day;
Da sky she's full of daivel's light
W'en da sun mus' walk away.
Sacre bleu! I don' feel right,
But I mak' camp for stay.

DEN I go sleep beside da lac;
Da night she's over mos',
W'en queeck I jump up in da black
An' I hear somet'ing close.
Mon dieu! Down by wan tamarack
I see beeg bull moose ghos'!

DAT ole ghos' walk along to me,
Close by my tent he sat—
"You, Frank, you stop hunt bull moose, oui,"
He say an' vanish—scat!

* * * * *

You t'ink dat I was asleep? May be—
But you can' tell for dat!

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

From where Thor stood it was like an immense park. Green slopes reached almost to the summits of the mountains, and to a point halfway up these slopes—the last timber-line—clumps of spruce and balsam trees were scattered over the green as if set there by the hands of men. Some of these timber-patches were no larger than the decorative clumps in a city park, and others covered acres and tens of acres; and at the foot of the slopes on either side, like decorative fringes, were thin and unbroken lines of forest. Between these two lines of forest lay the open valley of soft and undulating meadow, dotted with its purplish bosks of buffalo willow and mountain sage, its green coppices of wild-rose and thorn, and its clumps of trees. In the valley ran a stream.

Thor descended about four hundred yards from where he stood, and then turned northward along the green slope, so that he was travelling from patch to patch of the parklike timber, a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards above the fringe of forest. To this height, midway between the meadows in the valley and the first shale and bare rock of the peaks, he came most frequently on his small game hunts.

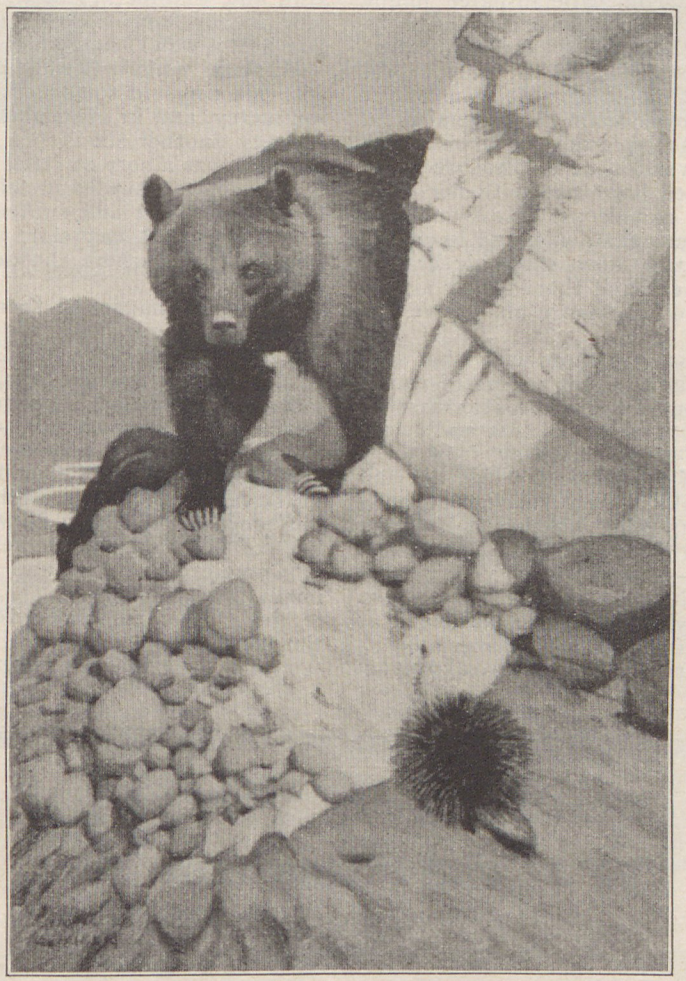
Like fat woodchucks the whistlers were already beginning to sun themselves on their rocks. Their long, soft, elusive whistlings, pleasant to hear above the drone of mountain waters, filled the air with a musical cadence. Now and then one would whistle shrilly and warningly close at hand, and then flatten himself out on his rock as the big bear passed, and for a few moments no whistling would break upon the gentle purring of the valley.

But Thor was giving no thought to the hunt this morning. Twice he encountered porcupines, the sweetest of all morsels to him, and passed them unnoticed; the warm, sleeping smell of a caribou came hot and fresh from a thicket, but he did not approach the thicket to investigate; out of a coulee, narrow and dark, like a black ditch, he caught the scent of a badger. For two hours he travelled steadily northward along the half-crest of the slopes before he struck down through the timber to the stream.

The clay adhering to his wound was beginning to harden, and again he waded shoulder-deep into a pool, and stood there for several minutes. The water washed most of the clay away. For another two hours he followed the creek, drinking frequently. Then came the sapoos oowin—six hours after he had left the clay wallow. The kinnikinic berries, the soap berries, the jackpine pitch, the spruce and balsam needles, and the water he had drunk, all mixed in his stomach in one big compelling dose, brought it about—and Thor felt tremendously better, so much better that for the first time he turned and growled back in the direction of his enemies. His shoulder still hurt him, but his sickness was gone.

For many minutes after the sapoos oowin he stood without moving, and many times he growled. The snarling rumble deep in his chest had a new meaning now. Until last night and today he had not known a real hatred. He had fought other bears, but the fighting rage was not hate. It came quickly, and passed away quickly; it left no growing ugliness; he licked the wounds of a clawed enemy, and was quite frequently happy while he nursed them. But this new thing that was born in him was different.

With an unforgetable and ferocious hatred he hated the thing that had hurt him. He hated the man-smell; he hated the strange, white-faced thing he had seen clinging to the side of the gorge; and his hatred included everything associated with them. It was a hatred born of instinct and roused sharply from its long slumber by experience.



"Porcupine—the sweetest of all morsels to him."

Without ever having seen or smelled man before, he knew that man was his deadliest enemy, and to be feared more than all the wild things in the mountains. He would fight the biggest grizzly. He would turn on the fiercest pack of wolves. He would brave flood and fire without flinching. But before man he must flee! He must hide! He must constantly guard himself in the peaks and on the plains with eyes and ears and nose!

Why he sensed this, why he understood all at once that a creature had come into his world, a pigmy in size, yet more to be dreaded than any foe he had ever known, was a miracle which nature alone could explain. It was a hearkening back in the age-dimmed mental fabric of Thor's race to the earliest days of man—man, first of all, with the club; man with the spear hardened in fire; man with the flint-tipped arrow; man with the trap and the deadfall, and, lastly, man with the gun. Through all the ages man had been his one and only master. Nature had impressed it upon him—had been impressing it upon him through a hundred or a thousand or ten thousand generations.

And now for the first time in his life that dormant part of his instinct leaped into warning wakefulness, and he understood. He hated man, and hereafter he would hate everything that bore the man-smell. And with this hate there was also born in him for the first time fear. Had man never pushed Thor and his kind to the death the world would not have known him as Ursus Horribilis the Terrible.

Thor still followed the creek, nosing along slowly and lumberingly, but very steadily; his head and neck bent low, his huge rear quarters rising and falling in that rolling motion peculiar to all bears, and especially so of the grizzly. His long claws click-click-clicked on the stones; he crunched heavily in the gravel; in soft sand he left enormous footprints.

That part of the valley which he was now entering held a particular significance for Thor, and he began to loiter, pausing often to sniff the air on all sides of him. He was not a monogamist, but for many mating seasons

past he had come to find his Iskwao in this wonderful sweep of meadow and plain between the two ranges. He could always expect her in July, waiting for him or seeking him with that strange savage longing of motherhood in her breast. She was a splendid grizzly who came from the western ranges when the spirit of mating days called; big, and strong, and of a beautiful golden-brown colour, so that the children of Thor and his Iskwao were the finest young grizzlies in all the mountains. The mother took them back with her unborn, and they opened their eyes and lived and fought in the valleys and on the slopes far to the west. If in later years Thor ever chased his own children out of his hunting grounds, or whipped them in a fight, Nature kindly blinded him to the fact. He was like most grouchy old bachelors: he did not like small folk. He tolerated a little cub as a cross-grained old woman-hater might have tolerated a pink baby; but he wasn't as cruel as Punch, for he had never killed a cub. He had cuffed them soundly whenever they had dared to come within reach of him, but always with the flat, soft palm of his paw, and with just enough force behind it to send them keeling over and over like little round fluffy balls.

This was Thor's only expression of displeasure when a strange mother-bear invaded his range with her cubs. In other ways he was quite chivalrous. He would not drive the mother-bear and her cubs away, and he would not fight with her, no matter how shrewish or unpleasant she was. Even if he found them eating at one of his kills, he would do nothing more than give the cubs a sound cuffing.

All this is somewhat necessary to show with what sudden and violent agitation Thor caught a certain warm, close smell as he came around the end of a mass of huge boulders. He stopped, turned his head, and swore in his low, growling way. Six feet away from him, grovelling flat in a patch of white sand, wriggling and shaking for all the world like a half-frightened puppy that had not yet made up its mind whether it had met a friend or an enemy, was a lone bear cub. It was not more than three months old—altogether too young to be away from its mother; and it had a sharp little tan face and a white spot on its baby breast which marked it as a member of the black bear family, and not a grizzly.

The cub was trying as hard as it could to say, "I am lost, strayed, or stolen; I'm hungry, and I've got a porcupine quill in my foot," but in spite of that, with another ominous growl, Thor began to look about the rocks for the mother. She was not in sight, and neither could he smell her, two facts which turned his great head again toward the cub.

Muskwa—an Indian would have called the cub that—had crawled a foot or two nearer on his little belly. He greeted Thor's second inspection with a genial wriggling which carried him forward another half foot, and a low warning rumbled in Thor's chest. "Don't come any nearer," it said plainly enough, "or I'll keel you over!"

Muskwa understood. He lay as if dead, his nose and paws and belly flat on the sand, and Thor looked about him again. When his eyes returned to Muskwa, the cub was within three feet of him, squirming flat in the sand and whimpering softly. Thor lifted his right paw four inches from the ground. "Another inch and I'll give you a welt!" he growled.

Muskwa wriggled and trembled; he licked his lips with his tiny red tongue, half in fear and half pleading for mercy, and in spite of Thor's lifted paw he wormed his way another six inches nearer.

There was a sort of rattle instead of a growl in Thor's throat. His heavy hand fell to the sand. A third time he looked about and sniffed the air; he growled again. Any crusty old bachelor would have understood that growl. "Now where the devil is the kid's mother!" it said.

Something happened then. Muskwa had crept close to Thor's wounded leg. He rose up, and his nose caught the scent of the raw wound. Gently his tongue touched it. It was like velvet—that tongue. It was wonderfully pleasant to feel, and Thor stood there for many moments, making neither movement nor sound while the cub licked his wound. Then he lowered his great head. He sniffed the soft little ball of friendship that had come to him. Muskwa whined in a motherless way. Thor growled, but more softly now. It was no longer a threat. The heat of his great tongue fell once on the cub's face.

"Come on!" he said, and resumed his journey into the north.

And close at his heels followed the motherless little tan-faced cub.

(To be Continued in June)

The Fisherman

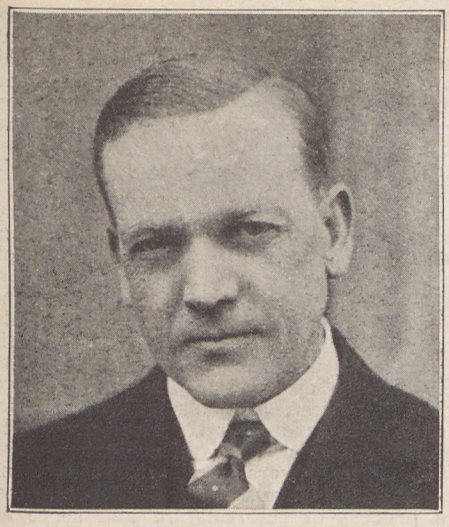
A Novel by

ZANE GREY

THIS serialization will cover a period of years, and will embody all that any fisherman loves. It will be The Compleat Angler of America told as the life story of an American. The brooks, the ponds, the streams, the lakes, the rivers, the bright unquiet Atlantic main and the vast calm blue Pacific, the South Seas and the cold emerald salt waters of the North! A story of childhood and youth, of manhood and maturity, of mellowing age! Zane Grey will attempt to give the world the meaning of the joy, the beauty, the thrill, the religion, the philosophy, and the soul of angling.

Beginning in the July Issue instead of in the JUNE issue as announced last month because of the need of waiting for suitable illustrations

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



Charles L. McNary, U. S. Senator from Oregon.

The McNary-Clarke Bill

Analysis of
S. 1182—H. R. 4830

Cartoons by R. D. Fuller and A. B. Cargill

John D. Clarke, U. S. Representative from New York.

The McNary-Clarke bill was officially endorsed by the Izaak Walton League of America at its Second National Convention in Chicago, April 10th, 11th and 12th.

THIS bill is a result of the exhaustive hearings before the Agriculture Committee of the House of Representatives and the extensive hearings of the U. S. Senate Committee appointed for the purpose of making a comprehensive investigation of the whole subject of reforestation. The Senate Committee held twenty-four public hearings on this subject in sixteen different states representing all the important forest regions in the country and this committee's report (Senate Report 28, 68th Congress, First Session) is available in connection with the consideration of this bill.

The intent of the various sections of the bill and a brief explanation of the reasons prompting each section may be stated as follows:

Section 1. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to cooperate with appropriate officials of the various states, or other suitable agencies, in recommending systems of fire protection adapted to each forest region of the United States.

The section contemplates the development of a nation-wide plan of efficient forest protection, to be initiated by the Secretary of Agriculture through the Forest Service in cooperation with the forestry departments of the several states or other suitable local agencies.

Section 2. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture where state cooperation can be obtained in furtherance of the fire protection plan contemplated under Section 1, to cooperate with the appropriate officials of the several states and, through the state officials, with other local agencies in fire protection; and to expend for this purpose not to exceed the amount expended by the state or under state direction and authority in any one fiscal year. Such cooperation is not limited to forest lands on the watersheds of navigable streams.

This section contemplates an expansion of federal and state cooperation in forest protection now conducted in a limited way under Section 2 of the Weeks Law (Act of March 1, 1911). The Department of Agriculture is now cooperating with twenty-six states in the protection of approximately 166 million acres of state and privately owned forest land. The policy of state cooperation in this work initiated under the Weeks Law has been notably successful. During the past thirteen years it has led to the organization of fire protection systems by sixteen additional states and the extension of acual fire protection work over about 100 million acres of forest land.

There are still many states which have either taken no steps to protect their forest areas or whose efforts in this field are very inadequate. Approximately 150 million acres of privately owned forest land in the United States now receives little or no protection whatever. Every one who has studied the forest problem of the United States is agreed on the necessity of nation-wide forest protection as the first essential step in securing a regrowth of timber. Obviously this activity should not be limited to the watersheds of navigable streams since there are important forest areas which that limitation would exclude.

Experience has demonstrated that the 320 million acres of state and privately owned forest land in this country can be effectively protected at an annual cost averaging about 3 cents per acre, or a total yearly outlay of about $10,000,000. The present yearly expenditures for this purpose aggregate $3,300,000, of which 12 per cent is contributed by the federal government, 58 per cent by the states, and the remainder by cooperating private owners.

Under this section the Department of Agriculture would seek to develop cooperative fire protective systems over all private and state lands in the country suitable for timber

Reprint from the Saturday Evening Post.

In 1965—Snapshot of an artist out to paint a woodland scene.

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growth, as rapidly as the local agencies will organize to do their part. The scale of federal expenditures will depend upon the cooperation developed and the adequacy of the local funds available. At the present time a federal appropriation of one million dollars a year would be sufficient, or an increase of $600,000 a year over the current appropriation for this purpose under Section 2 of the Weeks Law. Ultimately the federal expenditures should reach $2,500,000 a year, the authorization named in the bill, or about one-fourth of the total estimated cost.

In view of the vital national interests at stake in securing a general regrowth of timber, it is equitable that the national government should bear one-fourth of the cost in states where local agencies contribute the remainder. The fact that this is a national problem and warrants national participation on an adequate scale is emphasized by the fact that twenty-six states are now compelled to bring in from beyond their own borders varying quantities of lumber to supply their own consumption. Many of the central and eastern states import 60 per cent or more of the lumber which they require. Many states will be permanently dependent for their supply of forest products, upon the degree of reforestation in other portions of the country.

Section 3. This section authorizes an appropriation of $2,500,000 to carry out the first three sections of the bill. It also authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to expend such sums under the appropriation authorized as he deems advisable to study the effect of tax laws on forest perpetuation and renewal, and to cooperate with appropriate state officials and other suitable agencies in devising tax laws designed to encourage the growing of timber. He may also investigate and promote methods of insuring standing timber or growing forests.

The adjustment of the methods of taxing forest lands, particularly lands bearing young growth, is widely recognized as a second essential step in bringing about reforestation on an adequate scale on the private lands of the United States. In many localities the effect of existing tax laws and methods of application is to debar land owners from engaging in the growing of timber. Legislation dealing with this problem is necessarily a matter of state jurisdiction. A comprehensive study of the subject, however, by federal agencies and cooperation with the states in developing sound adjustments in the taxation of forest lands will be very helpful in accomplishing this necessary part of the national forestry policy.

Section 4. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to cooperate with the states in the procurement and distribution of forest tree seeds and plants, for the purpose of reforesting denuded lands, under conditions approved by the Secretary. It authorizes an appropriation for this purpose of $100,000 annually, the amount to be expended in cooperation with any state to be limited to the amount expended by the state for the same purpose.

The scale of forest planting in the United States, by all agencies, is at present but 36,000 acres annually. In contrast Japan is planting 360,000 acres of forest annually. There are 81 million acres of denuded land in the United States, unused for agriculture, which will largely require planting in order to restore productive forests.

This section will aid primarily the farmers of the United States in establishing valuable crops on inferior soils, and will be a material aid in the promotion of diversified farming. One-third of the forest land of the Union is in farm holdings, and to the extent that that land can be made to produce a permanent and sure crop, the agricultural interests of the country no less than the national need for timber will be benefited.

Several states have made a start in this direction through establishing state nurseries and distributing planting stock to their citizens at cost. They are unable to supply the present demand for cheap forest planting material. Federal aid at this point will be of great benefit.

Section 5. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture, in cooperation with state officials or other suitable agencies, to advise and assist farmers and other owners of land suitable for timber production in establishing, improving, and renewing woodlots, shelterbelts, and other valuable forest growth. It authorizes an annual appropriation of $100,000 for this purpose, the amount expended in each state to be limited by state expenditure on the same work.

There is a critical need for a nation-wide education of our land owners in the practice of forestry, particularly of the farmers who should incorporate timber growing as a part of diversified agriculture. The aim of this section is to incorporate forestry in the current land use of the United States along the same lines as those followed in the existing agricultural extension work.

Section 6. This section amends the Weeks Law by authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to examine and recommend for purchase, subject to approval by the National Forest Reservation Commission, any forested, cutover, or denuded lands within the watersheds of navigable streams whose acquisition is necessary either for regulating the flow of navigable streams or for the production of timber.

The section does not remove the limitation upon federal forest acquisitions that they must be within the watersheds of navigable streams but authorizes the acquisition of lands so located where the purpose to be served is either regulation of flow of navigable streams or the production of timber or, which would usually be the case, a combination of both objects. Its purpose is to promote the acquisition of denuded lands on the lower portions of the watersheds of navigable streams whose restoration to timber growth is essential but is so difficult or costly that it can not be be anticipated under private ownership. There are large areas of land of this character, particularly in the Lake States and in the southern pine region. They are lands whose present denuded condition makes reforestation slow and difficult. There is a very general demand that sufficient "key" areas of this character be acquired by the federal government to start a process of reforestation and serve as demonstration forests in the regions concerned. The restoration of forests on these lands is a vital matter to our future timber supply. For example, a regrowth of timber on the denuded lands of the Lake States is essential to afford a cheap and available supply of timber for the prairie region, which is now dependent for lumber upon the Pacific Coast.

The section has been endorsed by the Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture. Since forest purchases are still limited to the watersheds of navigable streams, it does not appear to raise any new constitutional question in connection with the policy expressed by the Weeks Law.

Section 7. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to accept in behalf of the United States title to lands chiefly valuable for timber growing, which may be tendered or devised by private parties, subject to such equitable reservations of present timber, mineral, or grazing rights as the Secretary may approve. Only lands are to be acquired which are capable of economical administration as National Forests, and they are to be subject to the provisions of the Weeks Law. In the disposition of timber from lands so acquired, preference is to be given to the agricultural interests in the states in which the National Forests are situated.

Various opportunities to acquire forest producing land by gift or bequest have been offered or suggested from time to time, particularly in Florida and in parts of the Lake States. Such lands can not now be accepted without legislative authority. Where such lands can be economically administered and would make desirable additions to the National Forests, it appears desirable to encourage this form of acquisition. The citrus growers of Florida are particularly anxious to have the National Forests extended in their state with a view to affording a future supply of containers for marketing their agricultural products. It is probable that considerable additions to the National Forests in Florida could be obtained under this section.

Section 8. This section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to ascertain and determine the location of such vacant public lands as are chiefly valuable for the production of timber or the protection of streamflow and which can be administered economically as parts of National Forests. His findings are to be reported to the National Forest Reservation Commission and, upon a favorable report from the Commission, the President is authorized, in his discretion, to incorporate such lands in existing National Forests.

There are about 10 million acres of vacant public land in the western states which either contain forest growth or are capable of producing valuable forest growth or which should be protected for the benefit of water sources utilized for irrigation or other purposes. Such lands can now be added to the National Forests only by specific acts of Congress. Congress receives every year many requests from local citizens for particular additions at this or that point, and certain additions are made from time to time by special acts.

As part of a comprehensive national forestry policy, one of the first things that should be done is to apply adequate protection and forest management to the lands which the government itself owns and which are primarily valuable for growing timber or protecting watersheds. In lieu of a prolonged and piecemeal dealing with this problem by special legislation, it would be wise to authorize a comprehensive plan for classifying public lands of this character and incorporating in National Forests such of them as properly

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belong there. Since the recommendations of the Secretary of Agriculture must be reviewed and approved by the National Forest Reservation Commission, which consists of three members of the Cabinet and four members of Congress, an ample safeguard is provided against ill-considered or unwise additions of the National Forests. While extending its National Forests in the eastern states by purchase, and inculcating the growing of timber by private land owners, it is certainly incumbent upon the federal government to clean its own house and make adequate provision for the forest lands which it owns.

Section 9. This section authorizes the President to establish National Forests on the portions of public reservations, other than National Parks, National Monuments and Indian Reservations, which in the opinion of the head of the Department now administering these areas and of the Secretary of Agriculture are suitable for the production of timber. These additions to the National Forests will be administered under joint regulations approved by the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary formerly administering the area. Such additions to the National Forests will remain subject to the unhampered use of the other Departments concerned for purposes of national defense or other purposes for which the reservations was originally established.

This section supplements Section 8 and is in furtherance of the same policy. Approximately 600,000 acres within the Military Reservations of the United States are adapted to the production of timber. It is entirely practicable for such lands to render a dual service to the public, being protected and administered as National Forests and at the same time remaining available for any other public purpose of military defense or otherwise as present or future needs may make desirable. Certain of these areas, like Camp Benning in Georgia, Camp Jackson in South Carolina, and Camp Bragg in North Carolina, would promote the establishment of National Forests in the very regions of the United States where this form of forest administration is most advisable. The plan has been approved by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of Agriculture; and in any event joint concurrence by both of the Departments concerned will be required for the application of the section.

WE CANNOT LIE! WE DID IT WITH OUR LITTLE HATCHET

It should be noted that this bill excludes the controversial question as to public regulation of the methods of cutting timber on privately owned land. It is believed that that phase of the forest policy of the United States, to the extent that it should ultimately be adopted, may well wait until the methods and processes of timber growing have become more thoroughly understood and demonstrated and public opinion on the necessity of a policy of regulating the handling of lands by private owners is more fully matured. In the meantime there is every reason why Congress should enact immediate legislation on the essential features of a national forest policy concerning which all advocates of reforestation are agreed. The bill has been drawn in harmony with that point of view.

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Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

May

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

THE Corn Planting Month was its Indian name. It is the season when the sun becomes mellow and balmy and the last storm is gone. Tender things like corn and tomatoes—Indian legacies—can be planted without fear of frost. During the first half of the month all the forest is glistening with bursting leaf-buds but is still gray and many-branched. All the early flowering sorts, the maples, willows, Judas-trees,

Chow for two. The 3-quart kidney-shaped pail or "growler" on a trout trip in May.

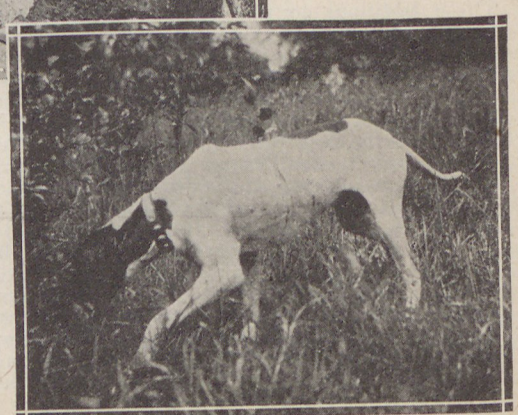
The May Camp for the "Sourdoughs" who loved the woods.

are filling the landscape with big notes of color, yellow, scarlet, and purple. A carpet of wild flowers is spread on last winter's leaves; dog-tooth violet, anemones, mandrakes, hepaticas, star of Bethlehems. It is warm and sunny to be about in the woods. All Nature is getting ready for her big event of the year, the coming of the green leaves on the Twelfth of May.

Outdoorsmen are busy putting in the last touches of preparation; and then they explode like a bomb-shell, this one to the Maine and Vermont hills where land-locked salmon are calling; that one to the trout streams of our Northern tier of states, from New York to Minnesota; more yet to the surf beaches, where the May striped bass will be in; and a small company of the deeper lovers of the outdoors just to camp out after the winter and enjoy things as they are—in a tent.

To each his **metier.** I recall May camps **and** May camps! In one we joined a goodly crowd of hard-boiled outdoorsmen journeying north from Montpelier in two cars and a trailer carrying an eighteen-foot white canoe, en route for Little Lake Averill just under the Canadian border. That lake is not come-atable enough to be overrun with amateur sports. At Big Lake Averill we parked the cars in a barn, hired a boat, and canoe and boat crossed it to the farther shore, where eight lusty men thirsting for land-locked salmon packed in over four miles of muddy woods trail to Little Lake Averill. A friendly clump of alders on a bluff looked like a good place to us to camp, and early next day they were "removed" and three tents went up. Then out on the lake—for the fish that will give eleven silvery leaps before the last thrill is over! It was unconscionably hot, for May, and the salmon paying no attention to our chubs, trolled astern by a long and whippy rod. No matter for tears!—we all went trouting and fed high on **salvelinus** and the rare golden trout until a sharp Northwester struck in. Then the salmon rose, savage and hungry, and we **ate.** Eleven leaps, thirty-five inches of bowed and silvery arcs flashing in the sun, while hearts went to mouths and landing nets were passed many leaps too soon. Then the net, and Number One was in the boat.

Professor Abbot, who caught him, was in no-wise minded to let the occasion



Ten months' age—a good time to begin training the pup in May.

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pass without due incantations. He made over that fish like a new-born babe; wrapped him tenderly in a moist towel; bore him to camp in triumph—there to be sat on, most incontinently, by the cub of the camp, who had caught four small trout and was wondering how eight men could eat them with any profit.

"Good Lord, I'm sitting on a fish!" he yelped, jumping from the table.

"Eleven leaps! Five pounds!—We eat!" purred the professor unctuously. "Cut me a quantity of tender yellow birch, boy!"

As in some religious rite, the steaks of that salmon were removed with a camp knife for his entire length from the backbone. The fin bone-systems were cut away. A special broiler, four inches wide and a yard long, was produced. In that Sir Ouananiche was broiled over the birch coals, while sixteen pairs of eyes watched his fat juices trickling and sizzling through and about his browning red flesh.

"We eat!" breathed Abbott, finding a small stick wherewith to roll off the baked skin from that salmon. "Pig-pig-pig-pig-pig!"

He was aided by a rataplan on a tin plate; but eight men were already at hand to dine, and they finished him, with the aid of baked potatoes and corn bread and tea, while the other steak was broiling. And then they ate that too—and all the rest of the spuds that had been overlooked on the first course.

Next day the cub went out and caught the grandfather of that salmon—on a home-made, lancewood trout rod. This flexible utensil was wrapped several times around the canoe and everyone had heart-failure before he was boated, but that was only the beginning of that week's camp. In all, eight salmon, averaging four and a half pounds and fighting like original sin all the way to the net, were hung up before the tents—and eaten.

Just to make you mad! The land locked salmon who gave eleven leaps.

A brawling trout stream wide enough for a good back cast.

Ah, yes, those May camps! We prefer the Thirtieth of May for our trout. That late date because of the May-flies, who will not hatch out before June if the spring has been inclement. But, with a normal May—man, look at them! March Browns, yellow evening duns, iron-blue duns, gray queens of the waters—all hovering over brawling streams wide enough for a good backcast. And then, with creel over shoulder and pipe in mouth, and the keen little rod whipping and singing and dropping your dry-fly just about there!—Unbeatable!

These trout camps in May are delicious to the woodsman's eye and soul. There is so much more than the twelve-incher. Then you wade ashore and light the pipe for a rest and a smoke. All around is interest, in the balmy sun. Your old flower friends are out and blooming; around your head in the alders and hazels rare warblers are flitting silently from twig to twig—beauties, every one of them, a delight for the bird-glasses. The reptile life of spring is in evidence, from the water snake sunning himself up yonder small bush to the small Fowler's toad seeking his mate in some moist hollow and the leopard frog in the grass. Insect life; new-hatched butterflies everywhere, which you idly identify, dragon flies awing, hovering over a small backwater of the stream, beetles of sorts and sizes. . . . . It has been a good rest! We pick up the rod and go catch another one. With a pair of rubber boots, leather hob-nailed wading sandals, a waterproof canvas coat, a bottle of dry-fly oil, a small and light tent, and a good warm sleeping rig, I have lived happy for a week in May, inhabiting the shores of some husky trout stream like the Esopus or the Brodhead. Every point covered with a clump of needly pines is your hotel for the night; when you strike a good section of the stream the tent may remain there several days. The matter of provisions is simple; one becomes acquainted with the keepers of numerous crossroads general stores, where everything is sold from tackle to canned goods. Odd characters, the

WILL H. DILG, PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE
HERBERT HOOVER, SECRETARY of COMMERCE
GEORGE E. SCOTT MASTER OF CEREMONIES
FRANK STICK, INTERLAKEN, NEW JERSEY
HENRY GRAAS, GREEN BAY, WIS
JACK B. McCREADY, FON DU LAC, WIS.
SHERMAN BROWN, MILWAUKEE, WIS
DR. KARL BROWN, MUNSEY, IND.
TIPPECANOE
J.C. MUNTAGH, WATERLOO, IOWA
JACK R CUNNINGHAM KANSAS CITY MO
OUIRY

Among those present at the Second Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Second National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America

Report of the Convention prepared by George K. Shaffer, assistant Sporting Editor of the Chicago Tribune

First Day

THE opening day of the annual convention, April 10, touched several high spots of eloquence and enthusiasm. Two convention sessions filled the day's program. The first one, beginning at 10:50 a. m., and closing at 12:30, reached its high pitch in the welcome accorded the annual address given by President Will H. Dilg. Routine matters incident to the opening of national sessions also occupied some of this morning session.

First Day's Discussion—Pollution

The afternoon session, extending from 1:30 to 5:00 p. m., was devoted to messages upon the topic assigned for this day—that of "Pollution." The morning's routine of organizing the convention also was completed.

Delegates, guests, and members of the clergy of Chicago to the number of 1,400 were in attendance at a notable banquet given in the convention room.

Beginning at 7 o'clock, and extending until 11:30 p. m., the speeches at this affair were broadcast on the radio by the important Chicago radio station KYW, and brought an immediate response in telegraphed word from listeners in far cities who were requested to make their opinions known on the proposal for a National Conservation Week, and a Conservation Sunday, the latter probably on the first Sunday in June, with sermons in all denominations on this topic.

President Dilg's address touched a responsive chord in the breasts of the numerous "Ikes" who kept crowding into the big meeting chamber as each incoming train arrived in the city and unloaded its quota. There was much applause when he appealed to the league to "save America, the old America, the America that Emerson Hough loved," and when he asked the members of the league to stand for 15 seconds in silent tribute to memory of the great author, everyone was on his feet instantly.

The president's message follows:

"If you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton league." —*Emerson Hough.*

WE have all a right to be proud of the Izaak Walton League of America. During the twenty-six months of its existence, it has not only done good work and proved the righteousness of its cause, but it has proved both by its achievements and its growth that it is soon to have the unchallenged right of National Jurisdiction upon all subjects concerning outdoor America. Our League is now twenty times larger than any other National Organization of its kind. What will it be in one year more? We are rapidly headed toward the fulfillment of Emerson Hough's last written statement in which he prayed his countrymen to come into this League two million strong. He said:

"Meantime if you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League.

"When that thing is true you will have won your fight. You then will see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface.

"I should like to live to see that day but shall not. That is of no consequence. Others will—you and your sons.

"Join the Izaak Walton League—get everybody else to do so. Do your own thinking and then act."

To recite only briefly some of the achievements of the League and its Chapters would take many pages and would fill a large volume. I cannot expect on this occasion to enumerate more than the outstanding ones. I would like, if it were possible, to have a roll call of Chapters and briefly tell you of the achievements of each Chapter. I do not know of a single Chapter that has not done something for conservation, and many of them have done extraordinary things. This League is not a talking League. It is a doing League, and it is because of its record in the field that its growth has been so remarkable.

The American sportsman is tired of vague and indefinite promises. He wants concrete facts and he wants a concrete program. And when we point out the various successes of the League and the whys and wherefores of these successes his common sense at once tells him that if this young National Organization can do so much in so short a time, what will it do when its ranks are recruited into the hundreds of thousands? We are not only building so that the voice of the sportsman and the lover of outdoor America will be heard but that his voice will be a commanding voice. No one can doubt that the old ways of saving sport in this country **have failed** and no one knows it better than our brothers of the rod and gun. The League has pointed out a new and sane way and this new way, because of its hard headed common sense, appeals to the judgment of our sportsmen everywhere.

The Izaak Walton League of America was built **to endure.** It has no commercial basis and **it will never have a commercial basis.** No man nor any syndicate of men can in any way make money from it. It is so founded and so organized that **that is impossible.** In every way the League is beyond criticism and it is for us to see to it that it is kept beyond criticism. No elective officer receives pay for his services and I pray God that no elective officer will ever receive pay.

Nobility of Thought and Deed

The League is solely and only an organization of 100% American sportsmen, banded together and dedicated to the high principle of saving for posterity so far as it is possible the fragments of the America of our ancestors. We have undertaken a mighty task. It is not a task for falterers and the fair weather crusader has no place in our ranks. It is a task for men who mean business and who are unafraid. Surely no nobler purpose ever inspired a body of men than that which inspires the membership of this League. Gum-shoe methods have no place in this League. The League is not a trading League. It knows no politics other than coming out in the open. It speaks the truth and it wants only the truth. **We tell our countrymen that the wild places and wild things of America are rapidly approaching the vanishing point** and when we say that we speak the truth—the plain truth and recognized as the truth by all who are not paid for blindness.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

We have declared that it is time to call a halt and we have called a halt and we mean it. We declare that the steady grind of commercialism which is wiping out all wild life in America must stop and stop NOW. We declare that to wipe out our wildernesses and to commercialize our rivers and to drain our lowlands and swamplands and marshlands is a crime that must be stopped and stopped NOW. We declare that the blind and ruthless and thoughtless procedure of the past fifty years will inevitably and must inevitably end in civilizing and commercializing us off the face of the earth. **We declare that the true American does not want and will not submit to the abomination and desolation of a treeless, a gameless and a fishless land,** and that we will no longer permit these high crimes against the God of Nature. We say to our countrymen that we agree both in letter and spirit with George Horace Lorimer, Editor of "The Saturday Evening Post," who wrote on March 8th:

We Must Call a Halt!

"We have not only hunted our game but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness but we have destroyed it. We have not only developed our country but we have gutted it. We have not only populated the land but we are trying to Chinafy it. We are not building a great nation, but destroying one."

My brother Waltonians, I cannot see how any manly man can fail to rally to our cause with these incontrovertible facts tugging at his heart and haunting him and staring him in the face, and not only that —imperilling the health, the happiness and the character of his children and his children's children.

The Izaak Walton League of America finds the truth and it prints the facts in "Outdoor America" the magazine it owns and publishes. In every issue our magazine prints the entire truth about our out-of-door land. In the establishment of its magazine, the League might have made it a commercial proposition and if it had, it could hardly have been blamed because at that time the League was in its earlier months and dollars were scarce and hard to get and the temptation was great to take the easier way.

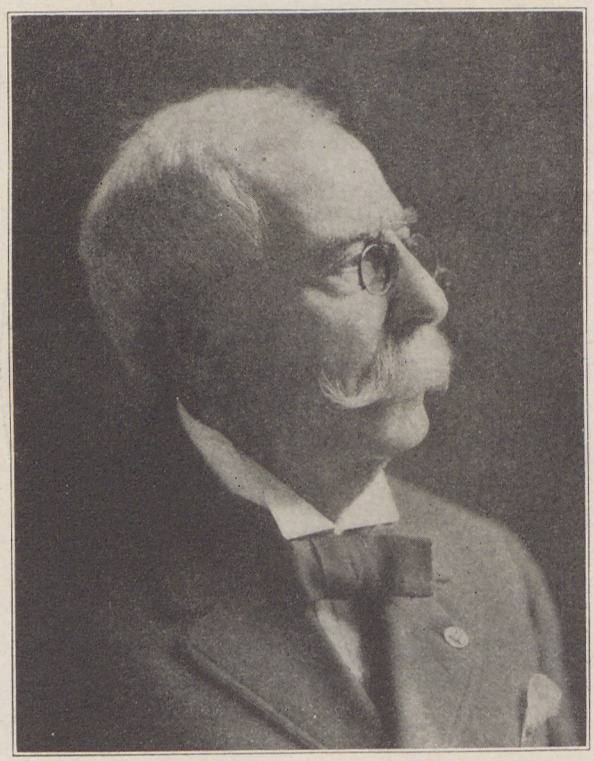
Publishers asked the right to publish the Official Organ of the League and were willing and anxious to take the financial risk in the hope of financial gain. We, however, did not surrender to the easy way but followed exactly the letter and spirit of the League which is told in three words—**No Commercial Basis.**

"Outdoor America" is the property of the League—it is owned by the entire membership of the League. "Outdoor America" is the only sportsmen's magazine in the world owned by the sportsmen of a nation. It is beyond all shadow of doubt the greatest outdoor magazine ever printed on white paper and the greatest writers and artists in our country have made it and write for it and make its illustrations without pay. Think of it, these great artists and writers do this work for you and for me without pay. It is their way of doing their bit to pay some of the debt they owe our out-of-door land. About this Convention room you will find some of their pictures and the great things they have written about our League.

Let me give you just one example of the prodigal liberality and the love for this League on the part of America's great writers. Zane Grey in the past fifteen years has never written a book without its bringing him at least one hundred thousand dollars in royalties. Now what has Zane Grey done for this League? He has given us his greatest novel and he is writing that novel expressly for "Outdoor America." For twenty years he has planned and dreamed of this one great book and instead of making a fortune out of this book he gives it to us to help us win our fight. This great novel begins in the July issue. It will be called "The Fisherman." This serialization will cover a period of years, and will embody all that any fisherman loves. It will be The Compleat Angler of America, told as the life story of an American. The brooks, the ponds, the streams, the lakes, the rivers, the bright unquiet Atlantic main and the vast calm blue Pacific, the South Seas and the cold emerald salt waters of the North! A story of childhood and youth, of manhood and maturity, of mellowing age! Zane Grey will attempt to give the world the meaning of the joy, the beauty, the thrill, the religion, the philosophy, and the soul of angling.

There is no doubt that our magazine, "Outdoor America," is making better Americans. No man can read it without being a better man. It can go in no home without doing some good and I solemnly believe it makes better American homes because it helps to make better Americans. Every member of the League should realize that one of the chief duties to this cause is to get readers for "Outdoor America," because unless the people read our magazine they will not know the status of their out-of-door land, and no man can act intelligently and feel the call to spread the gospel of conservation unless he has the basic facts upon which to build his conception of his duty to his country and his countrymen.

Two million readers for the Izaak Walton League's magazine would mean more good to our common country than the human mind can describe. Therefore, my brothers of the League, hold it a serious duty and treasure it in your heart that it is up to us who have assumed the solemn duty of leadership to spread the gospel of conservation throughout our broad land. Tell your friends that "Outdoor America" is the voice of the League, get them to subscribe so that they may know how to help us to win.



"The most important problem the Izaak Walton League of America has to solve is the question of the pollution of America's clear waters."
—Dr. James A. Henshall.

I would not be doing my duty to you unless I told you that the income this League receives in per capita dues will not and cannot carry us through and that we must have an income outside of per capita dues, and that this income must inevitably come from a large advertising patronage for "Outdoor America." We can have no hope and we have no right to expect this advertising patronage unless we have circulation. Circulation, my brothers, pays advertisers and circulation will bring profits to this League because it will bring advertising, and you know just as I know that every penny in the way of profit coming to "Outdoor America" goes into the strong box of the League and will be used to fight the battles of our out-of-door land. So, therefore, I ask you again to leave nothing undone to help us to get circulation for our magazine.

Earlier in my message I have stated that the old way of saving sport in this country has failed. I need not dwell at length upon this irrefutable fact because Waltonians know only too well that the old way of saving sport in America is nothing short of a tragic failure and that the old philosophy of conservation for "my county" and for "my state" will not do, and I hope to prove in this message that conservation for "my United States" is the only way, and that conservation for my United States indubitably means conservation for "my county" and for "my state."

America's Chief Asset

First, and above all, we must get it into the minds of our American people that our out-of-door land is imperilled and that this out-of-door land is the chief asset of the American people; that no country in the world has vandalized its out-of-doors as have the American people. And that the question of saving our wild places and wild things is not so much a matter of sportsmanship as it is a matter of patriotism—our very existence as a nation and a great people depends upon it. We must get it into the heart and conscience of America that this League's fight is a fight to save the great out-of-doors—God's country—to protect our

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

vast American continent with its incalculable riches and hidden wealth from devastation and desecration and extermination.

Now, my brothers, how are we going to save America's chief asset? Our logical minds at once tell us that we must first of all discover the chief evils and find and point out a practical way to correct them. Now, what are the chief evils that have wrought and are working this ruin and desolation? The answer is simple. The three great problems the American conservationist is confronted with are:

Three Chief Evils

First, pollution.
Second, **reforestation and forest fires.**
Third, **indiscriminate drainage.**

No logical mind will for an instant doubt that until these problems are solved, and solved correctly, that it is useless to hope for the solution of the problem of county conservation or state conservation because so long as these three evils obtain real conservation for "my county" and "my state" is an utter impossibility.

The Izaak Walton League comes forth with the solution—we have found the way out—we are doing just what the Fathers of this Republic did when they created the Constitution of the United States.

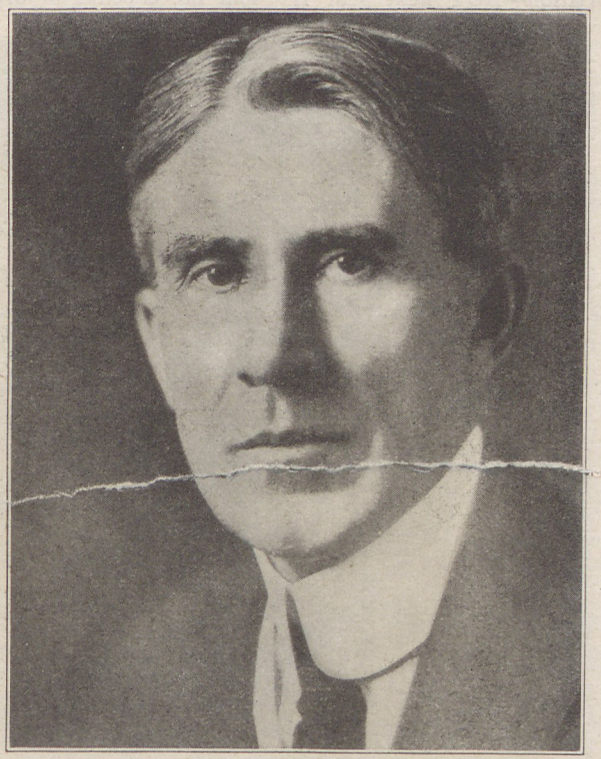
We say to the sportsmen of every state—let's all get together and all pull together and do the thing that must be done. We say, come into the National Organization and help us save every sacred bit of our old America it is humanly possible to save. We tell them that the saving of outdoor America is a National problem, not a state problem, and that the counties and states have failed to improve conditions at home—that every day and every week and every month and every year conditions grow worse; that the fine effort of the county and state sportsmen's associations is an uncoordinated effort—that it has failed and failed ONLY because of the fact that pollution, and reforestation and forest fires, and indiscriminate drainage are National problems and must of necessity be handled nationally. We say to them: come in with us and get in step; don't stand by the roadside and watch Izaak Walton Chapters go into action and fight your battles; we say that our battle is their battle as much as it is ours.

We say to them that eighty-five per cent of our waters are polluted—that our streams and lakes and coastal waters are polluted worse than those of any country in the world. We tell them that pollution concerns every man and woman and boy and girl in America—that the yearly toll of human life is appalling. We say, come in with us and help us awaken our whole people as to the need of our State and National Governments doing their duty.

We say to Pennsylvania that your state sportsmen's associations are by far the best in the United States, still forty-eight hundred of your rivers and streams are polluted. And that the need of reforestation is upon you and that it does not appear your public cares in sufficient numbers to remedy the sad state of affairs.

We say to Ohio—you have more than eight thousand miles of running streams but only twelve hundred miles of these are not dangerously polluted. We say to Ohio, you have permitted wholesale drainage to obtain to such an extent in your state that the Dayton disaster was due to indiscriminate drainage.

We say to Virginia that ninety per cent of your streams are polluted and that your legislature "indefinitely passed by" an ardent attempt to save ten per cent of your rivers from pollution. We say to Virginia, come in with us and let all of the sportsmen of the United States help you to win your fight.



"Do you want to preserve something of America for your son? Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men? Do you want him to be manly, strong, truthful, and brave? Do you want him to be healthy? Do you want him, when he grows to manhood, to scorn his father and his nation for permitting the wanton destruction of our forests and the depletion of our waters?"—Zane Grey.

We say to the people of America, and we say it to the sportsmen of the nation, and to the sportsmen of the Mississippi Valley as well, that if our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill fails to pass this Congress it will be because we could not rally enough of you to win our fight. We say that we presented to Congress the most perfect conservation measure ever brought to Washington. We have asked for the largest conservation appropriation by five times ever passed in the history of our country.

We brought twenty-five experts to Washington at an expense of nearly seven thousand dollars to the League and we proved beyond all shadow of a doubt that unless the nation took over that wonderful area and saved it for posterity that the last stand of wild life and the last stand of warm water game fishes in the Valley would perish forever. We proved that it was a good investment for the National Government in dollars and cents. We proved that black bass would be extinct in a few years in the United States unless we saved the greatest spawning grounds of black bass in the world.

Some day, my brothers, Official Washington will awaken with a jerk and discover that this League means business and that the people have the right to expect a reasonable portion of their own money to be used to save their own streams, their own forests and their own wild places and wild things.

Now, do not for one instant think that we do not expect our Upper Mississippi bill to pass this Congress. **We do expect it to pass** and I believe we will pass it, but I give you this so that you may know what is needed to win state fights and our National fight to save something of the old America of our ancestors for ourselves and for our children and our children's children.

The hour for action is not ahead of us. It IS HERE! Tomorrow may be too late. If our State and National Governments realized this as they should realize it, there would be wholesale decapitations for rank incompetency throughout our country, and those men who have no knowledge of scientific conservation would be supplanted by men who have devoted their lives to the subject and are by education, experience and profession capable of administrating wild places and wild things. It is a life and death struggle concerning our one hundred and twenty millions and the future health and character of the American people is at stake. The imperative necessity of public education among the rank and file of our citizenship in this direction is of vital importance. I am happy to state that slowly and surely we are awakening America, and here again our magazine, "Outdoor America," looms up big as the wayshower—we print the truth about our out-of-door land.

Now there comes after pollution, as I see it, the question of reforestation and forest fires and their importance cannot be overestimated or overstated. Human life is absolutely dependent on our forests. Volumes might be said, all going to prove that this is true. Abler minds than mine will dwell on the need of reforestation and forest fire appropriations in this Convention, but those of you who read Col. W. B. Greeley's article "Keep America's Forests Green" in our magazine know how essential it is that every state and the nation get busy and call a halt, and right about face and erase so far as is possible our state and national stupidity as to our forests.

Toll of Forest Fires

In the year of 1922 we had sixty-two thousand forest fires in America—sixty-two would have been terrible, but sixty-two thousand staggers the human mind. **In 1922 forest fires swept over our woodlands and burned a territory equal to a ten-mile wide stretch from New York City to**

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Message Sent to Convention by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

"All congratulations and good wishes."

Denver. Do you know of any more ghastly fact than that fact—think of it—a strip ten miles wide was burned from New York City to Denver. My brothers, ponder and think—can conservation for "my county" or conservation for "my state" do very much here? Are not these questions indubitably a national matter and is there a chance to solve these national problems except by the route of National Organization?

This Convention will, I hope, endorse the McNary-Clarke bill on reforestation and forest fire prevention now before Congress. It asks for an appropriation of $2,500,000. It would be a better bill and a more adequate bill if it asked for an appropriation of $25,000,000. But it is an entering wedge and at present the watch dogs of our treasury will not harken to a larger appropriation—BUT next year is ahead of us and future Congresses and we of the League are men of action and this League is making conservation history mighty fast.

Now we come to indiscriminate drainage—we have the hero of our Washington hearings before the House Committee on Agriculture and the Senate Committee on Commerce here—Prof. B. Shimek. He knows this subject and can cover it better than any man in America. Listen to him and let the great truths he will tell you sink into your souls.

During the past fifty years we have gone drainage mad—every county in every state in the nation has its dread image of unscientific drainage close to hand. We of Chicago have ours too—just as have all the rest of America. How about the crime of the crucifixtion of Horicon Marsh—fifty thousand acres of loveliness laid waste and not a single acre of farmland. This League must help our brothers of Dodge County, Wisconsin. The principled sportsmen of that region are making a classic battle to save the Horicon Marsh—they are here in this Convention—let's help them to win.

We have drained and drained and today we are confronted with the awful fact that we have drained an area equalling the five Great Lakes and eleven million acres besides. And the tragedy is that in our ignorance less than one-third of this wholesale drainage has resulted in even indifferent farmlands. We have made deserts of once lovely places in which migratory fowl and all sorts of wild life found food and resting places. Today wild fowl frequently starve during the southern and northern flights. God forgive us for such awful stupidity.

The Horicon Horror

Here again, drainage is not a matter of the sportsmen only. It concerns the health and happiness of our people. It means eventually making a desert waste of our fertile country. Now let me drive the point home—do you, can you doubt even for a second that the solution of pollution, reforestation and forest fires, and indiscriminate drainage can be settled in any other way than by National Organization? I know you do not—above all things we of the League are not stupid.

Here is just one more fact proving that the nation has no adequate idea or anything like a comprehensive understanding of the need of doing its duty in the enforcement of laws that have already been enacted. Let us take the Migratory Bird Bill. That is a great piece of legislation but what does the Government do to enforce it? **Twenty-eight Game Wardens for forty-eight states!** What more need I say? What more do you want? What more could anyone want?

Now there are some men in this League who have rendered distinguished service and I do not feel that I can come to a close without at least giving them honorable mention. Let me briefly tell you of the great work of Col. A. E. Humphreys, President of our Rocky Mountain Chapter of Denver, Colo. His deeds for conservation stand out like a high mountain set in the center of a broad prairie. Col. Humphreys, besides putting into the streams of his state $250,000 worth of trout in the year 1923, is building the largest trout hatchery in the world, and the output of this gigantic hatchery will go into the streams of Colorado. And that is not all. Col. Humphreys has assumed the duty and the expense of organizing Chapters throughout Colorado. Col. Humphreys is in the room—there he sits, and we are all I know proud of his Homeric deeds for conservation. Col. Humphreys' motto in life is told in two words and I give them to you—"for others."

"If we desire any sort of heritage to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a helping hand to the Izaak Walton League of America. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are now facing a square presentment of what we must do, and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength." —Gene Stratton-Porter.

In the state of Oklahoma we have another great man in the person of Mr. Earl M. Stapleton. What more can I say than to briefly state that he has led the way in Oklahoma and within a few months has given us forty-two Chapters. He, too, sits in this room and the League and the great state of Oklahoma owe him a debt of gratitude.

To our very splendid friend, A. L. Scott from Pittsburg, Kansas, the Leagues owes a debt of eternal gratitude. He blazed the way in Kansas, is President of the First Chapter and has worked unceasingly in the interests of the League. We also are indebted to Pittsburg for O. C. Donahey, who as field representative in Kansas has brought into the League twenty-five Chapters, having established in two counties thirteen Chapters. Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Donahey are in this room.

Oklahoma, Nebraska and Kansas will shortly hold conventions, establish formally state divisions and the time is near when there will be two hundred Chapters in each of these states.

Illinois Fish and Game Laws

To Representative Bob Scholes, of Peoria, the Illinois Division and the League owe much. He fought manfully and valiantly for our new Illinois fish and game laws and succeeded at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour in getting on the statute books the first laws Illinois ever had, protecting black bass during the spawning period, placing a bag limit on bass, appropriating moneys for fish hatcheries and game farms and above all turning back into the game and fish department the receipts of that Division. Previously the funds were diverted into the general treasury. His splendid wife is Treasurer of the Peoria Chapter.

In the state of Missouri we have many great men: Dr. Henry J. Waters, of Kansas City, the President; Frank Wielandy, of St. Louis, the Honorary President; Mr. G. C. Kellogg, of Carthage, Vice-President; and last but not least, Jack R. Cunningham, of Kansas City, the Secretary. Mr. Cunningham came to the Convention this morning with twenty Chapters in his vest pocket, enough to put Missouri in the first place in list of Divisions, assuming the place for two years held by Illinois. As an example of how Missouri works, let me say that Asa D. Lawrence, who is in this room, secured nine Chapters in nine days, and he has been working at that clip for a good many days.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

In the state of Nebraska we have twenty Chapters, many of them in the Elkhorn Valley. The older Chapters breed young Chapters in Nebraska, but my particular congratulations go to Mr. G. H. Nicholls of Norfolk and Mr. Boggs of Norfolk. Not satisfied with spreading the work in Nebraska they are rounding up the sportsmen of the Black Hills of South Dakota and soon that state will also have a score of Chapters.

Splendid Aid to League

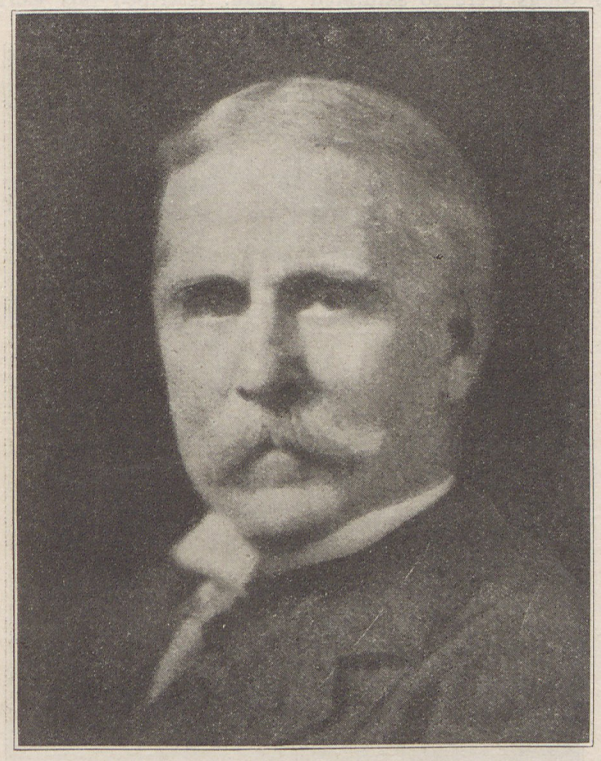
Letters coming into headquarters from the places he has visited add to my appreciation of the ability and earnestness of Dr. Walter H. Macpherson, the little Scotchman who has spoken all over these United States to Izaak Walton League Chapters and who has given freely and wholeheartedly of his time and talents. His work in London cementing more solidly our relations with the great sportsmen of England deserves especial mention.

Among all our State Divisions there is none that has achieved more than has Indiana. Let me tell you of the magnificent victory of our Indiana Chapters. You all know of the historic and romantically beautiful Tippecanoe River. Its fame has been sung by great poets, and great artists have delighted to paint its loveliness. Here William Henry Harrison fought and won a great battle with the Indians. And this dearest of rivers was to be dredged. A mighty combination of wealth was behind the project and the river seemed to be doomed and doomed forever. Now what happened? Our Indiana Chapters got fighting mad and they made a mighty fight and they won. The Tippecanoe will continue to bring peace and joy and happiness to posterity forever. Along this stream Theodore Dreiser and George Ade spent their golden boyhood days. It is safe now forever because of the splendid fighting spirit of our Indiana Chapters.

The heroes of that Tippecanoe fight are brothers M. L. Gochenour, of Warsaw, who won the legal battle in the courts, and President Karl T. Brown, of Muncie, and J. B. Shick of La Porte. They are in this room. Take a look at their jaws and then you will know why and how the Tippecanoe River is safe.

Gene Stratton-Porter, in writing of this victory of our Indiana Division, said, "Praise God for the Izaak Walton League of America."

Another splendid conservation activity will be told on the floor of this Convention about the saving by our Iowa Chapters of the beautiful Cedar River, from pollution.



"Fishing in these United States is worse than it is in England, France, Germany, and Norway. The only chance to restore sports in our country is for one million principled American sportsmen to come into the Izaak Walton League of America so that they may be a commanding power before our State and Federal Governments."
—Dr. Henry van Dyke.

It would take me too long to enumerate the many debts of gratitude we owe to the writers and artists of America who have helped us make our magazine "Outdoor America" the remarkable magazine that it is. But I want to express our particular gratitude to Mr. Frank Stick, who has made innumerable paintings and drawings for the magazine, absolutely without pay, and often at great personal inconvenience and sacrifice; also to Mr. Everett E. Lowry, who in each issue of the magazine since its birth has made a remarkable cartoon for Dr. Henshall's Pollution Department, besides making cartoons on forestry and on our Upper Mississippi River project.

Now what can I say in closing? I can't go on enumerating victory after victory forever. I think I had best tell you what I think is the all important determination each man should take home with him from this Convention. Perhaps you will remember that that testy old French patriot, Clemenceau, when he was steering the fate of France and the world from Germanic conquest, that he constantly voiced just three words—**I make war—I make war.** Let us all adopt the three words—I make Chapters—let every member of the League vow down deep in his soul that **he makes Chapters.** Let every Chapter in the League say—**we make Chapters.** Let every State Division in the League declare **we make Chapters** because Izaak Walton Chapters mean victory—Chapters mean victory in your county and Chapters mean victory in your state, and Chapters mean victory in your United States.

"We Make Chapters"

This in parting—**the sportsmen of the United States are the flower of American manhood and the hope of the United States.**

FOLLOWING President Dilg's address, the question of a temporary chairman was taken up. The Rev. B. A. Jenkins of Kansas City, Mo., and Judge George W. Wood of Waterloo, Ia., were nominated, but from the number of state delegations that seconded Judge Wood's nomination it was a foregone conclusion that he would be selected. When a standing vote showed this, the Kansas City delegation moved to make his selection unanimous.

In his short speech of acceptance, Judge Wood made an eloquent appeal for the conservation of the great outdoors.

"You can't let your boy play in the grime of the city streets without getting it on his soul," he said. "You must get them out in the open. That is where they will get inspiration. I am hoping that this league will establish a 'go fishing' week, when every father can take his son away from the great cities and out into the open places along our wonderful streams."

At the opening of the afternoon session, Chairman Wood called for the nomination of a permanent chairman, and to his surprise he was nominated himself by Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, and promptly elected. He passed up the chance to make another speech of acceptance, however, and immediately got down to business, appointing a number of committees. With the appointments out of the way he introduced the first speaker, Dr. Henry B. Ward, head of the Department of Zoology at the University of Illinois.

"NOT long since, a man could find reasonably natural conditions in the United States, but how changed those conditions are today!" Prof. Ward said. "It would be almost impossible today to find in our great state of Illinois a section uncontaminated by the hand of man. Where years ago you would have to go only a few miles to find natural forests, you now can ride for hours without seeing any really large trees.

"What is the cause of this change? It is the thoughtlessness and carelessness of man. There has been no appreciable increase in the population of Illinois outside of the great cities, but through the pollution of streams, fishing has almost disappeared. Fishing in the thickly settled countries of Europe today is relatively better than in the sparsely

Message Sent to Convention by Dr. Henry van Dyke

"Leaguers have a difficult vocation, namely, to save outdoor America from the spoilers, but we have a delightful avocation, namely, to fish and hunt according to the rules of the game. For every fish you catch, every bird you bag, make a new promise of loyalty to the purposes of the Izaak Walton League, and back it up by action. Joy to the annual dinner."

settled sections of Illinois, hence it is not a question of population.

"Forests have disappeared; streams have become contaminated and polluted; and, except in the national parks, another generation may never see any natural conditions.

"The pollution of streams, about which I am going to talk particularly, has gone even farther than you people realize. A condition has arisen that has become a serious detriment to the people."

Mr. Ward then described at some length how millions of dollars are being lost annually on the Atlantic seaboard through the operation of a great mass of oily waste which continually floats on the surface of the ocean a few miles outside of New York harbor. From this waste, he said, comes a thin film of oil which, covering the surface of the water, has totally destroyed over a million acres of oyster beds, and has exterminated or driven away countless fish. He said that the loss to the fishermen, the oyster farmers, and the resort owners was tremendous.

The speaker told of one Long Branch fisherman who noticed some ducks agitatedly floating on the water. He thought it peculiar that they did not fly away, and rowing out to them, discovered that their wings were so saturated with oil that the ducks could not use them.

"But the destruction of oyster farms, fish and wild fowl," Mr. Ward continued, "does not end the question of pollution. It doesn't even begin to tell it. **These oily waters have so saturated the wharves and docks of New York that a fire official recently warned that great city that it was to have its great fire, that that fire would come from the water, and that nothing could stop it.**

"Pollution by oil, however, is not confined entirely to coastal waters. Inland streams have the same question to contend with, and we have been unable to get any governmental action on it. I would call your attention to the Willis bill, which is worthy of support by the Izaak Walton League of America. It was passed by the United States Senate at the last session, and then slept for more than a year in a House committee because some members of that committee thought that it would not be for the welfare of themselves, their interests, or some of the associations with which they were connected, to have it passed. That bill has passed the Senate again, and it may again sleep in a committee of the House, unless drastic action is taken."

Professor Ward then said that he was afraid that President Dilg had exaggerated when he said that 85 per cent of the streams of the United States were polluted. He had "exaggerated" on the side of the unpolluted waters, and the professor said that 90 or 95 per cent of pollution probably would be more correct. Then he told of an Ohio manufacturing plant which, starting as a small institution with a minimum amount of waste, had grown to a great establishment, its waste so affecting a stream that there now was not a living thing in it between the site of the plant and Lake Erie.

Dr. Ward on Pollution

"Many of you can remember," Dr. Ward resumed, "when the disposal of garbage meant the carrying of the kitchen leavings to a pile in the street, to a convenient vacant lot, or to the back alley. I have no doubt that many of you now remember those stinking piles. In all well regulated cities today, however, they have their garbage disposal systems, for which we all must pay our share. It is the price for living together.

"Why is the same not true with the pollution from manufacturing establishments? Why should their disposal not be a reasonable expense of the business? I know of a manufacturing plant built at the opening of the world war in a state which I shall not name, which has absolutely killed every living thing, and ruined a stream twenty-five miles long. In that time that plant paid $50,000,000 in dividends. Paid it at the expense of the citizenry along the banks of that stream, by passing the buck to them.

"What is the solution of the pollution question? Education. The people of the United States have no conception of the evils or the rapid growth of the pollution situation, and they must be told. The evil must be brought home to them so clearly that they will understand it. That should be one of the duties of the Izaak Walton League of America."

Example of Pollution

COL. A. E. HUMPHREYS of the Rocky Mountain Chapter, at Denver, and one of the fathers of the league in Colorado, was the next speaker. Col. Humphreys, who through the construction and financing of hatcheries, and the stocking of streams, has undoubtedly done more to preserve the finny life of his state than any other single man, described this work.

"With law and public sentiment for our Izaak Walton Chapters, we must make everlasting war upon those who for commercial designs are exploiting our National forests and our National preserves — the dammers of our water courses, the strippers of our forests, the industrial despoilers of our mountains and our remaining open spaces. Those who would alter the Cross of our Faith into the Dollar Mark of their greed— we've got to fight them now and forevermore, world without end, amen and amen and amen!"

—Irvin S. Cobb.

SOME interesting statistics on how pollution has affected the fishing industry of the Illinois River were given by Professor Stephen A. Forbes of the University of Illinois, who began a biological study of that river in 1894. Quoting from the 1908 report of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, he showed that in that year the fish taken from the Illinois River was 10 per cent of the amount taken from all America's fresh water streams and lakes, deducting, of course, the salmon, which are really not fresh water fish, but come into fresh waters only to spawn. In addition, the Illinois River yielded 31 per cent of all the fish taken from the Mississippi and all its tributaries, and 70 per cent of all the fish caught in Illinois. The total that year was 23,896,000 pounds of fish taken from the Illinois River.

As a comparison, to show present day conditions, he quoted from the same report for the year 1922, which revealed that the Illinois River had yielded only 10,606,000 pounds, less than half of the 1908 production.

THE eloquent address of Dr. Halford J. Morlan, of Chicago, president of the Illinois State Division of the League, stirred the 1,400 delegates and guests at the evening banquet. Dr. Morlan had invited 1,400 of the clergy of Chicago to be his personal guests on the occasion, in order to reach them with the message of conservation and prevention of desecration of the outdoors, and through them to reach countless thousands of their flocks.

Leaders of all denominations were present, who gave short addresses in which each pledged his loyalty to the ideals and working aims of the Izaak Walton League.

In the absence of Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago, who was compelled to go to his home from the city hall with a seizure of illness and over-exertion not many hours before his expected appearance at the evening function, Frank A. Padden, first assistant corporation counsel of Chicago, conveyed the Chicago executive's greetings to the gathering. Mr. Padden assured the assemblage of Mayor Dever's intense desire to throw his weight into the battles of the league, and he drew the parallel of Chicago, now tearing down buildings and tearing up streets at enormous expense, in order to establish open

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places for the teeming population of the congested city, with the League's endeavor to restore the open places of vale, woodland and stream destroyed through the short-sighted acts of a preceding generation.

James O. Heyworth, president of the Chicago Chapter, was toastmaster at the banquet, but later relinquished the distinction to Dr. Morlan, when the latter brought his message before the thronged room.

Dr. Morlan Speaks

"I ASKED the gentlemen of the Chicago clergy to do me the honor of being my guests at this dinner tonight in order that the conscience of America might be awakened, and the citizenry aroused to the duty we owe posterity and outdoor America," Dr. Morlan declared. "We want these members of the cloth to be the League's missionaries—ambassadors plenipotentiary—to the conscience of the nation. Votes speak louder than ideals when speaking to a legislature; that is, at least ideals are heard much more quickly when backed by votes.

"If the present rate of destruction and pollution continues for two decades, you will scarcely recognize what is now your country's 'rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills.' We want an enrollment for patriotism. We desire every citizen to realize that only those who love their country and jealously guard its welfare are true patriots. We believe that any individual who lives without a supreme loyalty and constant devotion to his country, does so to the deterioration of his character.

"We want to stimulate the growth of our nation's manhood and inspire the best impulses in our nation's youth. We want every youth to realize a kinship with Nature, and so share it, that they may thrill with pride and patriotic purpose whenever they realize their nationality and the duty it involves.

"We want America to stimulate and develop a vibrant, happy, normal human family. We would preserve and restore our primitive playgrounds that we might occasionally return to Nature.

"Ours is a new world; it is a precious world, and an expensive world. During the past ten years it has been fought and bled for; bought and paid for; and many died for the privilege of living under, and preserving the ideals for which our forefathers fought and wrought so well.

"The Izaak Walton league is in no way commercial. Indeed, all its officers serve without remuneration. It is founded upon the application of the unselfish principle of charity and seeks to preserve as a rightful inheritance to posterity an unsullied outdoors. In the work of the League we know and need men only as patriotic Americans. The League recognizes no Jews, no Gentiles, no Catholics, no Protestants, no Democrats, no Republicans. We are all Americans—in league for America. We are trying and hoping to do God's will toward His outdoors.

God is in Nature

"If you want to see God, you should commune with Nature. And tonight, with hundreds of clergymen present, if you of this gathering do not feel your propinquity to things divine, Nature's benediction is your last chance.

"The Bible is a compilation of glorifications of good deeds, but not much is registered therein of good wishes alone. Something constructive was required to accomplish lasting results. And it is so in this work of the League's. It is not what you say or think that counts; it is what you do. It is not what you imply; but what you accomplish. Not what you purpose; but what you perform.

"It is my conviction that we can perform a work of great importance, and it is my suggestion to this body of clergymen, delegates and officials, that we must begin a new regime, and I propose now that we inaugurate it by working for a conservation week in America. I have already—as president of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League of America—suggested that necessity to President Coolidge, and have in my hand a sympathetic response from the Secretary of War.

"And I want to ask the representatives of the clergy here, and I feel sure that they will accept the suggestion, that the first Sunday in June be designated as Conservation Sunday this year, on which they may be glad to preach a sermon on the vital interest of such a day, and such a week, as a perennial program."

During the course of his address, which was interspersed with enthusiastic outbursts, Dr. Morlan, through the radio apparatus at his elbow, requested all listeners in other cities who felt so disposed, to wire their sympathy with the Izaak Walton League ideals, and its constructive platform, directing their telegrams to the Publicity Committee of the Annual Convention at the Hotel Morrison. Responses to this request began to arrive before the benediction was pronounced at the session by the Rev. Preston Bradley, pastor of the Chicago People's Church.

"We have not only hunted our game but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness but we have destroyed it. We have not only developed our country but we have gutted it. We have not only populated the land but we are trying to Chinafy it. We are not building a great nation, but destroying one.

—George Horace Lorimer.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL and Will H. Dilg were introduced and spoke briefly at the evening session preceding Dr. Morlan's ringing address. Following Dr. Morlan, Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago Divinity School was a speaker. He said:

"IT is a wonderful thing for a minister or a manufacturer to have the opportunity to get a tip about his profession. I have learned something here tonight — that we ministers ought to get our congregations to take a vacation, and learn the laws of the road.

"Anyone who has gone vacationing in an automobile knows the temptation to leave behind him a trail of tin cans. I believe a vacation is a time for a person to see that he leaves the world as fit a place as he found it. No vacationer, no man at all, has any right to spoil things for the man who follows him."

Dean Mathews paid tribute to the high aims of the League, and before closing compressed its program in the semi-jocular but meaningful observation that "we now have nearly scratched all the cough medicine paint off the Palisades, which is a sign of progress. I certainly appreciate the effort to make America beautiful, keep it clean, and enable our children to go where they will not cut their hands on tin cans."

THE Rev. Father Dondanville was next introduced by the chairman, Dr. Morlan, and he said, "I thank God I was born on a farm in the country downstate in Illinois, where there still was a patch of the original prairie. My father used to tell me of the days when the sky was dark with the flight of the wild pigeons, and we children often wished we could have lived in those days, when the sun was obscured with pigeons. But we often did see the hosts a-wing of wild geese and ducks.

Dr. Dondanville Speaks

"Now, modern farming methods have torn down the rail fences, pulled out the hedges with tractors, covered the ditches and leveled the fields so smooth and characterless that even a tumble bug can't hide his antics in a 40 acre meadow."

Father Dondanville related the elation of himself and other members of the cloth who had been able to secure a tract of primeval woodland on a northern Wisconsin lake, where the eagle and ospry circled high overhead, and

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deer frequently made their way through the woods into eye range on the shore of the lake, in order to drink. But in recent years, this bit of a retreat for burdened mankind and shy wild creature had become a place "where now we would be more likely to wake up and find a flivver under a tree than a porcupine; where if you want to see an eagle, you would have to clutch it on a last two-bit piece from the grasp of the resort-keepers."

THE Rev. S. P. Long, of the Lutheran church, Rabbi Louis Mann of Sinai temple, Horace Bridges of the Chicago Ethical Society, and the Rev. Preston Bradley were other speakers on the evening program. Rev. Bradley, before pronouncing the benediction, said, "I have had my share of honors, but I am prouder of nothing more than that Mr. Will Dilg saw fit to invite me to become one of the fifty-four founders of the Izaak Walton League of America."

Second Day

ENERGETIC speakers imparted the gospel of reforestation during the morning and afternoon sessions of the second day of the convention, and in the evening, the matter of a boys' department in the league's magazine was broached, following the display of moving pictures of Dr. Arthur Holbrook's fishing expedition along the Nipigon River in Wisconsin.

Perhaps the most noteworthy occurrence on the convention floor during the day was the reception accorded Sherman Brown of Milwaukee, during the afternoon session. Mr. Brown, on behalf of the Wisconsin Division, displayed on the rostrum two weather proof placards containing the outdoorsman's tenets and code of ethics, which it is proposed to post up, to the number of 500,000 upon highways, lanes, trees, bridges, and other spots to catch the eye of the sojourner afield.

These placards were of artistic design and lettering, and the first read as follows:

"BE ASHAMED
"To Destroy
"To Disfigure
"Our National
"Play Places."

The second read:

"The gifts of the outdoors are ours—pleasure, and health, and memories.

"Let's use, but never abuse, them; let's be sportsmen, but never 'sports.'

"Let's care for the trees—never kill them by stripping the bark, or cutting—or burn them with careless pipe, cigar, cigarettes or deserted camp fire.

"Let's not kill wantonly or greedily, game or fish, bird or flower.

"Let's respect the laws as to size and limit—shun and report those who do not. . . . . For ourselves, let's be better than the law.

"Better be empty handed than to forfeit self-respect or the regard of others!

"Let's keep streams and lakes clean—and report pollution.

"Let's pick flowers sparingly, that flowers may always grow—and let us be regardful of private land and property.

"Let's enlist for intelligent fore-looking legislation and enforcement for conservation.

"Here, if anywhere, we are God's guests.

"Let our principle be—
"TO ENJOY, NOT TO DESTROY.

"Let's be mindful, watchful, helpful, that sportsmen, and sportswomen may be welcome everywhere—and that the outdoors and its wild life and beauty be preserved for ourselves and for those who come after.

"Obey Game and Fish Laws. . . . . Don't Leave Camp Fires Burning!"

"This larger patriotism is saying in no uncertain terms to every enemy of America's Out-of-Doors: 'You shall not strip Our Country of her native beauties and leave her naked and ashamed before the nations of the earth!

" 'You shall not rape our woodlands, lakes and streams to satisfy the lust of your private greed.

" 'You shall not nail to the cross of your commercialism the bright spirit that lives in those places where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean!' "

—Harold Bell Wright.

Outdoor Placards

These placards, Mr. Brown explained, were to be posted in Wisconsin, but the idea so strongly captured the delegates that four were on their feet immediately, inquiring whether they could not secure some of the same to be posted in their respective states, in order to kindle the attention of the thoughtless there. The Wisconsin representative smilingly waived the Badger state's prerogatives of origination, and the result was a general scramble to sign up for copies of the placards for posting on a national scale.

THE morning session convened at 11 a. m., and Director W. T. Hornaday of the Bronx Zoological Gardens of New York City was introduced. He proceeded to enliven the gathering with an address which first took listeners into the wooded opens, and then delineated the manner in which the New York Waltonians went about their efforts to have the Empire State reduce its bag limit on migratory birds, in spite of the most formidable unwillingness in the state legislature. The unbending opposition among the state lawmakers, indeed, led Dr. Hornaday and his associates to delve into the federal laws, which, they found, provide that the regulations on the hunting of migratory birds comes in the province of the Secretary of Agriculture.

THE game laws of the United States at large, and the regulations for the killing of migratory birds as framed by the Secretary of Agriculture, are misleading," Director Hornaday pointed out. "They are misleading because they lead the sportsman to believe that conditions are all right, and that it is all right to go out and kill what the law allows. That idea is entirely fallacious. If persisted in, it means the extermination of wild life.

"Under the migratory bird law, the Secretary of Agriculture can issue each year the schedule of regulations for the taking of migratory game—bag limits and open seasons. He cannot increase bag limits, but he can reduce them. He can reduce the bag limit on ducks from 25 to 15, on geese from eight per day to four per day, and on snipe from 25 per day to 10 per day and so on.

"It is easily in your power to exercise sufficient influence with the Secretary of Agriculture so that he would be compelled to accede to this demand for retrenchment and reform. I do not need to tell you how to bring influence to bear in the Department of Agriculture in this matter. All that is needed is for enough serious minded, conscientious, truly conservative men and women of the United States to record their views by means of personal letters with the Secretary of Agriculture in regard to this matter and tell him what they would like to have him do."

A Reduced Bag Limit

DEAN T. G. C. McCALLA, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was the next speaker in the morning session. The Walton League of Oklahoma has concerned itself in recent months with especial efforts towards the conservation of its timber and prevention of the pollution of streams. This fight, which almost has achieved the stage of accomplishment, provided the dean with material for pointed observations.

"We had a devil of a time getting started," he said, "because we had at that time a governor that you may have

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O.C. DONAHEY, PITTSBURG, KANSAS
MRS. FRANCIS E. WHITLEY, OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
A.L. SCOTT, PITTSBURG KANSAS
COL. A.E. HUMPHREYS PROMINENT COLORADO CONSERVATIONIST
JUDGE J.M. DICKINSON, "FISH AND GAME CAN NOT VOTE!"
M.L. GOCHENOR, WARSAW, INDIANA
C.F. CULLER, DISTRICT SUPERVISOR U.S. BUREAU OF FISHERIES
E.A. SHERMAN, FOREST SERVICE, DEPT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C.
HENRY B. WARD, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
E.H. PRIOR, POSTVILLE, IOWA
DR. W.T. HORNADAY, ZOOLOGIST

And Still More—

(*Convention News continued on page 52*)

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Forest Fires, Automobiles, Go

THEY all go together. Perhaps my bitterness and my despair may be forgiven when I explain that they come from my personal contact with the appalling destruction wrought by these three agents. Perhaps my intense feeling on the matter can be understood when I say that what I predicted ten years ago has come to be fact.

I am not a socialist or a revolutionist or a bolshevist, but I must confess I am disheartened by many conditions in our beloved America. For instance, our America is not beloved as it used to be. It is a very personal matter with me, and strangely, perhaps, I am furious because every man does not feel as I do. My great grandfather was Col. Ebenezer Zane. His wife was half Indian. He was a pioneer. He opened up the Ohio River Valley to civilization. He fought the Indians for twenty years. He was a friend of George Washington, a companion of Boone and Wetzel. Along with the Indian blood I inherited was a passionate love of nature, of the forests and rivers, of the thing I had believed America stands for. Freedom!

When that same George Washington made his farewell speech, the population of his beloved America was eighty-seven and a half per cent Anglo-Saxon. In this year of Our Lord, 1924, that Anglo-Saxon strength has gone down to fifty-three per cent. And that per cent is practicing race suicide. I place Anglo-Saxon blood, America, and love of forests—love of freedom, inseparable.

Mr. Greely reports sixty-two thousand forest fires during 1923. Not sixty-two! Let me repeat! Sixty-two **thousand!** I venture to state, from my own observations, that sixty-one thousand of them were the result of thoughtlessness, carelessness, ignorance and indifference on the part of persons who in the main have no love for the forests. In the sections of our forest land that I have visited during late years I have run across only one forest fire from lightning striking a dead tree, and hundreds of fires caused by cigarette smokers and careless campers.

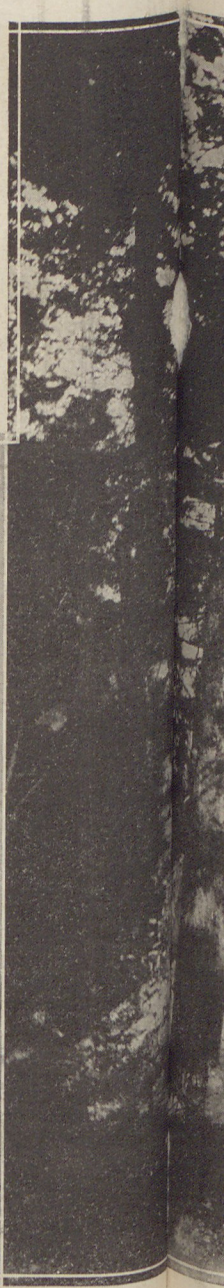
Now as to the sawmill and lumbering aspects of the matter, at the present rate of cutting, in forty years practically all the timber will be gone. This wholly without the ravages of forest fires, which consume so much more timber than the lumbermen cut! At the present rate of destruction, then, the next generation of Americans will have no forests, no springs, no clear brooks, no clean rivers. That is to say no America! They will despise the greedy generation of money-grubbing parents who could allow such disaster to come to pass. The sins of the father shall be visited upon their children. And there will come no Moses to lead them out of the wilderness!

This destruction of our woodland is not an issue affecting merely the fisherman and the hunter. I have written and cried aloud that in this connection there is no distinction between outdoor men and all other Americans. Unfortunately it is only the outdoor man whose ear you can reach. All the other Americans if you do make them hear think your interest is selfish.

Right here I want to ask a question. Why do I write and write for this Outdoor America, this conservation league? I do not get paid. My time is precious. My labor is prodigious. My prices are high.

Fire fighting in Helena National Park. Montana.

Forest Fire, Adirondacks, N. Y.



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God Roads By ZANE GREY

Pictures courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Yet I keep on writing. Why?—Emerson Hough did the same until he died. Gene Stratton Porter, James Oliver Curwood, Henry Van Dyke and others are all lifting their voices, using their pens in this cause. Their time, too, is valuable. Why then do they give their energy, their talent, their sincerity without pay? Be-

Burned over area on the Santa Fe National Forest, New Mexico.

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cause they love America. They have vision. They see the future. They know the multitudes must be roused before it is too late.

Every American has seen hay or wheat fall before the scythe or the mower. That is the way the dense dark beautiful forests of Washington, Oregon and California are disappearing. To what end? I declare I cannot see any end for such wholesale destruction except to make a few men rich. Where the forests are cut over fire soon follows. As for the magnificent redwoods of northern California, they are falling with thundering crash of doom.

The aftermath of desolation.

But the wholesale lumbering cannot be mentioned comparatively with forest fires. And forest fires are almost all the result of something little short of criminal.

For five or six years I have been spending part of September and October in the wildest timber country left in the west. There were no roads through the heart of this forest reserve. Occasionally during those first years we would run across a forest fire. But last year, standing on a high promontory, I counted five forest fires at one time. That year the government had cut a good road through this forest. On my first visit five years ago I did not see a single automobile inside that forest. Last year on September thirtieth there were three hundred cars camped at one place, waiting to go hunting on the opening day, October first. If this reserve had been forbidden roads as was the Superior National Forest it might have been saved.

Fire in Colville National Forest, Washington.

That month I encountered numerous automobile hunters out for a week-end or a couple of days. I tarried at their camp, I questioned them, I watched them, I set my men to keeping tabs on them, I made it my business to inquire of all the natives, especially the cowboys and woodsmen, as to these newcomers to the wilderness.

The least I can say of this new type of frequenter of our forest preserves is that but few of them love nature. If they had been lovers of the forestlands, and the kind of men that belonged in the wild, they would have come before the time of good roads and automobiles. They would have ridden a horse and walked up hill, and packed-in their outfits. In this particular forest the automobile hunters did little damage to the game, but the damage to the forest would be hard to calculate. They might have benefited by their few days' sojourn along the good road through the beautiful forest, but how they could when in their hearts they had no consideration for the privileges of others, I do not understand.

The government has adopted a policy to open up the forest reserves for the people. They have built good roads to that end. And another end was purported to be the quick transportation of fire fighting apparatus and fighters to the scene of a fire. This, to be sure, was a laudable motive. The forests, indeed, belong to the American people. But my observation seems to be that the good roads and automobiles are fatal to the forest. I hope some way may be found to prevent this, but I confess I cannot see one. If the forest ranger service were multiplied ten times it could not cope with the new order of things. The work of the automobile has just begun. There used to be flocks of quail in California, thousands of birds in one covey. Today you seldom see a single quail! The answer is the automobile hunter who shot from his car.

America is changing, and I fear, passing. Evil forces are at work. The automobile is a wonderful institution, and has become indispensable, but it has brought certain un-American features. Education of the autoist to be a lover of nature and a preserver of game and forest would solve the problem, but before that could be done the forests will be gone.

When you cross the Canadian frontier you leave your gun, until you come back, unless you pay high for special license. Every one of these good roads leading to our forests should have a post where autoists and hunters register, and be told explicitly what they could not do without liability to arrest and heavy fine.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Forty Minutes with President Coolidge

By THE EDITOR

AFTER my interview late last September with President Coolidge, as I stepped out into the office of C. Bascom Slemp, the President's Secretary, he said: "Mr. Dilg, do you know that you have been forty minutes with the President and that in that time he usually finishes with a couple of Senators and an Ambassador?" And continuing, he said: "You must have interested the President immensely."

I think I did interest President Coolidge immensely. I had something to say and I put it plainly to the President. Of course, I devoted most of the time to our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill. I told him all about how the three hundred miles of river bottom lands this League wanted the National Government to take over represented the last stand of wild life in the upper half of the Mississippi Valley and absolutely the last stand of warm water game fishes. That should this area be drained (and it has always been under the ominous dread of drainage) the last stand of warm water game fishes in the Valley would perish and that the greatest spawning grounds in America for black bass would be crucified, and that this would inevitably mean the gradual decline of our supply of this great American fish and hasten the day when black bass would become extinct in this America of ours.

I told President Coolidge that the people of the Mississippi Valley had no National Preserve; that a line could be drawn from Canada on the north, passing just east of the Rocky Mountains to old Mexico, and from Canada, passing the Appalachian Mountains on the west to the Gulf of Mexico and that there was no National Park, no great Fish and Game Refuge in that great area, and that the people of the Mississippi Valley had the right to expect the National Government to favor our project of a three hundred mile Fish and Game Refuge from Rock Island, Illinois, to Wabasha, Minnesota.

The President announced that he favored this legislation and that I might quote him to that effect. I frankly told the President I would not do so because the people back home would think that that ended the matter, and I knew it was necessary for them to let their Congressmen and Senators know that they favored our Bill and expected them to pass it.

For many years the late Emerson Hough and I have preached the imperative need of the National Government taking a deeper interest in the subject of Outdoor America. We have said that Official Washington had no **National Policy** as to our out-of-doorland. There were many bureaus located in the various departments, but there was absolutely no coordination or cooperation between them. On the contrary in many instances their policies were antagonistic and they were working at cross purposes. I told the President that I personally favored a new Department called the Department of Conservation in charge of a Cabinet Officer who had this cause at heart and whose sole duty would be the protection of our woods, waters and wild life. I told the President that Outdoor America was the **first asset of the American people**; that it was dangerously imperilled and that it was impossible to save it under the present confused and contradictory system.

I see by today's newspapers that President Coolidge on April 12th (the closing date of this League's National Convention) announces the appointment of "a National Policy Committee on out-of-door life."

This committee is made up of the secretaries of War, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Each of these departments has in it bureaus dealing with different phases of our problem. It is to be hoped that the committee can work out a national policy which will be subscribed to by all of these bureaus working harmoniously together to a common end. We recognize this as a difficult accomplishment. The men on the committee are big men and we hope and believe they will succeed. If not, the only thing left which will save us is the creation of a new Department of Conservation into which will be gathered from the other departments all the bureaus concerned with the Conservation of our Out-of-Doors.

I wish this important Committee had been appointed in time for them to have attended our National Convention on April 10, 11, and 12. They would have met with our hundreds of delegates coming from forty-two states, and they would have been delighted to know of the flaming spirit back of this League's "Save Outdoor America" Crusade. They would have found too at our Convention what the great American people want done with their own out-of-door-land.

Our Convention is now a matter of history. Old timers who have for forty years been going to Conservation Conventions pronounced it miles and miles ahead of any similar affair ever held in America. It was all of that and more because it outlined the most practical and the most advanced National Program ever presented to the nation.

Our National Convention not only pointed the way, but it demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt that this League is made up of **men of action,** determined to awaken the conscience, the heart and the common sense of America. The Convention proved that this League is composed of fighters—men who are willing to go into the field and organize chapters so that the League may have an army of a million determined Americans behind it within a year.

Now, my brother, have you enlisted and have you urged your friends to enlist? Are you doing your part in the great work this League is now doing? The time is HERE. You cannot safely delay it until tomorrow. We need you NOW. We want, expect and **need your help** TODAY.

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name _____

Address _____

OUTDOOR AMERICA COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name _____

Address _____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

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Report of the League's Second Annual National Convention—(Continued from page 47)

heard of, by the name of Walton" (and here the convention shook with laughter) "and everybody thought that the Izaak Walton League might have something to do with the governor. But we are going to have our one hundredth chapter celebration on the 29th of April this year.

News of Oklahoma

"We have got 8,000,000 acres of timber that has not been spoiled, and we are going to stick to that 8,000,000 acres—you can tell the world we are. And we have got lakes and rivers of fresh water that we are going to stick to, too.

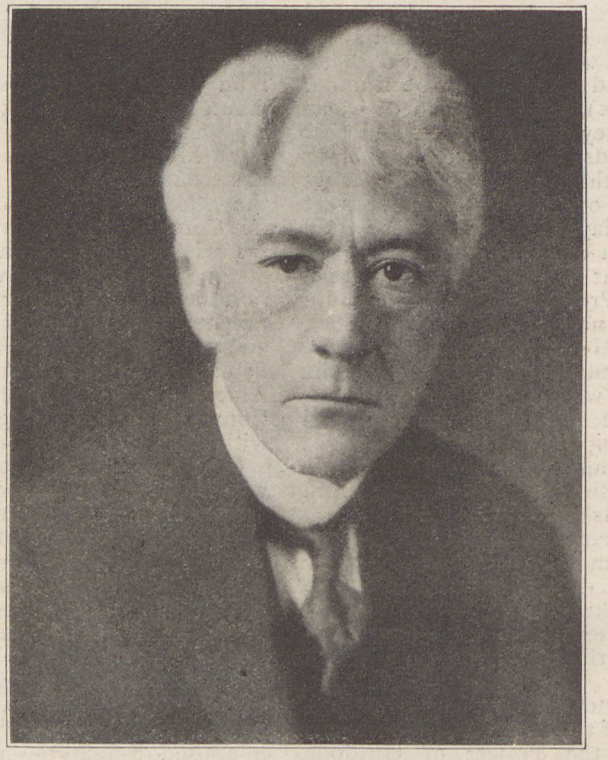
"We went down to our legislature. The first thing, I prayed for them, and then I lobbied and I lobbied. They didn't know who we were. We only had 40 chapters, but we made them think we had the whole state. And we put through our bill."

Treasurer Charles W. Folds of Chicago gave the annual report of his office following Dean McCalla's address. Mr. J. C. Murtaugh, of Waterloo, Iowa, next gained the floor, and sent the convention into applause when he tendered a fine fly rod to Judge Wood, presiding chairman, on behalf of the Iowa delegation.

Forestry topics were laid before the delegates more directly in the afternoon session, which began at 2:30 p. m. The first speaker was Edward A. Sherman of the United States Forestry Service. He presented interesting figures showing the staggering nature of our national loss in original woodland, but his conclusion stirred optimism, for he referred to the recent departure of the last of the "swashbuckling, scoffing, trading Cabinet ministers who was eager to undo the good work of conservation."

Of 822,000,000 acres of original forest of which the service had actual record, 409,000,000 acres now remain, Mr. Sherman stated. Of this remaining holding, only 137,000,000 acres are virgin timber, and the good timber producing land is only part of this—80,000,000 acres. Two hundred and fifty million acres represent forest which has been culled and cut over commercially.

"Except for wealth in the ground and undeveloped water power, timber is our greatest natural resource," Mr. Sherman said. "But we are consuming our timber at least four times as fast as we are growing it. Our national attitude toward the forests may be likened to that toward the weather, which led Mark Twain to say, 'Everybody is talking about the weather, and everybody is complaining about it, but nobody ever does anything about it.'"



"This Izaak Walton League is a protest, but it is not merely a protest, it is not merely talk, it has gone to war to rescue the outdoor blessings of the United States for this generation and all future generations."
—Judge Landis.

MR. SHERMAN outlined the present program of the United States Senate Committee which is interesting itself at last in some sort of genuine program for the relief of conditions which are nearing the acute. This Senate program, which seems likely to become an actuality, was sketched by the speaker as consisting of four principal policies:

1. Protection from forest fires, to be brought about through co-operation between the federal government, the states, and private interests on some recommended basis such as the division of costs between the three agencies in the proportion of $2,500,000 appropriated by the government, an equal amount by states, and twice this sum by the interested private parties.

2. Revision of forest taxation, with provisional approval extended to adoption of a system which would sponsor the extension of forest tracts instead of curtailing them by excessive taxation.

3. Approval of farm wood lots, of which the country already has 150,000,000 acres, the national program calling for the expenditure of $100,000 yearly in promoting the farmers' interest in devoting unused bits of land to individual tracts of timber.

4. Extension of the public and national forests.

Mr. Sherman cited the fact that the "iniquitous forest law, which went into effect June 3, 1878, and which provided for the passing of title to non-mineral land for $2.50 an acre, when that land was worth $200 or $300 an acre, still is in effect," with no adequate provision made for the protection of this valuable wooded property after it passes into other hands.

"We have contributed money to rebuild the villages of northern France, and we have contributed other large sums to nourish the children of the German fathers who wrought that desolation," Mr. Sherman said. "I wonder when our people will awaken to the problem of restoration of our own devastated lands which are four times as great in area as the ravaged provinces of France.

"This question is not one of beautiful landscapes and our outdoor pleasures; but it is an economic problem. Wood is an essential.

"Of course, it can be grown from the soil, if you give it time enough. But the timber to be used in fifty years must come from trees growing today. Not for $1,000,000 can you grow a saw-log in six months. No country can endure, that can not provide for its own future. And if we do not provide for our future, we will go the way of a grasshopper when winter comes.

"For the first time since the creation of the Forest Service, and its transfer in 1905 from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture, the Forest Service now does not have on its hands a fight for its life. The last of the swashbucklers who declared he'd end the fad of conservation, and transfer the Forest Service back to the Department of the Interior, is gone. This was the man who sought to fire my chief. But now, apparently, Former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall has lost his concern about our work of preservation and reclamation, and is more engrossed with his personal matters of preservation, such as preserving himself from an outlook behind a window screened with crowbars."

MR. DION GERALDINE, who three years ago undertook the experiment of a fur and fish ranch on his dairy farm of about 4 miles by 5 miles in Michigan, near the Straits of Mackinac, described the conditions in this territory. He has prohibited firearms on his ranch for three years, and migrating ducks and deer in herds and droves have made his land their refuge, particularly during the open seasons. Mr. Geraldine invited any member of the Izaak Walton League to come to his ranch and fish its waters at any time.

C. V. Shields, of Laporte, Ind., told how the receding Pine Lake had been restored to its original water level. The residents and farmers secured passage of a bill in the Indiana legislature providing for the laying of assessments on property of land owners surrounding the lake, in order to im-

Message to Convention from H. B. Sheringham, editor of THE FIELD, London

"Fraternal greetings. More fish and less pollution for posterity"

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Message to Convention from Robert H. Davis

"Read into every plank of your platform the doctrine of conservation, propagation and protection. Down with politicians, plunderers and pollution. Guard the woods and waters against the wasters. Salutations to the League and its legions."

prove this property by raising the lake level and cleaning the bottom of accumulated filth. . . . . The cost of this process was $108,000, he said, and the process of cleansing and improving this inland water was something of a revelation to delegates representing other sections faced with similar situations.

The afternoon session adjourned at 5:05 p. m.

THE Rev. Dr. Emil Baumann of Dayton, Ohio, was principal speaker of the evening session, in the Terrace Gardens of the Hotel Morrison. Dr. Baumann broached the subject of a boys' department as a decidedly desirable adjunct to the League's magazine, Outdoor America.

"If the Izaak Walton League gains every trench that it desires in its ideals of conservation, how shall those trenches be maintained?" he asked. "Who will keep them manned? What is the future of this organization?"

"Get the boys interested like their dads, and then the politicians will know that you mean business, and you will put this thing over to stay."

Dr. Baumann said that unless the Izaak Walton League can furnish outdoor schools for the boys, "we adults are sadly remiss in the obligation we owe to this generation and the oncoming generation. He recited how Theodore Roosevelt saw the last of his boys go over the road on the way to war, and then retired to his study, surrounded by his trophies, where Mrs. Roosevelt found him with his head bowed.

"'Theodore,' she said, 'you can't bring up your boys like eagles, and expect them to live like sparrows.'

"That is a noble saying," Dr. Baumann continued, "but I invite you to the converse of it, which is, that you can not bring up your boys like sparrows, and then expect them to act like eagles. Take your son to the woods with you. And if you have no son, take somebody else's son."

Dr. Baumann then proposed a boys' department in the magazine, stating that he was authorized by Rodney Martin of the Dayton chapter to offer prizes of $50—$25 for the best picture of a Waltonian and a boy together in camp; $15 for the best letter regarding such a pair on a night in camp, or outdoors; and $10 for the second best picture.

After discussion, it was voted to recommend to the executive committee, the establishment of a boys' department in the magazine.

"There are two ways of facing a rotten situation. Get under the bed-clothes and try to forget it, or get up, put on your pants, and go out and face it. This is exactly what the Izaak Walton League of America intends to do and is now doing."

—Robert W. Chambers.

Third Day

DELEGATES and guests from twenty-odd states pooled their informational resources for the common betterment in the three days of the Second Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

From President Will H. Dilg's enthusiastic opening message to the Convention on Thursday morning, until Secretary of Commerce Hoover electrified 1,500 banqueters at the closing function on Saturday night, it was the greatest gathering of true blue sportsmanship ever assembled under one roof.

Delegates and friends of the League from twenty-odd states listened to a galaxy of nationally known speakers at the different Convention sessions, enjoyed themselves at two notable banquets, and swapped stories with old and new friends of the rod and the gun.

The chief interest of the Convention program centered in the discussions on the topics of Conservation, Pollution, Reforestation and Indiscriminate Drainage. Interchange of ideas sent hundreds of the delegates home primed for the scalps of foes of the League's Americanization program, and the Convention was characterized as the biggest step forward yet made in the campaign to save our vanishing wild life.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HERBERT HOOVER, who came on from Washington to address the banquet of 1,500 Walton delegates and friends on Saturday night, April 12, in the closing gathering of the Convention, roused a pitch of enthusiasm when he indicated the government was treading paths in some cases parallel, and in others identical, in the warfare for Conservation with the League.

In particular, Secretary Hoover paid attention to the efforts now being undertaken to alleviate the spread of oil on coastal waters, and the diversion of liquid offscourings of commercial plants from inland waters. His address was broadcast by the Chicago radio Station, W-M-A-Q.

The secretary introduced himself as a fellow devotee of the fly rod, and asked the League to give him its support in return for his tidings of a joint part in its battles.

"I WISH to make a proposition to your league," he said earnestly in the course of his address. "Among your members are many fishing clubs which hold considerable preserves. Within these preserves it is possible that young fish could be protected until they have reached maturity, and could be made a source of spawn in the surrounding streams. It is possible that cooperation could be set up with the Department of Commerce by which the private fishing clubs could contribute something financially, and by administration the Department could contribute much in the supply of young fish and scientific investigation, under which the Clubs could take care of the matter from then on, maintaining the stock not only of their own streams, but systematically spreading it into the neighboring streams. I would be glad if your league could set up a committee to study this subject."

Increased Supply of Fish

The applause of 1,500 gave the secretary his answer to his "proposition," and he smilingly promised them the backing of the department in the things which the League regards as issues.

"Our fishing troubles are comparatively new," he explained. "They were not here when this government was founded, and so new policies are necessary.

"There are too few fishermen among those of our public life. That is why we have no national policies now relating to fish, whether as game or as food.

"There is a belief peculiar to most every fisherman—whether he is fishing for fun or profit—that he has a divine right to unlimited fish. He has inherited this notion from 10,000 generations of free fishermen. It is only during the last two or three generations that he has pursued these rights so vigorously as to land himself into the clutches of government. He makes for us our problems of overfishing, useless destruction of fish and inadequate propagation.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"This is an encroachment into a vital source of national food. It is a destruction of a heritage for our children. The history of our food fisheries over the last fifty years is a melancholy book that would have taken some of the calm and optimism out of Izaak Walton. At one time our littoral waters teemed with huge runs of salmon, shad, and sturgeon. But they were easy of capture because they come right up to the fisherman's hands once a year enroute to spawn in our streams.

Destruction of Salmon

"Despite some feeble limitations imposed by state law, we have witnessed the practical destruction of the whole of the salmon, the shad, and sturgeon from the Atlantic Coast. We have seen the destruction of salmon along the Pacific Coast until finally there is but one large salmon fishery remaining—that upon the Alaskan Coast where we still take $50,000,000 a year in fish. But even Alaska, with the demoniac assistance of the tin can, will—unless it is vigorously restrained—have been lost in another ten years.

"In the formulation of the Constitution we left the right to fish—both on land and upon their coastal waters—to the State authorities. There are no state lines in fish, or if there are, the fish do not know it. A state is usually willing to urge restraint on the others after it has destroyed its own fish, and it is always willing to urge the Federal Government to build a hatchery.

"Our experts inform me that although the great migratory varieties are commercially destroyed, yet the whole of them could be restored if we would set about it in earnest. It will never be possible to do it except when the states become willing to concede full authority to some central body.

"Our Federal Government has one authority over our littoral fish. That is the saving of our Alaskan fisheries before it is too late. In this it cannot deny its responsibility. For the past three years, I have endeavored earnestly to secure measures of effective conservation of this fishery. I am glad to report to you that during the past week a Bill has passed the House of Representatives which at last opens a promise of effective control."

And Mr. Hoover paused to assure the assembly that the Izaak Walton League could help throw its weighty influence to the saving of the Alaskan fisheries as a most practical and urgent conservation measure. This being true, he urged the support of his auditors.

Then he veered to the subject of pollution, saying: "There is another phase of this problem of the preservation of our fisheries. It has implications both Federal and State; and that is the problem of pollution. Here again is a most controversial subject. It has a multitude of terminology, complications and lack of understanding.

"I am not going to offer you a solution for the whole problem. Pollution comes from a hundred different sources. It exists in different waters in varying degrees: ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works, cities and towns,—to mention only a few—all make their contribution of waste and refuse in the waters, which furnish the easiest way of disposing of them. Most of them damage the fish. Some of them are enormous in their damage.

Phases of Pollution

"The increase in oil-burning and oil-carrying ships, the disposal of large quantities of oils through our sewers and from land plants is the most urgent and most dangerous of these pollutions. The oily matters from these quarters form a film on the water which stifles the fish and coagulates into sticky masses which finally wash up on the beaches or sink to the bottom.

"Those of you who take your children to many of our beaches nowadays ought also to take a supply of benzine in order that you may wash your children after they have had a bath. Bathing beaches are being made worthless. Floating oil in our harbors has already been responsible for two disastrous fires in our ports. The masses which sink to the bottom stifle our oyster and shellfish beds. Floating eggs, larvae, and young fish in our rivers and the sea are similarly devastated. Even the birds suffer—for we have definite reports from a score of places along the Gulf and Atlantic Coast of the destroyal of vast numbers of water fowl as the direct result of the smearing of the feathers with oily substances, thus depriving them of their power of flight.

"Yes, oil," he added impressively, "is certainly the one factor which must be attacked at once."

This brought a gale of laughter, which was followed with another on his observation that, "if some conservation of oil had been inaugurated a long time ago, it would certainly have saved a lot of trouble."

Then the secretary mentioned pending congressional legislation to prohibit ships from dumping oily substances in American territorial waters, but said, "It is only a beginning. It covers no pollution except that caused by oil from ships. It does not affect inland waters. It will not wholly cure even coastal pollution. Ships may still dump this seemingly indestructible substance beyond the three-mile limit, and there is always a minor proportion of pollution from land sources. To remedy open sea pollution we have international discussions in progress, for the other nations are as much alarmed as we.

"The Izaak Walton League and the women of America are determined to try to save for their children their country as they have known it."

Mrs. Francis E. Whitley.
National Conservation Chairman, General Federation Womens' Clubs

"Pollution of inland waters presents more serious difficulties. In perhaps most cases, the problems can be solved only by action of the State governments. In many cases, it is extremely doubtful whether Federal authority can rightfully be exerted. Nor am I in sympathy with the modern tendency to say "Let Uncle Sam Do It." This has become too much the college yell of State governments who wish to avoid acute local issues.

"There is another problem in which your league has especially interested itself. It is also a problem in which the Department is intensely interested, and for more reasons than you are. You are strongly advocating the necessity of setting aside the Winnesheik Bottoms as a fish reservation. These bottoms form one of the finest of our interior spawning grounds, and if you can succeed in securing this as a reserve you will have contributed materially to the maintenance of our game fish as well as a perpetual source of food fish for the Mississippi tributaries. You are perhaps aware of the work carried on by the Department in these bottoms and it is indicative of their importance. You know that when the annual floods recede the young fish find themselves trapped in isolated ponds and lagoons, from which they cannot escape and where they will die. The Department in its annual operation of catching these young fish and liberating them in free waters is now rescuing from destruction about 142,000,000 fish a year in this area alone."

Winnesheik Bottoms

GEO. E. SCOTT, chairman Executive Committee of the League and toastmaster at the banquet said, in introducing Pres. Dilg for a short address, "The founder of this League had a great inspiration. I think it was greater than even he himself knew. He captured the imagination and the conscience of the American people. The doctrines that he expounded have spread, and they are spreading over the country like wildfire.

"The man that had this great inspiration is called by some a dreamer. No great work was ever accomplished by anyone who was not a dreamer.

"He was the first President of the League. He has been the President of the League ever since it was started. And

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he was unanimously reelected today at the Second Annual Convention to be the President for the ensuing year. And I hope he will be President as long as he lives—and I hope he will live a hundred years." (Great applause and cheers.)

OTHER speeches made at the banquet were by Col. E. A. Sherman of the United States Forestry Service, Professor B. Shimek of the University of Iowa, and by Mrs. Frances E. Whitley, Conservation Chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Whitley's speech was very short but extremely to the point and caused the keenest enthusiasm and applause.

ELECTION of officers, the presentation of reports of the Committees on Resolutions, Legislation Committee, Platform, and Constitution and By-Laws occupied most of the Convention's sessions on the closing day, Saturday, April 12.

M. L. GOCHENOUR of Warsaw, Ind., Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, presented the report of his body, and in each case the resolution was quickly carried, most often by unanimous vote, and with only very minor changes in a few of the resolutions. (Because of lack of space in this issue, it has been decided to publish the resolutions in a separate booklet which can be secured from M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary.)

Thomas Ambrose of Chicago, chairman, presented the report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, and all of the amendments were carried as recommended. Donald Hough of St. Paul, gave the report of the Platform Committee, which made slight tenets in the "commandments" of the League, and the Nominating Committee's report was presented by Chairman Frank Stick of Asbury Park, N. J.

The spirit of acclamation marked the election of officers and the national board of directors on Saturday afternoon, with Mrs. Frances Whitley of Webster City, Ia., and Judge Jacob M. Dickinson leading in a generous emulation to move and second the ratification of the entire ticket as presented by Chairman Frank Stick of the Nominating Committee. The vote which elected the officers for the ensuing year was unanimous and was marked by inspiring tributes to many of the leaders.

The officers were nominated in the following order, and elected without a murmur of dissent:

Honorary President — Dr. James A. Henshall, Cincinnati.

President—Will H. Dilg, Chicago.

Treasurer—Charles W. Folds, Chicago.

Secretary—Fred N. Peet, Chicago.

First Vice-President—Thos. Ambrose, Chicago.

Second Vice-President—Dr. Henry van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.

Third Vice-President—James O. Heyworth, Chicago.

Fourth Vice-President—Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, Calif.

Fifth Vice-President—Col. A. E. Humphreys, Denver, Colo.

NATIONAL DIRECTORS

New Directors for Three Years

K. D. Phillips, Nebraska; Dr. Karl T. Brown, Muncie, Ind.; Murdo Gibson, Duluth, Minn.; Dr. Burris Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.; Anderson Lee Scott, Pittsburg, Kans.; Harold Bell Wright, Tucson, Ariz.; Mrs. Frances E. Whitley, Webster City, Ia.; Fred E. Lovell, St. Paul, Minn.; Stephen A. Forbes, Champaign, Ill.; Dr. Bohumil Shimek, Iowa City, Ia.; George R. Skinner, Chicago; Earl M. Stapleton, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Harry A. Collins, St. Louis; Irvin S. Cobb, New York; J. B. Thompson, Tennessee.

Re-elected Directors for Three Years

Jack R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.; Robert H. Davis, New York; Alexander Friend, Chicago; Zane Grey, California; Judge Henry Graass, Green Bay, Wisc.; Donald Hough, St. Paul, Minn.; John P. Naas, Dayton, O.; Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Ia.; Frank Stick, Asbury Park, N. J.; Dr. F. W. Samuell, Louisville.

Directors in Holdover Tenure of Office

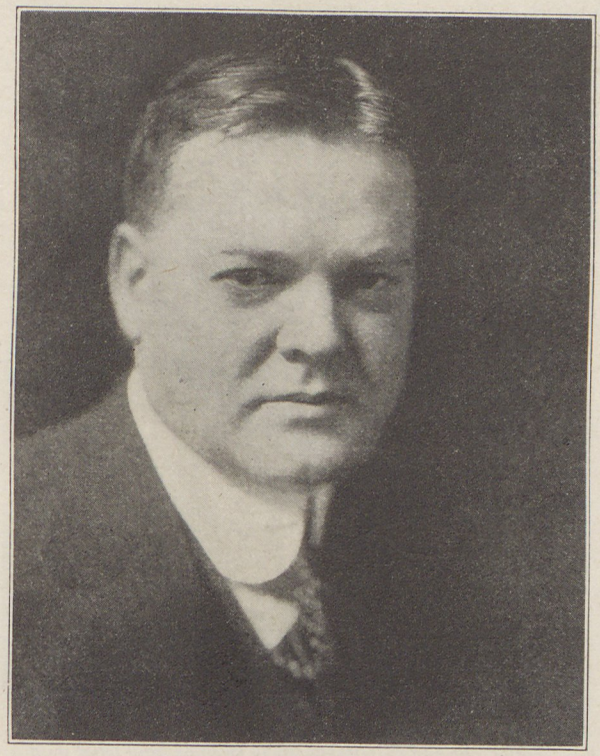
Thomas Ambrose, Chicago; Dr. Preston Bradley, Chicago; W. L. Brann, New York; R. W. Clemons, Tennessee; Mark W. Cresap, James Oliver Curwood, Owosso, Mich.; Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, Chicago; Will H. Dilg, Chicago; R. M. Eastman, Chicago; Charles W. Folds, Chicago; Glenn Griswold, Chicago; Guy Guernsey, Chicago; George H. High, Chicago; Col. A. E. Humphreys, Denver; William V. Kelley, Chicago; Charles K. Knickerbocker, Chicago; Fred J. Lane, Chicago; D. R. McLennan, Chicago; Judge John Barton Payne, Chicago; Fred M. Peet, Chicago; Gene Stratton-Porter, Rome City, Ind.; H. T. Pulsifer, New York; George E. Scott, Chicago; George M. Seaman, Chicago; O. W. Smith, Evansville, Wisc.; Clark Venable, Chicago; Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Champaign, Ill.; H. H. Windsor, Chicago.

The executive committee which was then formed consisted of the following: George E. Scott, chairman; R. M. Eastman, W. V. Kelley, F. J. Lane, D. R. McLennan, Geo. M. Seaman, H. H. Windsor, J. M. Dickinson, Glenn Griswold.

Among the speakers in the Saturday afternoon session were Harry C. Oberholser of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., and A. L. Scott of Pittsburg, Kans.

Mr. Oberholser heaped the evils wrought by indiscriminate drainage one upon the other, in his instructive address, until his listeners could fairly see and hear the despairing cries of the vanishing woodland folk, deprived of their subsistence. He showed that over 75,000,000 square miles in this country have been drained since the beginning of our "reign of civilization."

He cited general cases, even of the most recent date, of the ruining of farm lands by drainage projects for which the farmers were assessed the costs. He emphasized his firm conviction that most of the drainage work in this country is undertaken not with an eye to the welfare of communities, but to provide occupation for drainage engineers and drainage contractors.



"Until the people care and let their State government and the National government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any Outdoor America legislation." —*Herbert Hoover.*

"There are two classes of drainage projects," he said. "The first class deals with water on the surface, and involves the draining of swamps, lakes, bottom lands, sea coast marshes, etc." This is the class which is of concern to us. Draining the waters in such cases involves the destruction of all the fish in the area, and also the destruction of all furred animals depending on such waters for their existence. Muskrats provide the most excellent example of furred animals thus exterminated.

Value of Muskrat

"Now, it is a fact that you can make more money in a 'muskrat farm' on swamp land, than you can in the same area devoted to corn and wheat.

"The destruction of all food plants that grow in water is also brought about by the draining of such localities. This means the removal of wild rice, lotus and arrow root, all of which besides providing vital fuel for migratory birds and other wild life, may in the future prove to be of great human benefit.

"Let me picture the effect on the wild fowl of continued drainage. It takes away their feeding grounds, and it takes away their wintering grounds. Practically

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Message to Convention from James Oliver Curwood

"I regret not being with you tonight. I have been ill. My final prescription was to go to the big Michigan woods, and here I am in my log cabin next to the free soul of that Nature which we are fighting hard to save. My companion is a dog and my twelve year old boy. The glorious days are bringing me back to strength again and I realize more than ever the almost Godly duty we have of perpetuating what we have left of our forests and streams for our children and their children."

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

all the wild life of North America that we hunt in the United States winters in one rather restricted region. There is a narrow strip along the southern Atlantic coast stretching down to Florida; there are strips along the gulf coast and up the Mississippi, and there is another strip in California.

"The wild fowl will perish if these strips become more restricted. The drainage of some sections of these strips in California and in southern states in very recent times has left an acute situation. The wild fowl have been decimated by epidemics which have swept them when they are in a weakened condition due to lack of sufficient food, and millions have perished.

"In the case where 1,500,000 wild fowl have been forced into a district where only 1,000,000 formerly secured enough forage, the entire 1,500,000 will eat their fill while the food lasts, not apportioning it as would man; and then, when there is no more, they will begin to die. If the shortage continues, total extermination will result."

Other speakers took up other phases of the fallacies of Indiscriminate Drainage, which was the general topic for the day.

Donald Hough earlier in the day had presented the report of the Platform Committee, which was adopted in the form of a resolution. The resolution made slight changes in the wording of the Third Plank of the League's Platform, rewrote the Fourth and Tenth Planks in full, and added one new Plank, to be known as the Fourteenth Plank.

Under these changes, the Platform of the Izaak Walton League of America will read, in the amended and added portions, as follows:

"Only THE PEOPLE, with their power of the ballot, can put their lakes, their streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them, and increasing them." —*James Oliver Curwood.*

"——The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform, which follows:

"3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions."

"4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resource, and the restoration of desecrated areas."

"10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel."

"14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured."

The letter written by Secretary of War Weeks, and addressed to Dr. Halford J. Morlan, president of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League, touching on the interest of President Coolidge in the suggestion for a National Conservation Week, was unanimously voted to be made a part of the Convention records, previous to adjournment. The letter follows:

"Dr. Halford J. Morlan,
"President Illinois Division,
"Izaak Walton League of America.

"Dear Dr. Morlan:—President Coolidge has asked me to reply to your letter of March 23, in which you request an expression of opinion toward the proposed conservation week, and I am glad of the opportunity to express my sympathy with your desire to direct public attention to the pleasures of outdoor recreation. I trust the following remarks will serve your purpose:

"'We live too much in the cities. We work under artificial conditions of modern life. The natural features of our country are considered entirely too exclusively from the viewpoint of their industrial or commercial value. In former days, we had the continent for our playground, and the pioneers pushing westward developed a hardihood and a national virility which the sedentary occupations of the present deny our citizens. The occasional sportsman and the soldier on active service are almost the only persons who now depend on their feet for transportation and on their wits for their food. When duty calls our citizens into the open to fight our battles or to train for possible wars of the future, we find a lack of stamina and of individual resourcefulness due to our metropolitan modes of life.

"If we could get our people out of doors more often, we would develop physical strength throughout the nation. In order to get them out of doors we must keep the outdoor playgrounds attractive to them and maintain our forests and streams in their native beauty and condition. Man has gradually drawn from his natural surroundings and is becoming concentrated in cities. Nothing can better rest his mind, improve his health, make him a more agreeable citizen than an occasional return to the beauties of nature, whether he carries a rod or gun, or merely hikes on foot from point to point.

"Yours very truly,
"John W. Weeks, "Secretary of War."

Before Judge George W. Wood, as chairman, sounded the gavel for the close of the convention sessions at 4:50 p. m. on Saturday afternoon, personal resolutions of thanks were voted to several of those most prominent in phases of the success of the most unique, and most notable convention of the sort ever held.

President J. O. Heyworth of the Chicago chapter moved the thanks of the convention be accorded in full measure to Mrs. Will Dilg for her extraordinary services applied in issuing the League's magazine, and in making the social side of the convention sessions so agreeable. Dr. Halford J. Morlan, president of the Illinois Division, was accorded a vote of appreciation for the banquet of the convention's opening night, at which hundreds of the clergy of Chicago attended as his personal guests.

Just preceding adjournment, Chairman Wood received a verbal testimonial of the regard in which the delegates esteemed his affable control of the proceedings, the convention arising in his honor.

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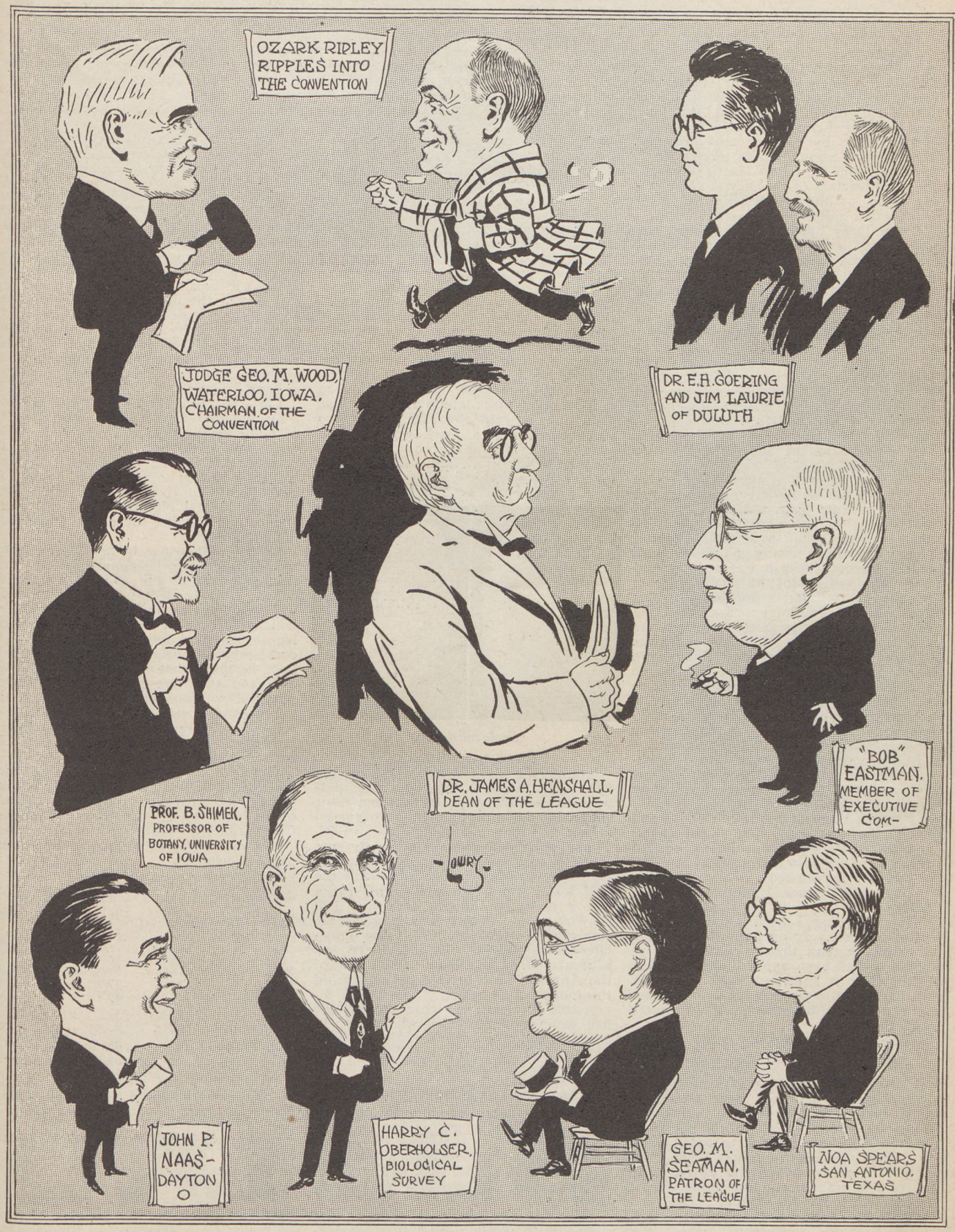

OZARK RIDLEY RIPPLES INTO THE CONVENTION
JUDGE GEO. M. WOOD, WATERLOO, IOWA. CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION
DR. E. H. GOERING AND JIM LAURIE OF DULUTH
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, DEAN OF THE LEAGUE
"BOB" EASTMAN. MEMBER OF EXECUTIVE COM-
PROF. B. SHIMEK, PROFESSOR OF BOTANY, UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
JOHN P. NAAS - DAYTON O
HARRY C. OBERHOLSER, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY
GEO. M. SEAMAN, PATRON OF THE LEAGUE
NOA SPEARS SAN ANTONIO. TEXAS

More of those present at the Convention.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Bill Leavitt's Big Black Drum

Mr. Robert H. Corson (Switch Reel) has the honor of having been made an honorary member of the British Sea Anglers Society.

By SWITCH REEL

ALONG about the middle of August, 1922, a party of five or six Jersey coast sand pirates foregathered at Cap'n Jerry Sprague's well-known domicile and fortified themselves against a week end in camp by packing away one of Mrs. Jerry's noon dinners, preparatory to taking ship for Camp Hartie Phillips, the headquarters of the New Inlet Fishing Club, at the north point of New Inlet, eight miles below.

Cap'n Jerry hustled them aboard the good ship, Ruth V, and soon dumped them on the sands to wish for—beg pardon, to fish channel bass and fight mosquitoes until Monday. The wishing was as good as usual until Sunday, the 20th, when lucky Bill Leavitt hung a big, black drum (Pogonias cromis).

Deputy Claude Holgate, of the A. S. A. C. Committee on Cooperation with the Bureau of Fisheries, got out the tape measure and the beam scales, recorded the fish at 47 lbs. weight, 43 inches standard length, 31½ inches girth, ripped off a dozen or so of the scales and sent all to the Bureau for future study.

He sent me a like number of scales also with the data, but merely stated that they came from a 47-pound "fish" and, of course, I mentally congratulated Bill on having taken a good channel bass. It was not until some weeks later that I learned the fish was a drum and had to stand a lot of chaffing from Claude. But I had a fine lot of scales anyhow, and on them was written the life history of a large fish for anyone who could read it. I had 'em under the microscope a dozen times. They were so thick and opaque that no light came through and it was impossible to distinguish the year rings with any certainty. I tried them under a small magnifying glass and got better surface illumination but no satisfying results.

After a time they went into a catch-all box and remained there until a few evenings ago when a great inspiration came.

I'd soak them in a solution of lye and see if they could be split at the rings!

Into a 30 per cent solution one of them went for two hours.

By Jove, it worked!

That is, it worked with some difficulty.

Next evening I tried a bath of plain water on one. In an hour it was more translucent than that to which the lye solution had been applied, and the ease with which it split surpassed the other. In five minutes the job was done cleanly and clearly, with no tools but fingers and thumbs.

The dimensions of the scale (shown in the illustration) were 1⅜"x1 1/16" and a full 1/16" through at the thickest part. It was plied and twisted until a faint white streak appeared near the edge. This was enlarged with the thumb nail until it became possible to get both thumb nails into it back to back, when a careful pull opened things wide. Using care in rounding the corners, an extremely translucent film came almost completely off the under side, and around its edges was the deposit of material which represented the 1922 growth up to the time Bill stopped its career.

A second essay brought the 1921 ring, likewise surrounding its translucent center, smaller but thicker than the preceding, its thickness being that of a full season's growth.

Successively six other rings or laminae were separated and then came the center plate representing the growth from birth to the end of the second growing season. None of the laminae were torn completely loose, but left attached to each other near the outer edge and there was the scale, with its nine diminishing plates standing out as distinctly as the corner of a pile of paper when the printer gives it a twist to separate the sheets for counting.

But what's the use of it all?

Well, there's more to follow. Just inside the edge of the 1921 ring there is a suggestion of irregularity in the pattern which is commonly accepted as the "spawning mark." From its location close to the termination of the season's growth that function may be assumed to have taken place late in autumn. This deduction is rather confirmed by the absence of such a mark on the 1922 ring, which is to be accounted for in the date of capture, August 20, too early for autumn spawning.

Scale markings.

There is a similar indication on the 1920 ring, but it is located about midway between the edges of the ring. This suggests that the function occurred earlier in that season than in 1921. Those of us who fished the Jersey surf in 1920 and 1921 will recall that the 1920 water was unusually cold, while the 1921 water was extremely warm. From this it is to be thought that the 1920 spawning temperature was early in arriving while that of 1921 came much later in the season. In 1920 there was a great run of big drum at the pier of the Anglers' Club of Ocean City during the month of August. It would be interesting to learn whether any of the fish were opened and showed spawn in an advanced stage. Information of such points is of much interest and value to the Bureau of Fisheries.

On the 1917 ring the spawning mark is rather uncertain. It may be there and it may not. At any rate the fish had had several opportunities to make its contribution to the perpetuity of its race before trying conclusions with Bill. And that's about all that need be said of the story to be read by looking **through** the rings.

We will now look **at** them. Nine plates on the scale of an autumn spawning fish taken in August, 1922, mean that it hatched in 1913. Measuring from the growth center of the smallest plate to its edges the distance is 4.5 mm. to the edge of the next larger plate it is 2.5 mm. more. The widths then increase in regular 2 mm. distances to a total of 21 mm. at the extreme outer edge. As it is axiomatic that the growth of the fish follows the growth of the scales, since the scales increase only in size and not in numbers, it becomes possible to work out a table of growth which fairly well approximates the actual. The basis upon which the table rests is the record of length and weight at the time of capture.

The method is simple. Taking the length from snout to base of tail, 43 inches, it equals 1097 mm. Dividing this by 21, the distance from center to edge in the scale examined, we have a constant of 52 by which to multiply the distance from center to edge of each ring, the product being the body length at the end of the corresponding season's growth.

Let it be understood that the tail is a fin and therefore it is no more a part of body length than the dorsal or pectoral fins would be. But as it bears a certain diminishing relation to body length, it can be computed and added to body length to give a clearer and more familiar mental picture of the old boy (mebbe girl) at the successive stages of life.

After calculating body length, the weight is next to be approximated. In this computation the 43-inch length is cubed and divided by the 47-pound weight. Thus a constant is obtained by which the cube of each other computed length may be divided to disclose the corresponding weights. But it must be kept in mind that these two constants apply to this fish individually. They must be worked out for an immense number of drums before general constants smoothly applicable are obtained. It is best to work them out as above for each fish under study.

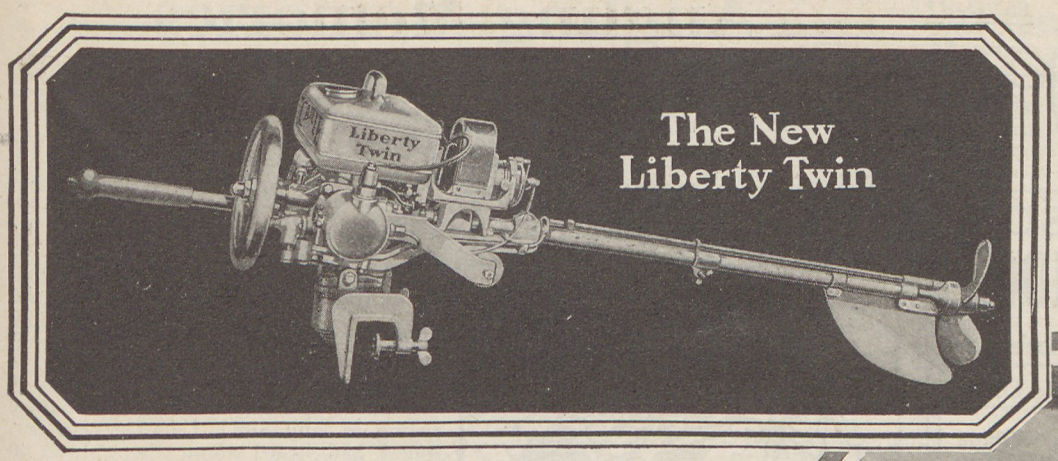
Here, then, is the tabulation of the life history of Bill Leavitt's "Beeg Black Drom." It wasn't quite as large as the one which caused the young French-Canadian boy scout to swallow his "chew-tabac," but it will do well enough for all purposes.

Growing Season	Standard Length Inches	Total Length Inches	Weight Lbs.	Weight Oz.
1913	Spawned	....	..	..
1914	9⅛	11¼	..	6
1915	14⅛	17½	1	9
1916	18½	22¼	2	12
1917	22⅜	27¼	6	4
1918	26	32	10	8
1919	30⅜	37	16	..
1920	34½	41½	24	4
1921	38½	46¼	33	12
1922, Aug. 20,	43	51¾	47	..

As the fish was increasing in length at the rate of about four inches per year, in another two years it would have been in the 100-lb. class, and it was probably such a fish that those miscreants, Heilner and Meisselbach, turned loose on Antwine, the innocent youth from Rimouski.

I hope this short history convinces you how much we can aid the Bureau of Fisheries in the study of the life histories of the species coming under our surf rods, by collecting scales and associating them with the data the Bureau desires.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



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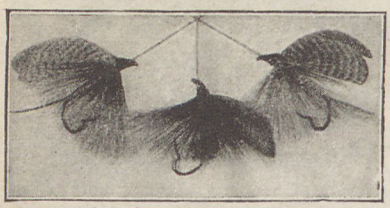

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By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

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Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Our First Musky

By ROY E. LOWE

THIS is a true fish story (they all are), and it happened to my wife and me a year ago last fall at Boulder Lake, Wis., where we camped during the month of September.

I was very anxious to catch a Musky and so our good friend, Sam Williams at Boulder Jct. P. O. and store, loaned me an old white surface plug which he said was a "killer." It was full of dents and scars and I guess Sam had been giving it to the baby muskies to teeth on.

We started out one cold windy morning for the lower end of the lake where it starts to get narrow and just this side of where it starts south by way of the Manitowish River.

I pulled the bow of the boat up on a point of land and my wife, who wanted to learn to cast, was standing in the stern and made a cast about halfway across the stream which is only about 50 yards wide at this point. That old plug hadn't any more than hit the water when "Bang," and I thought she had hit a floating mine. I didn't know what kind of a battery that fish was equipped with, but my wife and I both got an awful shock. We were fishing in the back yard of old Black Mose, the Musky that helps bring tourists to Boulder Lake, so thinking perhaps it was the old fellow himself, and not wishing my wife to have any unnecessary strain or excitement, I suggested that she give me the rod, which she seemed very glad to do. Isn't that just like a man?

Well, this fellow was hooked all right and he started south for the mouth of the Manitowish River making that reel hum (that was the first time I had ever heard "reel" music), and I knew that I hadn't provided line enough for so long a journey, so it was up to me to stop him. On our trip north I had asked every fellow I talked to, how to catch a musky and especially, how to stop them when they started off on "high," and they all said to "thumb 'em," so I did—and, to my delight, I stopped him. This seemed to make him sore, for he started back for the boat with a rush, and I guess my right hand was making about 450 revolutions a minute in order to get that line back on the reel. I was doing a pretty good job when that musky decided to "show off" by jumping about two feet out of the water and right then I developed a peculiar knock in my knees. I was all right above the knees, but my wife said, "Stop rocking the boat."

He came back to base and rushed off again making several trips and finally made a circle into the shallow water and I reeled him up to the boat where he lay apparently all in. He didn't have anything on me, and I wanted to get myself together before trying to land him. I had a revolver, but I had heard about the guides up North who never lose a fish, but who are such expert shots that they can hit a fishing line at four feet and while I couldn't hit the side of a barn with a revolver, unless I was on the inside of the barn, yet I had a hunch that I might shoot that line. It was at this point that my wife had a brilliant idea and said, "I will land him in the landing net." I pleaded and argued with her, saying that she could not get a 3 ft. musky in an 18 in. landing net, but she insisted on going ahead with the deadly work of landing that fish in the net. Something told me we would have to eat bacon and summer sausage the rest of the week.

The first pass she made at him she got his tail and perhaps a foot of fish in the net, but that fish was smooth, he wouldn't stay in. The next time she went around to the front end and caught the net on the side of the plug, and with a groan from me as an accompaniment, gently and neatly pulled the plug out of his mouth. He gave a little flirt with his tail and swam slowly away. Some tragedies make us bigger and better, and my wife said, afterward, that she never before knew she had married an orator.

Planked Sun Fish

By F. F. D. ALBERY

THE claim to being the inventor of the art of planking fish may seem preposterous to anybody but a real fisherman. But fishermen know how easy it is to claim things and I am therefore assured of at least a respectful hearing for my claim to be the absolute and original inventor of planking shiners, chubs and sun fish and other such delicious small fry as small boys catch in small streams. Many larger things than planked shad have grown from smaller beginnings. I claim also that the thrill of the "bite" is the same to the small boy catching minnows as to the blasé old sinner, full of booze, when a tarpon strikes.

Oh! those dear little streams of boyhood; the delicious hot places where they rippled over beautiful white stones in the middle of the pasture field and those dreamy shady places where the little brook took a twist and scooped

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out a little bank under some friendly trees whose roots were partly exposed thereby and thus made a sweet, quiet little pool where were always to be found a colony of little fish of various kinds.

Then the little stream meandered along to the "gate"—a contrivance to let the water through and keep the cattle out, which was swung on a long, strong sapling that rested on a pile of stones at either end but was otherwise loose to be opened automatically when the water was high or the current strong enough to will it so.

The dear little stream beloved of the barefoot boy, and his best and loveliest friend!

One such ran through my Uncle Aaron's farm at the bottom of a little hill. I have occasion to remember that brooklet always. I still feel a bit sore at bottom whenever I think of it. These were the facts: I had been taken out to Uncle Aaron's for my summer vacation. I must have been eight years old at least. It was Sunday. I had on my Sunday clothes. All my folks were extremely pious and, in strict sabbath observance, were impeccable and uncompromising. Dinner-time came and I was not to be found. I did not even hear them calling me. Alarm set in and finally I was discovered on a beautiful big boulder in the middle of my lovely little brook, fishing. It was a very hot day and as is usual with bad boys on Sunday, I had had bully luck and rejoiced in a fine string of minnows and sun fish. My success furnished no plea in abatement to that puritanical gang of relatives and I was sentenced alternatively: I could go back home and give up my vacation, or I could be spanked by my Uncle Aaron who "exhorted" at times at the little church down the road, asked a blessing at table, had family prayers and a hand like a ham.

You, you, I say, you fisherman! Don't tell me you have to guess hard as to which horn of the dilemma I seized—snatched rather. That's why I say I feel it yet, for the veritable wrath of God was behind that awful hand of my Uncle Aaron.

What's all this got to do with planked shad?

Who said planked shad? I didn't say planked shad, I said planked sun fish.

This was the way: Over on the other end of the farm the men were clearing a piece of woodland along this same brook, and my cousin Tom and I had a job of piling brush, which was fun for us, and helped the men a great deal. In the intervals we fished and, having caught a lot of nice fat little sun fish, it occurred to me that, instead of cooking them in the hot ashes and coals of the burning brush, that they might be laid on a nice, clean chip and be preserved and cooked at the same time. So we raked up a bed of live coals, took a big, clean chip from a beech tree, laid our little beauties on it and carefully arranged it on the coals. Our scheme was so much of a success that even the men at work in the clearing ate with relish and had us catch more which we did to our own satisfaction and glory.

Did I invent the art of planking fish? I did. Maybe some other boy over in Germany or England or France did the same thing at some time. Maybe a Zulu boy or a Congo boy in Africa did the same thing. Maybe an Indian boy in the American forest did too. But I say I did!

The Old Frying Pan

By LLOYD G. LYNN

ON a bright morning in August about the year 1916, had you been sitting on the porch of the hotel at Cherokee Park, Colo., you would have seen two old cronies preparing for a day on the Poudre for trout.

From the pleased look in their eyes you would have known that they were expecting royal sport and in this you would not have been disappointed, for these two pals had made many trips together, and from their dress and outfit you could tell they were not amateurs in the art of luring the brook and rainbow from his shady retreat. No gaudy raiment was theirs, old khaki and laced boots, bamboo rods and swift running reels, and No. 12 Royal Coachman and Grey hackle flies told only too well that their creels would come home full.

Over the shoulder of the one from Kansas City dangled a frying pan and in the hand of the Nebraska man was an old battered coffee pot that had seen years of service on just such trips.

Down through the meadow they took their way, climbed through a wire fence, walked on past the school house and over the bridge, then to avoid following the river, which here takes a wide swing to the right, they crossed a field, on through Buffalo park and arrived at the river again.

As I write, the snow is whirling outside and my fishing tackle is resting in the basement and yet how clear comes back to me that day and scene! We have reached the camping ground, a spot that seemed made to order, under the pines at the bank of the Poudre, a rushing mountain stream whose waters are ice cold and clear as crystal; across from us is Sawtooth Mountain and down the river in the dim distance old Turkey Roost looms up.

My friend is to fish upstream from here and as I leave him to go down river about a mile he says, "Now you take my watch, for I know if the trout are striking you will not come back in time for dinner." How well he knew my failing—when the trout are striking I lose sight of the world and time!

Making my way down the old familiar route I soon arrived at the point I was to start in. Now for a chew of Piper Heidsick and I am all set.

Dame Fortune smiled on me that day and soon my creel was filled and I started back to camp. A sudden rain drove me to the shelter of some shelving rocks, and while sitting there the still small voice came to me and I learned life's greatest lesson—the love of home and friend and that the only real happiness in this world was in doing good to others.

Oh, you men whose minds are set on wealth and position, it is here in God's wonderland you learn the things in life that money cannot buy! If you will go with me down among the pines and in the solitude forget the greed of the world, your eyes will be opened to the things that are worth while.

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Had I my way it is here I would have the halls of Government located, away from the rush and roar of cities, away from the greed of men, under the clear skies of Colorado. The influence of one's surroundings is such that men's minds are clear and wholesome and one can do no wrong.

Soon the sun broke out and I was on my way back to camp. On reaching a high point I looked down through the clear air and there he was, my friend, seated at a glowing camp fire. I shouted and he looked up and waving his hand a welcome cry came to me—"Dinner's ready." And what a feed that was—trout fried in bacon grease, big sandwiches made with Mrs. Bell's bread, and cup after cup of strong coffee! The tramp and air give you an appetite that enables one to do full justice to the meal.

On leaving for home we hid the frying pan in some willows at the edge of the stream to be used on our next trip, and now I wish to relate the following circumstance: A year had passed and again I was down at the old familiar spot and I looked for the frying pan—it was gone and I thought some other fisherman had beat me to it.

The following season my friend was not with me and one day, while covering the fishing ground, the old pan was discovered on a sand bar some miles below where we had hidden it, carried there no doubt by the spring freshet. As I recovered it what emotions came to me, the ghosts of other years trailed by me! The many happy days and old familiar faces came back to me; tenderly I picked it up, carried it back and gave it an honored place in my cabin.

The King of Medina River

By LT. DUDLEY S. BROWN

MEMORIES of fishing! Is there a young man in the world who has had the privilege of having a fisherman father to teach him the "Gentle Art" who cannot recall many and varied occasions that vie with each other for the title of "The Greatest Memory"?

It is hard to choose, but after due deliberation I am convinced that the Medina River trips back in 1905, upon which I accompanied my father, and their results are my greatest memories.

All my spare time from Monday to Friday, the eventful day when we started on the trips, was taken up with my tackle; cleaning and oiling and all the other numerous things connected with the upkeep of tackle and the practicing of casting and the making and remaking of plans for the coming trip.

Friday mornings at 5 A. M. Sergeant Bailey (my father was an army officer) brought 'round the old four mule team and with no little haste we stowed away the fishing gear, ice, food, etc., and were off.

It is about 35 miles from Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, to the Medina River, so the best part of the first day was spent in traveling, although we did get in some evening fishing after we had made camp and spent some time preparing for the next day, catching bait, etc.

The Medina River was beautiful bass water and the bass were there just waiting for someone to come and get them or rather try to get them.

There were, as a rule, four of us on these trips and it was my one ambition to have the good fortune to get the "big one" and to this end I was constantly on the lookout for Mister Big Bass. I would investigate all parts of the river, but especially the parts the other members of the party had difficulty in reaching (I was only ten years old at the time), and I spent a goodly part of the time in overhanging trees, testing the various pools by dropping frogs and grasshoppers in such a way that the current would carry them to what I suspected might be the lair of the King. Oftentimes the frog or grasshopper would float right along without being molested and I would be disappointed, but these disappointments were as nothing compared to the thrills I got when they were gobbled up with a mighty splash. When the splash had a real big fellow sound I would wait a few minutes that seemed like so many years and then would fix Mr. Frog on carefully and let the current take him over the route of the dummy frog.

I have often debated in my own mind what moment is the most exciting in fishing and have concluded that the time when my bait or fly is floating over the "just right" spot where I know Mr. Bass or Trout is waiting and the time he hits it or I have become convinced that he has passed it by is just about the most pleasing, exciting and trying moment in my bass and trout fishing experience.

I was never rewarded by catching the biggest bass on any of our trips, but I located him and had the pleasure of hooking and of seeing him. I discovered him first by luck on our third trip in 1905. On a Friday evening I was returning to camp by a shortcut-off from a mile away, when my attention was attracted by several splashes in rapid succession. I made my way very carefully through the underbrush and came upon a beautiful and hitherto unknown pool, and sat down to watch and was instantly rewarded for my pains by seeing the biggest bass I have ever seen jump clear out of the water. He weighed at least eight pounds and I was beside myself with joy. I resolved at once to come to the pool the first thing in the morning without telling anyone and catch this bass and bear him triumphantly back to camp with me.

But Alas! for my pride and my plans. That bass was the smartest and wisest bass I have ever seen. He would take my dummies again and again and would rush my real ones only to turn off just in time to miss, leaving me in a terrible state. I tried again in vain on our fourth trip.

On our fifth trip I did succeed in hooking him with a mouse but after four mighty rushes when I was all set for a merry battle he swam right away and I discovered to my mingled disgust and dismay that the knot that tied my leader to the line had come untied. Mere words cannot describe my feelings at that moment nor even now when I think of it. I saw no more of him that trip.

On subsequent trips I spent hours watching that particular pool in an endeavor to figure out the habits of that bass. I learned that he spent most of

"She Start Quick Every Time"

That's what the Indian Guide said when we snapped this picture—and that's one of the exclusive features of Ole Evinrude's Light-Twin Elto that delights every owner.

You step into your boat, give the motor a quarter turn, and "zip"—she's off with a flying start. In the quiet of your ***indoor*** reading now, you may not realize how much this will mean to your ***out-door*** happiness when you want to make minutes count on lake or river.

Ole Evinrude designed the Elto Light-Weight Twin for your ***complete*** enjoyment. He has not only provided for your convenience and comfort in carrying the Motor where you want to go by building the most compact of all Motors and the lightest for its H. P. (less than 17 lbs. per H. P.), but he has also thought of your comfort after you are on the lake. He has given you—

Elto The Motor that Starts with a Touch

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

Then, too, note these other delights that will reveal themselves to you in the use of your Elto.

Matchless Speed made possible by its full *3 H. P.* and streamline design. With an Elto you never trail. You always set the pace. You not only get away with a quick flying start, but you continually enjoy the thrill of faster speed and greater power which only Elto gives.

Safe Rudder Steering from any part of the boat, or self-steering in a straight course, leaving hoth hands free to cast or troll. No cramped position. No sudden reversing of the entire motor to endanger passengers.

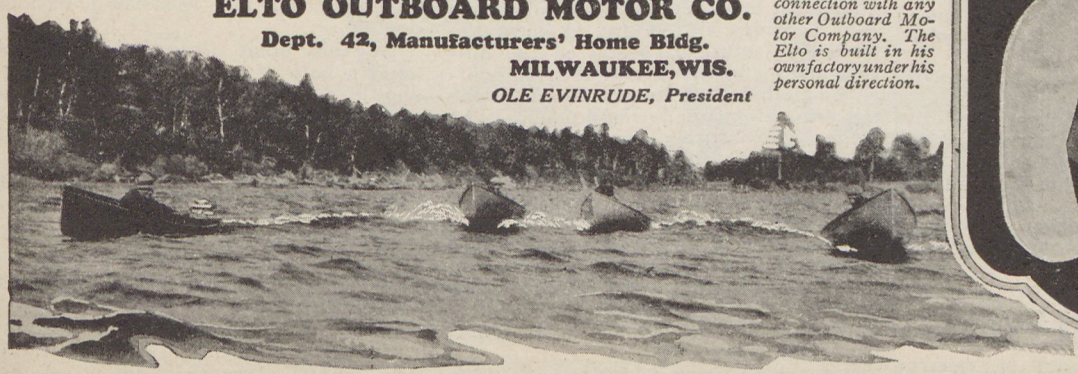
No Pump Troubles because Ole Evinrude has eliminated all working parts in the ***Propello Pump*** used exclusively in the 1924 Elto.

Write for FREE Catalog Today

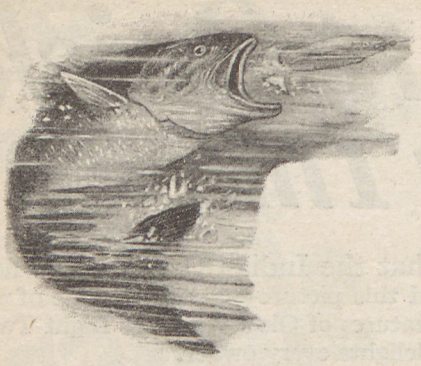
Describes all these and many other features of Elto—the Fastest Light-Twin. See why we say "Be sure to investigate the 1924 Elto before you choose any Outboard Motor." Send for Free Catalog.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
OLE EVINRUDE, President

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 10 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Company. The Elto is built in his own factory under his personal direction.

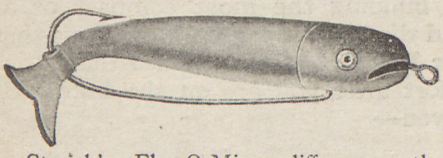


See our Exhibit in spaces 28 and 29, Second National Out-door Life Exposition, Coliseum, Chicago week of May 12.



STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

Here is a new artificial bait. The only one of its kind on the market. It is the only artificial casting bait on the market that when in water is really and truly a live minnow that actually swims. As a fisherman you will appreciate this the minute you test it out.



Streich's Flex-O-Mino differs greatly from any other bait on the market not only because of its being alive when in water but because of its many other special and outstanding features. Space here prohibits going into details so in the following paragraphs we will list only a few of the most important features of this new bait.

The fisherman can cast into the weeds and have little fear of having to pull out several pounds of weeds or in getting so tangled he will break his line and lose his bait, for this bait is practically weedless.

The fisherman need have no fear when using this bait of the body rubber tearing when the fish strikes. This is impossible. The body simply cannot tear inasmuch as it is made of good live rubber and instantly collapses the moment the fish strikes.

The hook itself, which is made of the best quality swedged Sheffield steel is removable without the aid of any tools whatsoever. All that is necessary is to detach the rubber tail of the bait, swing hook forward and pull out from a slot in the head.

The weight of this bait is only one-half ounce, being the standard weight used by all sportsmen and professional casters, this weight having been found the easiest to swing when casting, and while speaking of weight it might also be added here that this bait will swim in only one position. It will not swim on its side or back, due to the fact that most of the weight of this bait is below the center of the head.

At present Streich's Flex-O-Minos come in the following variety of attractive color combinations:

Style A—Red head and white body.
Style B—Copper head and white body.
Style C—Nickel head and white body.

Streich's Flex-O-Mino can be had at most sporting goods dealers. In the event your dealer cannot supply you send us a dollar direct, mentioning style desired and we will send you the bait, postpaid.

Streich's Bait Works
708 W. Jasper St. JOLIET, ILLINOIS

his time under the roots of an old sunken tree, sallying out occasionally on what had the appearance of inspection trips all 'round the pool. He surely ruled that pool and I dubbed him King of the river. Early mornings and dusk seemed to be his only feeding times.

For years I hoped to have another chance at the "King of Medina River" but I never had and now they have made a lake out of our old bass river and my only wish for the big fellow is that he has prospered and is ruling over the lake as he ruled over our pool in the old days.

First Angling

By GEORGE A. TRUE

HOW many of us remember our first real angling experience?

We had been discussing some of Will Dilg's "Tragic Fishing Moments" before the big log fire and some one mentioned his first effort to land a bass. Gradually the smoke screen thickened and a phantom-like picture merged into my conciousness.

Grandmother was addressing "Gramp"—she always called him "Dad" — "Dad, why don't you take the boy fishing? He's old enough to really learn to fish with something besides a bent pin."

In those days, if there were closed seasons they must have opened early. Also the village homes had barns instead of garages. In the barn two cane poles reposed on pegs. Lines, hook and sinker were attached—also a split cork which served as a bobber—then considered one of the most necessary adjuncts to success.

Grandfather lifted the smaller rod alone. It was clear that this was to be my exclusive and personally conducted fishing excursion. We were off! Frank, the white and yellow dog of my youth, followed us with an air of cautious doubt, since no special invitation had been extended to him.

I know now that the early June evening must have been as beautiful as fair June evenings always are. I know the dandelions must have starred the hillside fields and the late violets undoubtedly half hid their modest heads in the tall grass along the lowland ponds. The frogs were surely croaking in the marsh below Hannegan's cottage and the robins could not fail to be chirping their sunset calls in Cotton's orchard trees—but I neither saw nor heard them. The poetic background of our adventure made not the slightest impression on my excited brain. Was I not going fishing? Can the pleasures of expectancy ever be excelled by the triumphs of accomplishment?

Across the bottom lands and along the creek to a storm-bedraggled sycamore, which for years had guarded the clay bank from spring floods, went this eager procession. An eddy circled just below us. Grandfather instructed me in the mysteries of properly draping a sucker hook with squirming worms and seated himself on the bank to smoke and to give advice. Next to being a real angler is the joy of advising that angler through rings of tobacco smoke.

I made an awkward cast and watched the cork. Almost at once it trembled and sank. A mighty jerk—and no resistance! A bait-less, empty hook! "That was a chub," said Gramp. "You must hook them quickly or they'll steal your bait." Another trial. Again no bait. "Try further out." On the edge of the riffle, just where the foam-flecked water swirls back to meet the current, the cork floated in a slowly-moving arc. Then it sank! I know not how it happened, but after two-score years I can still see that chub's swift rainbow flight against the orange sunset and hear the soft "plunk" as it met the dew-chilled sod behind me. There was no question about the vigor with which I had entered my angling career; it has been excelled only by the persistence of its subsequent pursuit.

More baitless hooks; then another chub; then a "shiner." Even Frank, the old dog, showed awakened interest and beat his stubby tail against the turf. Puffed with pride I again crowded the hook with luscious "squirmers."

Across the riffle, and below the point where the swifter current slackened was an old half-submerged stump. Something told me that it had a "fishy look." Dimpling backswirls, smiling and relaxing into oily calm, a mysterious beckoning in the fading light, invited a longer cast in that direction.

Who planned it, oh, ye gods of the watery chase, that a two-pound bass chanced to be there on that instant? The "plunk" of the lead was drowned by the splash of the strike!

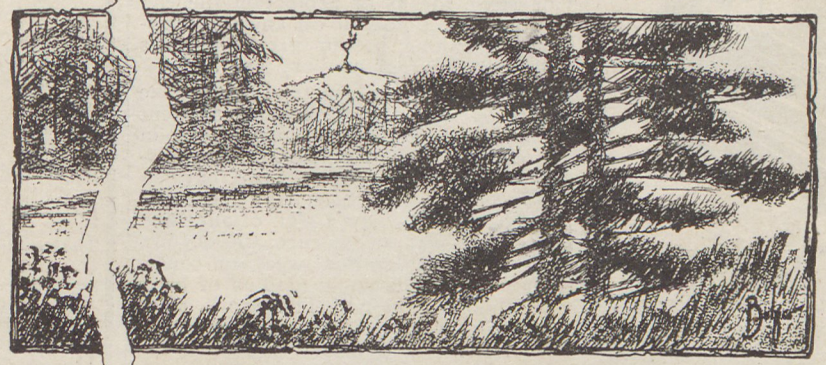
Now a small boy, untutored in the ways of bass, has little business hooking one. Grandfather must have been napping, for, before he was fully aware of the commotion, I was trying to land that small-mouth as I had landed chub and shiner—by the aerial route. It didn't work. By main force I dragged him to the surface and skidded him in before a wake like that of a surf-board behind a speeding launch. The sucker hook held until I lifted him to land, then he dropped at my feet and flopped toward the stream. How do they always know which way the water lies? I threw myself on him and in a wild grip of desperation held his slippery sides until he was safely on the bank behind, gasping at the mad antics of a trembling boy and a dancing, barking dog.

At this point Grandfather arrived amid a halo of excited pipe-puffs. He was in time to see my triumph and to say, "Well, boy, a fine bass! Come now, it's time to go home—it's growing dark."

There's nothing tragic about this story except the sad fact that the peculiar thrills of that first angling adventure never can come again! Picture a kindly, bent old man; a strutting boy, bearing four fish on a twig stringer; a sleepy old dog—all trailing through the dusk up the hill toward the lights of home. What has life like that memory?

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

WISCONSIN
the Land O'Lakes



lights her fires of friendship!

LONG ago, before Juneau, and before the French Fathers came down her rivers, the Pottawatomies and the Chippewas were hosts to neighboring tribes. Friendly signal fires burned the night through to direct the wandering feet of the strangers. They hunted and fished together for a season and dwelt again on the mighty deeds of their fathers in hunting the buck or snaring old Ounaniche: —The King of Fishes. They lived together a while in happiness and parted with sorrow.

Wisconsin, the Land O' Lakes, again sends out her call, this time to brothers of rod and gun, to weary men of the cities, to our neighbors, to the East, to the South and to the West.

Come to Wisconsin, the Land O' Lakes, and find again the Health and Happiness that is your due.

Plan now your vacation time 'mid the fields and streams and pine girt lakes of Wisconsin.

Trout Season
opens May 1st

Wisconsin's famous trout streams again invite the fly. If you are loath to trust your best friends in so important a matter, write the Secretary of Wisconsin The Land O' Lakes at Rhinelander, Wis. He will give you specific information.

Bass Season
opens June 15th

Make your reservations early this year.

Write for information.

WISCONSIN THE LAND O' LAKES, Inc.
Main Office:
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

FREE Get this 36 page Book *"on Wisconsin The Land O' Lakes"*

36 pages illustrating and describing the beauty spots of the state; State Parks, Free Campsites, Golf Courses, Summer Resorts, Hotels, Railroads together with Wisconsin Highway Maps.

COUPON

Wisconsin The Land O' Lakes, Inc.
Main Office: Rhinelander, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me 36 page Booklet and Maps "On Wisconsin The Land O' Lakes".

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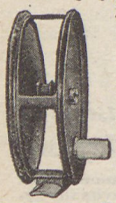
Superiority

FOR years one man has stood out as the world's greatest automobile driver. More than sixty times he has crossed the American continent on record trips. His races total half a million miles. A wonderful driver, surpassing other wonderful drivers through almost incredible endurance.

To lead year after year requires a definite margin of superiority. This is why Meisselbach Reels win the most tournament and fishing prizes, are the most popular everywhere. They, too, have that extra margin.



The "Rainbow."

Unsurpassed for fine running, and with these important points of superiority: Lighter and smaller for same capacity; in casting models unequalled free spool and level winder; instantaneous "takapart" for necessary daily cleaning and oiling.

A Leader for Every Use

"*Rainbow*"—favorite single-action reel for fly-casting—$5 and $5.50.

"*Takapart*"—most popular bait-casting reel, 100 yards, fixed or free spool, $7 to $9.

"*Tripart*"—understudy of the "*Takapart,*" similar models, 80 yards—$6 to $8.

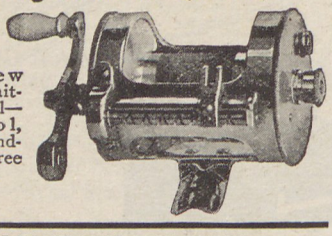
"*Okeh*"—most perfect bait-casting reel, cork arbor, level winding, free casting, fixed or free spool—$12.50 and $15.

"*Triton,*" "*Neptune,*" "*Surf,*" right for all salt-water fishing—$18 to $36.

Ask any reliable Dealer for

Meisselbach

Fishing Reels of Quality



The new "Okeh" bait-casting reel—free spool, level winding and free casting.

— — — FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON — — —

A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO., Inc.,
25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Send me a complimentary copy of the new "Okeh" Bite Book, containing useful information on fresh-water fishing.

Name.....

Address.....

My Dealer Is.....I.W.

Florida and Black Bass

By T. W. WALMSLEY

DURING a recent visit to Florida the writer tried a little black bass fishing, when it was made very plain that the ponds, lakes and streams are fast being cleaned out of the finest of all fresh water game fishes. Unless the real sportsmen get together and provide some means of protection the end of the sport is not far off and the hunting and fishing in our great outdoors will be a thing of memory only.

It was my good fortune to be the guest of two gentlemen, prominent business men of Tampa, one afternoon and evening on one of the most promising bass waters I ever saw; but we might as well have been trying out the Dead Sea, for hardly a sign of anything like a bass was in evidence. Even taking into consideration weather conditions and the uncertain actions of bass, why this condition? The same cause which has depleted the stock in other states, the fish hog, the use of dynamite, the seine and many other unsportsmanlike methods have at last been effective and unless the true sportsmen get together and do something to correct these evils the black bass fishing is done for.

Let the real lovers of true angling get in line and become members of the Izaak Walton league and wear the button.

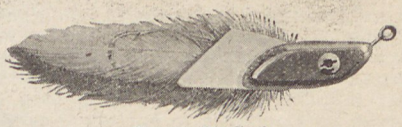
The prime object of this league of sportsmen is to promote by precept and example the best and highest standards of sportsmanship. To increase fellowship among lovers of the out-of-doors and to form a fraternal and numerous number of chapters in every community whether of city or country to further the propagation and preservation of game and game fishes. To work for and encourage legislation along accepted scientific lines designed to end methods and agencies destructive to wild life and to encourage the best methods of restocking our covers and waters. To build up a spirit of unity among sportsmen which will tend to harmonize their best interests and to increase their strength into a national association working through local chapters toward useful definite ends.

Let all real sportsmen get together and join the Izaak Walton league and wear the button, then get together and form a chapter inviting all known sportsmen, then secure some good sized hall or theater, inviting the general public, advertising the exhibition of a number of good reels of fishing and hunting which will draw a large crowd.

The meeting could be opened by several good talkers giving a brief account of the objects of the league and the necessity of having the legislature pass proper laws governing the propagation and protection of our game fishes, before it is too late. If there is no chapter in your town, simply send $2 to the headquarters in Chicago and become a member which also includes the league's magazine, Outdoor America, and the button for one year.

New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and other states have all lost or are rapidly losing their fish by the pollution of rivers and streams and harbors, rendering them unfit for fish to live in but dangerous to bathe in through possible infection to the body. What has happened in other states is beginning to take place in Florida.

"GETUMS" Do Get 'Em



(Patents Pending)

DEWEY'S FEATHER-GETUM

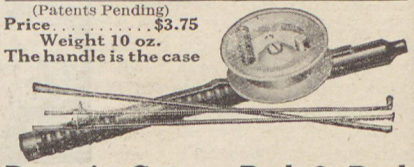
Wounded Minnow Action

No. 4—¾ oz.....85c | No. 2—½ oz.....75c
No. 3—⅝ oz.....80c | No. 1—⅜ oz.....70c

12 Color Combinations

The FEATHER-GETUM wiggles and darts like a wounded minnow and travels shallow, medium or deep, just as you want it to. It goes right into the weeds and comes out with the fish. Indestructible metal body, pure rubber fin weed guards, hackle feather tail and imported removable single hook; catches the maximum number of fish and minimum number of weeds.

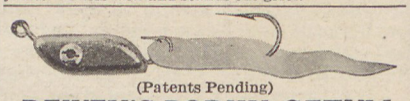
(Patents Pending)
Price.....$3.75
Weight 10 oz.
The handle is the case



Dewey's Getum Rod & Reel

Fits the Pocket Book as well as the Pocket.
Rod only, fitted with Reel Seat.....$2.50

Single action, detachable, aluminum, self oiling reel, phosphor bronze bearings, hollow metal handle which serves as case for three spring tempered steel joints. Casts well and stands the grief.



(Patents Pending)

DEWEY'S PORKY-GETUM

Some Wiggler

No. 4—¾ oz.....65c | No. 2—½ oz.....55c
No. 3—⅝ oz.....60c | No. 1—⅜ oz.....50c

Four Colors

The PORKY-GETUM is some little wiggler, a sure hooker, practically weedless, indestructible metal body and removable hooks.

These lures catch fish in any water, weather, time or place. Let us honor your tackle box with an assortment of these fish-getters.

OUTING M'F'G. CO.

Manufacturers of
Outdoor Equipment
ELKHART, INDIANA

Watch for our other Outdoor Specialties

Divine RODS

Bait Casting

Bait casting is a skillful art. But any man can cast farther and get more fun out of that style of fishing with a Divine Rod.

It combines light weight with great strength, flexibility with sturdiness. Skillfully proportioned, well balanced and designed to make a man proud of his rod.

Divine Rods are made by master craftsmen, of the finest materials in 6 and 8 strip split Bamboo. Silk wrapped if you wish.

The Fairy Fly Rod, 7½ ft. and 2½ ounces, and our Traveling Men's Friend, 6 rods in one, are samples of a skill that's over 60 years old.

Send for 1924 catalog

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
530 Roberts St. Utica, N. Y.

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

Oh Boy! those black bass breakfasts

One bird awake. Dew on everything. A slant of pale orange in the east.... You come to the edge of a vapory lake. You cast. No luck. Three times no luck. Put on a brighter lure. Cast. Flash! The war is on.... Splash! Into the air! A nose dive! A tail spin! Four pounds of fighting fool—you land him, No. 1, for breakfast. A dandy small mouth.

That's how your vacation days start and end at

French River Bungalow Camp

It's easy to reach on the Canadian Pacific, north of Toronto. Good guides available. ***Or fish alone.*** The lakes and streams are full of fighters—bass, pike, and muskies. And the camp is all you could wish for. Supplementary camps will be open this summer at Crooked Lake and at the head of Eighteen Mile Island—right in virgin fishing country. Bring your family.

For further particulars see any Canadian Pacific Agent. Offices everywhere. New York, 44th and Madison; Chicago, 71 East Jackson Blvd. (Straus Building); Pittsburgh, 338 Sixth Ave.; Cleveland, 1040 Prospect Ave.; Buffalo, 160 Pearl St.; Cincinnati, 201 Dixie Terminal Bldg.; Detroit, 1239 Griswold St.; St. Louis, 420 Locust St.; Minneapolis, 611 2nd Ave. S.; St. Paul, Robert and Fourth; Montreal, 141 St. James St.

Canadian Pacific

$00 DINE

Vacation Days are Coming!

THE WONDERFUL

Woods, Lakes and Streams

OF

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

MAKE THIS LOCALITY THE

IDEAL SUMMER COUNTRY

For New Resort Folders address:

H.M. Lewis, G.P.A.

MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

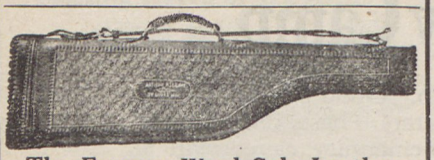
The Famous "WARD KIT BAG"

ONE YOUR SON WILL INHERIT

The Peer of Hi-Class Hand Luggage

It's Hand Made to your order, cut from a beautiful heavy California leather (no fibre or paper filler), handsome two-color leather lining, large pockets in both sides, English steel frame, cast bronze trimmings. A bag for the most discriminating buyer who wants style and quality. Your initials hand tooled in small art panel on side of bag, name and address stamped on bottom. We take the risk, ship C.O.D., subject to your examination. If you find it the handsomest and best bag made in America pay expressman, if not tell him to return to us at our expense. Made in three colors: Tan, Seal brown and Black, state which.

Price, 20", $48.00; 22", $50.00



The Famous Ward Sole Leather Gun Case

Write for Illustrated Circular.

WARD MFG. CO. West Plains, Mo.

WATERWEEDS REMOVED EASILY AND EFfectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

COLLECTORS, ATTENTION! I carry large stock of Curios, such as Stone Age specimens, old and modern Indian Trappings, rare old guns, pistols, daggers, etc., rare coins, rare stamps, minerals, fossils, pioneer china, brass and pewter ware, etc. Ill. lists, 10c. **N. E. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.**

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000,00. See the ad on page 86.

A Great Force

Reprint from Chicago Journal of Commerce

WE have had many conservation societies in the United States. Most of them have been restricted in their efforts, and none of them, except one, has aroused popular enthusiasm. The single exception is the Izaak Walton League of America, the one big conservation movement of American history.

Today the organization begins its national convention here. The convention will continue the remainder of this week. A thousand delegates are expected from 42 states. The league has a tremendous membership, organized in chapters throughout the country, and there is no doubt about its forceful, vital influence. It exhibits a rare combination of practicality and the spirit of evangelism.

Will H. Dilg is the crusader, the dreamer, who spread the idea of the league among the lovers of the outdoors. George E. Scott, first vice president American Steel Foundries and chairman of the executive committee of the I. W. L. A., became interested in the league and induced many men of wealth and influence to join it. They have put the league on a sound financial basis and are ever increasing its influence.

Already the league's preachments have saved the Superior National Forest. A number of other victories also have been won. Important bills are now before Congress, and desirable measures are pending before various state legislatures.

This week's rallying of the hosts will lend further inspiration. The Izaak Walton League is something which business men should understand. They should realize the force of the enthusiasm behind it. A slight acquaintance with the organization would be sufficient to induce the average business man to become associated with it and to help save the outdoors for our children and our children's children.

It is in the outdoors that the strenuous, stable qualities of character are fostered. Preservation of the sterling American character is necessary in order to save the nation from decay. That is why the Izaak Walton League is in the truest sense patriotic.

Outdoor Life Exposition

A MINIATURE forest featuring fine specimens of live game, fish and fur-bearing animals brought from their native haunts, will be constructed in the Coliseum, Chicago, May 12th to 17th at the second national Outdoor Life Exposition.

Carloads of trees, old logs, rocks and moss transported from the far north country will be used by native Indians, guides and trappers in perfecting the effect.

A miniature lake, 200 feet in diameter, will be constructed in the center of the building. This lake will be divided into six sections; each section displaying a different variety of fish.

Arrangements are now being made to have expert anglers, members of the Izaak Walton League stage exhibitions in bait and fly casting during the afternoon exhibit each day of the show.

An Indian village with 30 natives at work on the construction of birchbark canoes and other handicraft will be one of the leading exhibits. Motion pictures of hunting, fishing and other outdoor sports are scheduled for the evening exhibits.

Through the courtesy of Mr. M. E. Westbrook, manager of the exposition, the Izaak Walton League will have two booths. One of these, located just south of the main entrance, will be used to display and take subscriptions to "OUTDOOR AMERICA" and the other will serve as a gathering place for members of the League.

Due to the interest shown at the show last year, the management is looking forward to a total attendance of over half a million visitors at this exposition. Everyone interested in appliances pertaining to a life in the open will appreciate the completeness of the display, and the ingenuity shown in the interior arrangement.

Special care is being taken to prevent having any exhibitor's booth spoil the picture and all booths must come up to specifications before they are erected.

Pine, birch and poplar will be used in this work with a general "chinking" of mud and moss. Stones to be used in the artificial lake are being brought from the streams of Minnesota. Fences to be used in separating the different varieties of fish will be woven of willow by Indians and other natives of the big woods.

Accuracy will be the keynote of information given visitors at the show. With this in view each booth will have a guide brought from that particular section of the country being exhibited to give first-hand information.

A particularly interesting exhibit of mounted fish and game will be on display in the Izaak Walton League Booths.

Prizes will be given by the management of the exposition for live game exhibits. The entries at present include elk, bear, wolves, moose, muskrat, porcupines, fox, mink, otter and badgers. There will also be exhibits of game birds, ducks, quail, geese, pheasant, prairie chicken.

All these live exhibits will be returned to their native haunts at the close of the exposition, the management announces.

Representatives of summer resort companies, sporting goods equipment manufacturers and motor boat builders will have exhibits at the exposition. Everything will be displayed from the smallest fish hooks to complete camps.

Most of the real estate men having camps for sale have stipulated in their contracts that no tree, shrub, fallen log, or weed be removed from the land purchased. These men realize the value of conserving the natural appearance of the wild country and are fast spreading the gospel of conservation throughout their various communities.

Boy Scouts will also be on hand to direct and explain to the visitors why they should be allowed to have some of the sport that is rapidly disappearing before the axe, drainage engineer and careless camper who sets fire to the forests.

Painted for A. R. Co. by Tony Sarg. © ARCO, 1924

Suppose your cook-stove spoiled one-third of your food!

YOU wouldn't hesitate to get rid of it. The cost of the wasted food would soon equal the cost of a good stove. Keeping the old one would be the most short-sighted economy.

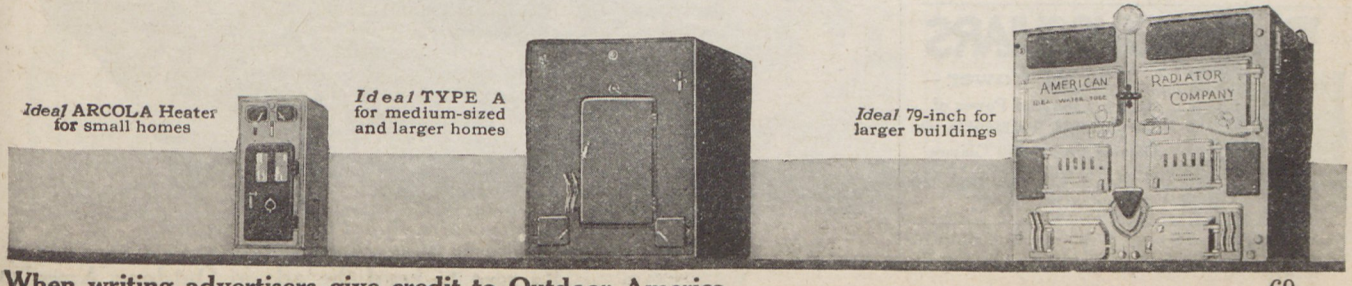
Yet you may be making a mistake in your cellar which you would never make in your kitchen. For if you have an old-fashioned heater, it is probably wasting at least one-third of your coal.

Coal is high; a one-third saving is quite an item; over a period of years it would pay for a modern boiler several times.

Let us send you a book that tells about the IDEAL TYPE A if your home is large; or about ARCOLA if your home is small. Merely write on a postal card your name, address, and the number of rooms in your house and mail it to the office below.

IDEAL BOILERS
COAL · OIL · GAS
and AMERICAN RADIATORS
save fuel

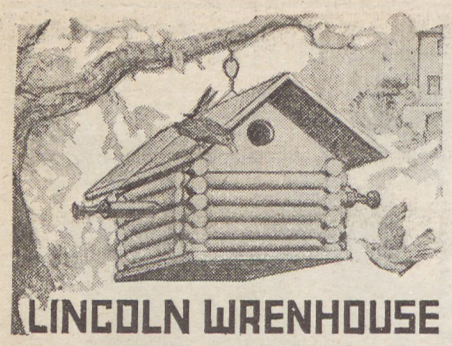
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor
Dept. 119-A 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
Branches in all principal cities



Ideal ARCOLA Heater for small homes

Ideal TYPE A for medium-sized and larger homes

Ideal 79-inch for larger buildings



LINCOLN WRENHOUSE

Price $1.00 delivered--Four for $3.50

Invite a family of these little feathered friends to be your guests for the summer. Enjoy their songs.

This bird house is artistic and practical, designed by the makers of the famous Lincoln Logs. Made of wood tinted a soft brown that attracts the birds. It comes knocked down and is easily put together.

JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT, Inc.
249 E. Erie Street Chicago

Please mail at once, postage prepaid
1 Lincoln Wren House for $1.00.
4 Lincoln Wren Houses for $3.50.

I enclose herewith $.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Money back if not satisfied.

DUPLEX AUTOMOBILE ICE BOX

ICE COLD Food and Drinks

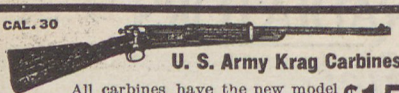
Hot days—dusty roads—you can have ice cold, refreshing food and drinks with the handy, compact Duplex Automobile Ice Box. Fits inside the luggage carrier on the running board. Ice in separate water-tight case. Ample space for food, separate compartment with holder for two bottles or jars. Insulated by the famous Duplex Fireless Cooker process. Dust tight. Weighs 17½ lbs., 20 inches long, 10½ inches high. Modest in price. Try it on your next trip.

Your sporting goods dealer can show you or write today for folder and name of nearest dealer.

DURHAM MFG. CO.
70 Durham St., Muncie, Ind.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FIRELESS COOKERS

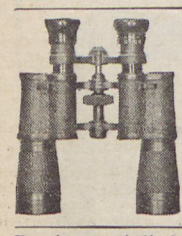
CAL. 30



U. S. Army Krag Carbines

All carbines have the new model 1899 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Gov't. and are equal to new. Krag Sporting Rifles, $14. Krag Rifles, $12.50. Also Krag parts. $15

SEND FOR KIRK'S COMPLETE CATALOG
W. Stokes Kirk, 1627-CM, N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



BINOCULARS

3 to 24 Power

Every Type and Power of FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES, Etc.

Catalog Free — 200 Glasses.

DU MAURIER CO., Dept. M-5
ELMIRA, N. Y.

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

WELCOME May with your birds and your trout fishing!

Isn't that the way you feel about this month which is now at hand? It's the month when the bird fan and fisherman gets in his innings along the favorite stream. And it's a grand and glorious experience to engage in a few bouts with the trout gang with the music of the songsters in a fellow's ears. Here's hoping every one of you get away this month for a little fishing jaunt and don't forget to take along a small pair of field glasses with you as when the trout become persnickety and ignore your offerings you can take it easy for a while as you get acquainted with the birds. May is warbler time—the month when the insect eating birds come north. Toward the end of April and in May when insect life is more plentiful the insectivorous birds are on the move and then migration becomes more regular. So May is a great month for the bird fans. Every year at this time we like to get out and see how many of the warblers we can see. Ever tried this game? It really is fun and remembering that many of the warblers are gay colored birds, one is assured of seeing some mighty handsome migrants. We have had pet birds of various kinds and while in South America several mammals, including monkeys, marmosets and coatis (South American raccoons), were a part of our caravan as we covered many hundreds of miles by stream and horseback, but a pet owl has never decorated our shack. But here is Mrs. G. H. Robbins of Angelica, New York, with a story about a pet owl in her neighborhood. Mrs. Robbins writes:

"I am enclosing a snapshot of our neighbor, Clifford Green, and his pet owl, "Misery." The bird measures 44 inches from the tip of one wing to the other. Last Thanksgiving day Mr. Green shot this owl and broke the tip of one wing. He then brought him home and "Misery" has led a happy life upstairs in the barn catching mice and rats. He never tries to go away, although he has every chance. Mr. Green brings him in the house, where he perches on a chair while all of us admire him. This certainly shows that wild birds can be tamed with patience and kindness."

Yes, owls can be tamed and they make quite affectionate pets. As we recall it, a member of Theodore Roosevelt's exploring party in Brazil in 1914 had a small owl about the size of our screech owl and it became very tame after a short time.

G. H. Nichols of Norfolk, Nebraska, has sent us a picture of a splendidly mounted owl. He writes that the specimen is one of the finest ever seen near Clearwater, Nebraska. It certainly looks like a dandy judging from the picture which

Notice

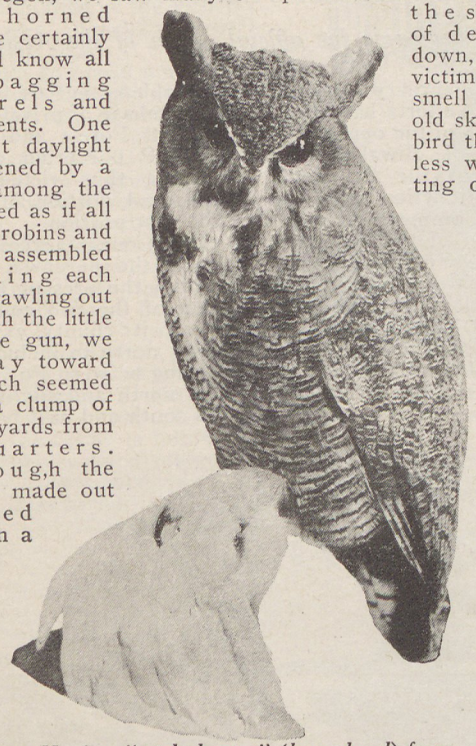
FOR various reasons over which ye Ed has no control the judges in the Bird-lore Photographic Contest have not yet been able to pick the winner. They are now at work on this task. So stand by, mates, the winner will positively be announced in the June issue of this magazine.

"Who's afraid?" questions Mrs. Ruffed Grouse on her nest. Credit Photo by W. E. Hastings.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

shows this bird of prey with his "feather horns" prominently displayed.

When we were in the west one year trapping, hunting and fishing in the vicinity of the Steins Mountains in southeastern Oregon, we saw many of the big western horned owls. They are certainly fine hunters and know all the tricks of bagging ground squirrels and other small rodents. One morning about daylight we were awakened by a clamoring among the birds. It sounded as if all the jays, crows, robins and other birds had assembled and were calling each other names. Crawling out of our shack with the little twenty-gauge gun, we worked our way toward the racket, which seemed to come from a clump of trees about 100 yards from our sleeping quarters. Sneaking through the trees we finally made out an adult horned owl perched on a limb while around him the birds were fluttering and shrieking. How the jays, crows and other birds do love the owl family—not! It didn't take us long to annex Mr. Owl with our twenty gauge as specimens were wanted for scientific purposes. So the big bird finally lodged in an eastern museum. One of the things that we were greatly interested in at the time was the food habits of the owl. So an examination was made along this line. We found that this particular bird had been waging war on the ground squirrels during the early morning hour. So Mr. Owl was on the side of the rancher as ground squirrels are a great pest annually destroying many thousands of dollars' worth of grain in the west. The big western horned owl is rather fond of skunks, too. Investigations have proved that this fellow doesn't mind the skunk's deadly method of defense, but swoops down, grabs the unfortunate victim and regardless of the smell dines upon the poor old skunk. We know of no bird that is so blamed careless when it comes to putting on the feed bag. Do you? Skunks, ground squirrels, weasels, it's all the same to the big owl. Although this bird does some good by preying upon pests, such as the ground squirrels, the scientists tell us that the big horned owl is also a killer of many useful birds. In fact, this species usually is considered a deadly enemy of game birds and on preserves where efforts are being made to raise game birds they wage war on the big owls. As a rule horned owls may be in a community for some time before they are seen as they are night hunters. When the sun sinks below the horizon the big fellows get active and leaving their roosting place set sail for their hunts. A wonderfully quiet, noiseless flyer, the bird skims over the country like a shadow and woe unto the luckless rabbit, skunk or other mammal which this big bird goes after.



Here's a "night hunter" (horned owl) from Nebraska.

Mr. Nichols has also sent us a note

(Continued on page 82)

"Where's the grub?" say these tame wild ducks. Photo by George H. High.

PATENTED

Aladdin Thermalware Jar

Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold

Brewster Green

Gallon Size

U. S. Standard

NOW $5

$5.50 in far West; $7.50 in Canada.

For fishermen, hunters — plenty of hot coffee or iced drinks.

Enough for All Day!

Drive until you locate the prettiest spot and everyone is hungry. Then, without delay, serve a savory hot, home-cooked dinner from the big gallon Aladdin Thermalware Jar.

Tender chicken, potatoes, gravy, stews, "wienies"—eight pounds—enough for all. Your fill of frosty lemonade, milk, water—or fragrant hot coffee—from another Aladdin Jar.

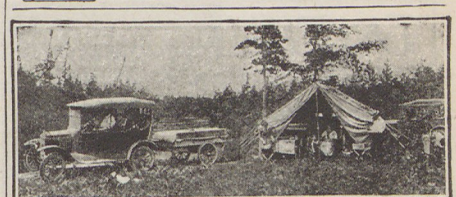
Aladdin Jars—the *original* and *largest selling* thermal jars—are rustproof, wearproof, leakproof and sanitary throughout.

Duplicated in size and color only. Get the genuine Aladdin with patented leakproof neck-seal and eleven other exclusive features.

Green enameled, steel jacketed jar with nonporous porcelain-like inner, gallon size, now $5. "De Luxe" models (polished aluminum, ebony striped, glass lining): Gal. $8.50; 2-qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west. $2.50 more in Canada.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc., CHICAGO

Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request



A Summer Home on Wheels

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12 x 14 ft. tent, waterproof, space under tent in which to cook and eat meals; every convenience for comfort; light and rigid, trails perfectly.

Trailers $78.00 and up.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO., CLARE, MICH.

FOR SALE: A few membership shares in the Rainbow Rod & Gun Club, situated on the Pere Marquette River between Baldwin and Branch, Lake Co., Mich. For further information inquire of **C. J. Hansen, Secy., Ludington, Mich.**

RUSSELL'S

"Apache"

FORMERLY known as the "Scout Special", choicest of *genuine* moccasins for camp and outing wear. Shaped to natural lines of the foot. Made in chocolate and gray elkskin with rubber or flexible, sturdy Maple-Pac soles.

RUSSELL'S

"Bogie"

The true moccasin golf shoe—comfortable and flexible. Plenty of room for toes and yet good support for the instep. Crepe rubber soles. Furnished all one color or a combination lustrous and dull brown. Also made of imported waterproofed veals. Shoe or oxford heights, all sizes.

Meet us at the Travel and Outdoor Life Exposition at Chicago Coliseum May 12-17. See the materials which are put into Russell Moccasin Footwear and watch our shoemakers make the famous "Ike Walton".

If your dealer doesn't sell Russell's, write for our illustrated catalog.

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

EVER since the February meeting at Duluth, earnest efforts have been made by the chairman of the opposition, Geo. H. Lommen of Biwabik, and prominent member of the St. Louis County Club, in conjunction with the Duluth Chamber of Commerce to reach a satisfactory solution of the tax problems affected by the Fuller Bill. To this end consultations were held with the Attorney General at St. Paul, and its findings embodied in an amendment. This was to be submitted to representatives of Commercial Clubs from the Range cities and delegates from the Counties of St. Louis, Lake and Cook and other interests directly affected. To that end a meeting was called at Eveleth, Minn., March 22d. This, the writer was invited to attend and found assembled there other members of our

problems agrees to the following:

Purchase of private lands within the present Forest and A TWO MILE STRIP bordering on the boundary waters, thus virtually consolidating the west portion of the Forest with the east portion.

Cook County agrees:

To the purchase of private lands within the present Forest; consolidation of the two component parts lying in its county, extension of boundaries north to include all lands intervening between Forest and Canada on the north and slight enlargements of its south and east boundaries.

Curtain Falls, where Crooked Lake falls into Iron Lake.

Just what the total of these additions will be is hard to say at this time, but they will no doubt leave the Forest in its new entirety short of two million acres.

A review of the situation reveals the

lows Lake Superior from Duluth to Port Arthur, Canada.

Press notices and editorials since the meeting all speak in the highest terms of the amended bill. The Duluth Herald, a most persistent opponent of the Fuller from the very outset, editorially comments on the meeting thus:

"Now that the bill has been amended by agreement so that it simply consolidates the divided sections of the Superior National Forest, and fully safeguards local interests, the Herald believes that the measure should by all means be passed. The Superior National Forest should be consolidated. This bill will do it without impairing sound local interests. As it stands, after Northeastern Minnesota is through with it, it is a good bill and should become a law."

The News Tribune of Duluth, under an editorial, titled: "On solid ground now" at somewhat greater length discusses the new features in the amendment and sums up the result as follows: "Apparently most of the good features of the old plan have been retained and virtually all of the drawbacks have been eliminated. Northern Minnesota can now advertise that it has a great national forest to offer campers and tourists and it can advertise to settlers the fact that the government has selected and set aside the land that is worthless for agriculture, and that what is left is presumably capable of development."

The amendment will be forwarded to Congressman Fuller and Senator McNary as soon as it has been put into legal phraseology. It then is up to our friends to get behind H. R. 488 and S. 2563 and see that it becomes a law.

Also wish to impress you again that we earnestly solicit your membership in our organization at a dollar a year, to enable us to carry on this work to a successful finish. You can reach me at 3-1 Shaw Street, Rockford, Ill. The membership entitles you to a map of the forest and the bulletin service of our association which is apart from that of this column, and is carried on in the interest of our friends, who are desirous of visiting the forest. These bulletins give seasonal forest conditions and much pertinent data for anyone contemplating a trip into the forest.

Reviewing the accomplishments of that afternoon at Eveleth I am convinced that the counties, communities and the people of the United States have been most fortunate in the decision reached. It has materially enhanced the value of the Superior National Forest from both an economic and recreational standpoint. The addition of Rainy Lake, Kapatogama, and Namakon to the existing boundary waters adds immeasurably to the original scheme. While only a part of Rainy Lake is included, all trips will start from its western extremity at Fort Francis. The railway from Duluth to this point, the Duluth, Winnipeg and Pacific, make this part accessible from Duluth or from any of the Range cities; or one may stop off at Cook, take the regular motor stage to Crane Lake and shorten the trip to Lac La Croix several days.

The new boundary waters run through 23 townships, a distance of 138 miles latitudinally. A careful survey will no doubt stretch this into a water trip of about two hundred miles along the Canadian border, without once leaving public domain. Thus one may travel from Fort Francis over the trails of

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

Summer's comin' *in the Great North Woods*

Put away those much-thumbed pictures, quit dreaming of those golden hours in Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes. Plan now for more fun, more fish, more pictures, more health-giving days among the pines. Go early.

Illustrated folder containing maps, list of resorts, etc., sent free on request.

Pre-season Service to NORTHERN WISCONSIN-UPPER MICHIGAN

Leave Chicago 5:00 P. M. Standard Time

May 29th—June 3rd-6th-10th

The Wisconsin Lakes Special to the Great Vacation Country

Effective June 12th

—leaves Chicago daily, except Sunday, 7:00 P. M. (Standard Time,) arriving Northern Resorts early next morning. Returning, arrives Chicago, 7:15 A. M. (Standard Time). Standard Pullman, drawing room and open section sleeping cars, observation-lounging car, serving buffet luncheon and breakfast. Ashland Limited leaves Chicago 5:00 P. M., daily.

Season, 30-day and week-end bargain vacation fares will be in effect

Chicago Passenger Terminal

For folder and information, apply to

C. A. CAIRNS, Passenger Traffic Manager

Chicago & North Western Ry.

226 W. Jackson St., Chicago

(48)

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 8.

VL&A

SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE

No. 64 W

Copy on Request

Lowest Market Prices

Fine Tackle—Camping Equipment
Golf and Tennis

Von Lengerke & Antoine
130 South Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

THOMPSON
BETTER-BUILT BOATS

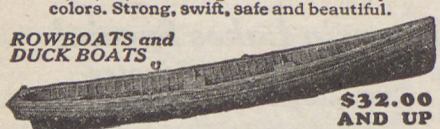
The best that skill and experience can produce—at real money saving prices. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

CANOES "Safety First"

$45.00 AND UP

15, 16, 17, 18 ft. long. Finished in any colors. Strong, swift, safe and beautiful.

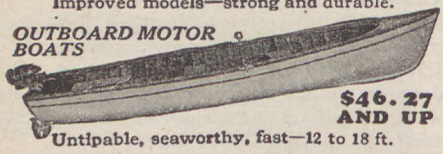
ROWBOATS and DUCK BOATS



$32.00 AND UP

Improved models—strong and durable.

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS



$46.27 AND UP

Untipable, seaworthy, fast—12 to 18 ft.

MOTOR BOATS 2 to 45 miles

$325.10 AND UP

With or without engine, 18 to 26 ft. long. For lakes, rivers, shallow water, weeds.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail

Please state kind of boat you are interested in.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
407 Ellis Ave. Peshtigo, Wis.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

Sieur du Lhut in perfect comfort, trails that are but little altered from the days of this hardy explorer. One may pass through this incomparable wilderness, animated by its native wild life, moose, bear, deer, beaver and the lesser forest animals, see its varied bird life amid its wilderness setting.

Director M. W. Peterson, Wilderness Outfitter at Ely, assures us of a much enlarged equipment to take care of many additional tourists this summer. To those of you who have not been so fortunate as to make Peter's acquaintance I heartily recommend his brand of service.

Director C. M. Hillman of Two Harbors, Editor of the Lake County Chronicle, and his associates, Wm. L. Barker, Jr., Forest Assistant, Ely, Minn., Robert M. Kerr, Taxpayers League, Duluth, and Marshall B. Elson, Secretary of the St. Louis Country Club, Gilbert, Minnesota, will hereafter relieve the writer of filling this column. The correspondence in connection with the forest has grown to such proportions, that assistance had to be found in some manner. I shall, no doubt, contribute brief topics from time to time in matters of policy.

Write to your senator in support of S. 2563.

The Superior is full of enticing canoe trails. This one is Horse River and leads into Crookd Lake

AMENDMENT

Section 2. That the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to purchase, in the name of the United States, subject to the reservations and limitations herein expressed, lands within the territory and of the character described in section 1; Provided, That no lands shall be purchased under this Act until the report thereon shall have been submitted to, and the purchase price of such lands approved by, the National Forest Reservation Commission established by the Act approved March 1, 1911 (volume 36, Statutes at Large, page 961), which commission is hereby authorized to consider and pass upon such of said lands as are voluntarily offered for sale by the owners, and which the Secretary of Agriculture may recommend for purchase, and the said commission is hereby authorized to determine, agreeably to the owners thereof, the price or prices at which such lands may be purchased; PROVIDED FURTHER, That no payments shall be made for any such lands until title shall be satisfactory to the Attorney General and shall be vested in the United States, and no title shall be accepted unless and until all taxes and assessments heretofore levied are paid; And provided further, That the National Forest Reservation Commission shall, through its president, annually report to Congress, not later than the first Monday in December, the operations and expenditures of the commission during the preceding fiscal year.

Section 3. In furtherance of this Act the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to accept on behalf of the United States, subject to the reservations and limitations herein expressed, title to any lands in private ownership in said territory which, in the opinion of the Secretary of Agriculture, are chiefly valuable for the production of timber or for the protection of stream flow, and in exchange therefor may patent not to exceed an equal value of national forest land in the same state, or the Secretary of Agriculture may authorize the grantor to cut and remove an equal value of timber within the national forests of the same state, the values in each such case to be determined by the Secretary of Agriculture: PROVIDED, That timber given in such exchanges shall be cut and removed under the laws and regulations relating to the national forests and under the direction and supervision and in accordance with the requirements of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Section 4. That the acquisition of any lands under this Act may be conditioned upon the exception and reservation to the owner from whom title passes to the United States of the merchantable timber, or any part of it, upon such lands at the date of conveyance, but in every case such exceptions and reservations and the time within which such timber shall be removed and the rules and regulations under which cutting and removal of such timber shall be done shall be expressed in the written instrument of conveyance, and thereafter the cutting and removal of the timber so excepted and reserved shall be done only under and in obedience to the rules and regulations so expressed. There is hereby excepted from the title and interest in and to land acquired hereunder by the United States, and there is hereby reserved to the owner thereof from whom said land is so acquired, his heirs and assigns, forever, all minerals therein contained, with the right to such owner, his heirs and assigns, to enter upon and occupy such lands for the purpose of exploring for and removing said minerals therefrom and to occupy so much of the surface of such lands as is reasonably necessary to carry on the business of mining, and to that end may erect structures, shafts, docks, trestles and railroad right-of-way and equipment incident to the carrying on of said mining business: PROVIDED, That the State of Minnesota and its political subdivisions shall have the right to levy, assess, and collect taxes upon any right, title, or interest in minerals or timber or both which are so excepted and reserved from the title to any lands passing to the United States under the provisions of this Act, and no lands shall be acquired hereunder subject to such exceptions or reservations until after June 1st, 1925: PROVIDED FURTHER, That said exceptions and reservations and all rights and property included therein and in the minerals and timber affected thereby and all structures and improvements upon said lands shall forever be subject to taxation and assessment by the State of Minnesota and its political subdivisions.

Section 5. That not more than 50,000 acres shall be acquired hereunder in any calendar year; and no land shall be purchased by the United States hereunder which is now liable for the payment of the present bonded indebtedness of any city, village, town, or school district, so long as the bonds evidencing said indebtedness remain unpaid.

Section 6. That nothing in this Act shall be construed as giving to the United States, or its acting officials, the right of eminent domain or the power to acquire any private lands without the full consent of the rightful owners thereof.

Section 7. That the lands conveyed to the United States under this Act shall, upon acceptance of the title, become a part of the Superior National Forest and be subject to all the laws and regulations applicable thereto, and all lands acquired under the terms of this Act shall be entitled to the same privileges and benefits as other national forest lands.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

A Boy and A Badger

(Continued from page 21)

he appreciate the slab board house we built for him, preferring to dig holes into the ground in which to live. We staked him out to watch him dig. When starting a hole his paws worked like machinery, the front ones in perfect harmony with the hind ones, throwing dirt several feet into the air.

All went well until he dug out a young apple tree, one as precious to my father as was the famous cherry tree to Mr. Washington. It was the sole survivor of several dozen young trees bought at Walla Walla at great expense, hauled in a wagon over two hundred miles, and carefully transplanted and cared for. The wrath of my father was great. He threatened to kill the pesky badger.

As time went on Mat continued to occupy even a greater place in our hearts, but Father did not like him. He was prejudiced against him. It made no difference what happened around the ranch Mat received the blame.

Finally the climax came. A tragic thing happened. One night some wild animal raided the poultry yard and chicken coop, sucked the eggs, killed some little chicks, and played havoc with a setting of little ducks. Mat had broken his chain the same night.

The depredations of skunks, foxes, hawks, weasels and other enemies of poultry for months past were all dug up, reviewed, elaborated upon and charged up against poor Mat. Ed Arthur, the trapper, wanted Mat's pelt, and it was determined that the next day as he passed our house Mat was to be taken away.

During the day I suffered as only a boy can suffer. My heart was broken. All night I rolled and tossed in a frenzy of pity and fear.

Toward morning I thought of a way out of the difficulty. It meant the loss of my pet, but he would live. I quickly made a decision. As the sun was beginning to illuminate the east I silently left the bed, dressed and stole away in the partial darkness. I untied Mat's chain and started toward Crab Creek, leading him. It was a beautiful morning, with prairie birds singing, dew drops on the shrubbery and dainty wild flowers peeking out from under the grass, but I had no time and little inclination to enjoy the charms of nature.

As I hurried on as fast as bare feet could carry me to the native haunt of my little companion, I was concerned regarding his future welfare. Could he find his old home again, or had he forgotten it? Would his mother recognize him? Would he be able to take care of himself if left alone?

Soon I reached the place where I had made the capture several months before.

I took the collar from his neck, let him go, and bolted away. I ran with all my might for several hundred feet, then turned and looked around. Mat was standing in the path fondly looking at me, apparently without suspicion that I was intending to leave him forever. He seemed to think that I was only playing. I paused a moment, and he started toward me, his eyes showing confidence and affection. I turned and ran perhaps a quarter of a mile, and again looked back. My little play fellow was not to be seen. Mat had passed from my life forever.

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Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

THE Editor of this column is mighty grateful for the instantaneous response to our request—that trapshooters write for this column: But, there must be a lot more, if we make the page worthy a place in this Magazine, and it is up to the Sportsmen and Sportswomen, to do it.

A lot of busy people are writing for the Magazine; so give us a little of YOUR time, and let us get far enough ahead, so that we will not be alarmed at the call of "COPY!!!"

The leading article, which is unsigned is submitted by one of the leading Golfers, of the country, who is also a great Trap shot, and we all appreciate his friendly council.

Los Angeles is working for a Municipal Trap grounds at Griffith Park. The greatest tourist city on earth, should have the best Trap shooting facilities. Get after the City Fathers boys, and show them what it means, and they will come across.

Phoenix, Arizona, has a very prosperous club, and some good amateurs. All they need is a Reception Committee, to see that strangers are properly introduced and cared for, and they will have a big crowd at every shoot.

That is a mistake many young clubs make. Don't overlook the fact that Trapshooters are human, and like to be introduced to their squad members.

Golf Technics for Trapshooters

I AM submitting this item to the editor of the trapshooting department of "Outdoor America," incognito, for the reason that while I am an enthusiastic lover of both sports, and have a host of friends scattered over the country in both lines, I have never advanced either at golf or trapshooting beyond the average stage, not in the dub class, I insist, but you understand the position I hold "just in between" and any suggestions coming from one of such ability would not sound well.

My purposes in submitting this item is that it may encourage golfers to take up trapshooting and trapshooters to take up golf, and that my suggestions may help each to attain a good score in either sport once in a while to encourage persistent effort to reach the height of the top-notchers.

I have made a study of the rudiments of each sport and find the essentials necessary for consistent good scores the same in both. Of course there are requisites in each that have no bearing in the other for golf and trapshooting are entirely different except as to some basic requirements.

I am going to take golf as the standard for the reason that it has been studied by more individuals, both amateur and professional and is indulged in by many more devotees than is the patriotic sport.

First I mention the stance. This will not mean much to the exclusive trapshooter for in that line it might be called "position." A good competent golf instructor will tell you at your first lesson to take a stance that feels comfortable and not cramped so as to leave your swing free. This advice is even more important in trapshooting, as in golf you swing only in one direction while at the traps you must be prepared to swing to either angle. You will notice in either sport many freak stances and positions, but at the end of the year in either you will find the boys at the top who take easy positions.

Second I mention the "follow thru." This is again a golf term and foreign to the trigger pullers, but for this class I will explain that whatever it is in golf it is entirely essential for the perfect flight of a golf ball as to distance and direction. For the trapshooter it means this; that for a consistent high score the shooter must carry his gun thru on the angles and not jump at them and then stop the gun abruptly. Of course we have freak shots known as "snap shooters" who stop the gun on all targets and a few attain good averages with this method, but it is a dangerous practice for the very large percentage of top-notchers.

Third I mention what is known in golf as "staying over the ball." In trapshooting it might be known as "hugging the gun." Anyway the results will be about as disastrous in either case if this admonition is not followed. Every golfer who has got anywhere with his game has had the idea of keeping the head down and the eye on the ball until it is gone, instilled into him either thru will power or by the harsh commands of his instructor, and so many unexplained misses at the traps occur thru the fault of raising the head away from the gun or of lowering the gun away from the cheek before the shot is fully completed that this must be classed as an essential. Such a slight interval of time in this particular is responsible for disastrous or good results in either golf or at the traps that it is hard for the participant to realize that he has committed an error; but in golf I have found that this fraction of a second is essential, and that there is a difference between "looking at the ball" and "staying over the ball" and a golfer making a poor shot will insist that he "looked at it," and no doubt he did, but the experienced player will know that he looked at it but failed to stay over it until it was on its way. The same fraction of a second is necessary in trapshooting to complete the shot before the eye is raised away from the level of the barrel or before the gun is started to lower from the cheek.

Fourth, I mention the "time." The proficient golfer will tell you that a great deal depends on timing the swing and you will find the par players making every swing in perfect rhythmic

time, not jumping at the ball with one stroke, and taking a slow swing at the next. The same applies to target-breaking. The 95 per cent and better average man will, as a rule, take a trifle longer time on his angles than on straight-a-ways, but you will not find him snapping one target and riding the next one out. He must find him a certain time to shoot either by going after his angles a little faster, or by pointing out his straight-a-ways a trifle longer, but in any event he must find his "time."

These are two clean sports made up as a whole by the highest types of sportsmen, and they should know each other. You golf bugs hunt up the trap club in your city and you confirmed gun toters go out and try and make that little pock-marked ball do what you want it to and you will all find it worth while.

Mr. Editor:

Just a few "NEVERS" for the benefit of Sons' whose Fathers' NEVER tell them how to handle a gun.

F. S. CUMMINGS.

ALWAYS carefully examine a gun and see if it is loaded.

"Didn't know it was loaded"—is no excuse. You SHOULD KNOW.

NEVER hand a gun to anyone, without first unloading it.

NEVER point a gun at anyone loaded—or not.

NEVER shoot a rifle at any object—tin cans, glass bottles or stones, if anyone is near your target, on either side. Your bullets are liable to glance.

NEVER follow behind anyone without your gun on SAFETY.

NEVER get over fences without looking at your SAFETY catch.

NEVER take your gun in an automobile or in a rig, without first UNLOADING it.

ALWAYS be SAFE, FIRST, LAST, and at ALL TIMES.

SAFETY FIRST.

Cut This Out, Boys, and Paste It in Your Club House or Have It Framed for Your Den. **The Editor.**

The Eagles of Alaska

The Alaska eagle is the American eagle. A bounty has been put on its head because it occasionally catches a salmon. Man takes 10,000 salmon daily, while the eagle takes two or three. Some kind of a makeshift reason always is ready as an excuse for killing the wild birds. It is as nothing that life has gone from sky line and from the landscape.

Some thousands of white-headed eagles have been killed in Alaska by bounty seekers. An attempt is being made by nature lovers to secure the repeal of the bounty law. They are having hard work to get a hearing. The eagle killers make money in their trade and cash being the base of the evil, it will be difficult to uproot it.

There are comparatively few eagles in the United States proper. Friends of the birds thought that the eagle had a safe refuge in Alaska, but persecution has found it out there as elsewhere.

If birds of prey were as prolific as the song birds there would be some hope that even after years of persecution they could come back into their own. The eagle families, however, are small. Frequently there is only one eaglet to a nest. The bounty law of Alaska should be repealed and we hope that Gov. Scott Bone, who is known as a nature lover, will use his influence to save a noble bird from extinction.

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A Bust of Izaak Walton

President of Izaak Walton League views bust of Izaak Walton as sculptor, James Cady Ewell, puts on the finishing touches.

SO numerous became the requests for busts of the Master Angler, to be used as permanent ornamentations in the Clubs and Meeting Rooms of the Chapters throughout America, that we went on a still hunt for a suitable original from which to have copies made—only to discover the amazing fact that, so far as we have been able to learn after a great deal of investigation, no bust or sculptural likeness of Izaak Walton has ever been created, either here or abroad, in past or present times.

So we have commissioned James Cady Ewell, one of the most eminent of our American sculptors, to create an original life-size work. This model was unveiled at the Convention, with due ceremony and acclaim. And it will be an event, inasmuch as our great Patron will there receive his first dedication in everlasting clay.

As a work of art, the bust has won high praise from those art critics who have been privileged to view Mr. Ewell's work in the course of its development. The original will become a permanent fixture at the Chicago Headquarters of the League.

It is our plan to have reproductions cast from this original model, to be furnished Chapters and individuals desiring one or more of these portrayals of the Master Angler. Information concerning these reproductions can be obtained by writing to M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary of the League, at Headquarters.

The State-wide Menace of Stream Pollution in Illinois

(Continued from page 19)

river system is being used for sewage purposes. Practically all the large streams that flow into it receive more or less sewage. Although a State wide detailed survey has not been made, there is reason to believe smaller municipalities also are polluting the tributaries, so that from all parts of the river basin filth and organic waste are being conveyed to the main streams and thence to the river itself.

In its 1921 report the Commission says: "During the last year complaints have been received from numerous farm organizations, where streams have been so polluted by industrial waste or city sewage as to prevent their natural and lawful use for agricultural or other legitimate purposes."

Specific mention is made of conditions at Joliet, Ottawa, Seneca, Morris and Elgin. It is stated that the "Desplaines and Illinois rivers are badly polluted, and for years have been unfit for bathing and domestic uses as far down as Peoria. The stench at times in the summer is offensive and also a damage to navigation."

"Several states have laws regarding sewage treatment to avoid stream pollution. Such a law would be a progressive step in Illinois of great public benefit."

Befouling the Mississippi

THE Mississippi river we have heard referred to as an open sewer. One will not allude to what other states are doing to it. It is enough to speak of the offenses against it in our own Commonwealth. The Father of Waters must forsooth be forced to hold his nose when a whiff comes his way.

At Quincy, the sewage is emptied into the river above the city water, which, however, is far out in the channel. The sewage and factory waste of Moline, partially treated, go into the

(Continued on page 81)

Walloping the Wavey

(Continued from page 22)

of course we were unprepared. One bright morning we were working our way into the north bay by pulling our boat over a spillway when Doc came to a point and pushed the glasses into my hands. Holy smoke, there they were—a mile of them, and right at the water's edge (as a matter of fact they were three-quarters of a mile from where we had to leave the boat and wade in the mud). What a sight—they made you think of a long low bank of snow and the sun tinted them rose and yellow and purple, and I know not what. The clamor they set up brought vivid memories of a big day in the stockyards with a dog show as a side issue. It surely looked like the day of days, and here we were miles from the club with no equipment but a spade. Sitting Bull in his palmiest days never held a more impromptu council of war. The ideas expressed killed a lot of time but were quite inoffensive as far as the geese were concerned. Our last wavy shoot was brought up. Our equipment, a dozen table napkins, and a dozen bath towels spread out on the mud, and the snow geese decoyed to that wash day layout, and we killed the limit, but we had nothing like that aboard the lugger.

Fortunately our party included one of the world's greatest goose "hunters" and in passing let me draw a slight distinction between a goose hunter and a goose shooter. In the person of one Tommy Tallmadge we had a mentor to whom there is no such word as "fail." We waited for the goose expert to come up and allowed him one and one-half minutes to survey the situation and come to a conclusion. Doc, being of a literary turn of mind, had brought along an ancient copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and suddenly an idea struck him so hard I had to grab him for fear he would go overboard—he gets that way. This tremendous idea was that if wavies would decoy to bath towels they would also decoy to pages of the Saturday Evening Post. With due regard for the powers of the publication in question, as an advertising medium, I was unconvinced when it came to decoying geese and stood my ground. Back in the club house were a dozen canton flannel atrocities which the owner claimed were the greatest goose decoys extant.

Tommy in anticipation of just this situation had engaged one of Chicago's leading tailors to make them. Being an architect by profession Tommy is responsible for the design. Between them they evolved something which had at least one virtue, for any self-respecting goose that got close enough to get a good look at the decoys would of a certainty be astonished to a point where temporary paralysis would result. This, of course, would have its advantages, and perhaps the designers had it in mind. The procedure was to stuff them with tulles and stake them up on willow pegs. When mounted they gave the casual observer cold chills for all the world, they looked like a herd of llamas with colic, and although by virtue of the latest constitutional amendment you may see almost anything, a flock of colicky llamas rampant on a field of mud, is a bit thick. But our mentor would not be denied, and not alone insisted that the canton flannel atrocities be fetched, but went so far as to select the fetcher. Nature having endowed me

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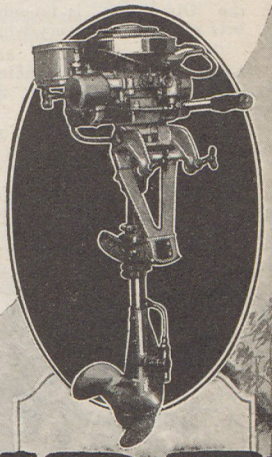

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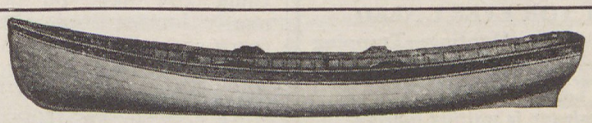

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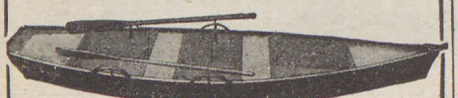

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(U. S. Licensed Post)

with long legs and as speed was the essence of the enterprise there was nothing I could offer by way of rebuttal. The inhabitants of this section of the country are for the most part Mormons, and their lives are the last word in compactness. Each little farm has its garden, its orchard, its stock, to say nothing of a multitude of children, but everything is raised within the domain of the owner which is properly fenced. One reason for this is the bootjack mud. No self-respecting Mormon cares to wander very far through this mud, and so regulates his life accordingly. When they picked on me for the job of getting the decoys I recognized, at least, some of the virtues of the Mormon line of reasoning.

Our party split up, the Doc and the mentor headed for the geese, and after all theirs was no rest cure. Before I got to the club house they put the geese up, and my attention was directed to them by the clamor. Even for so great a distance it was terrific, and the sight wonderful. It seemed as if all the geese in that section of the country were in the air, and what a sight it was and what a spur to my lagging energies. By the time I had made the trip and returned I was all in, but found the pits dug and everything in readiness for setting up the decoys. Now a word about these pits. As a kid I used to think that a sewer digger was the luckiest person in the world; he reveled in mud, and there was no one to tell him to clean up. When he came up from the level of where the clay or soil was wet and it pretty well covered him from head to foot he looked good to my childish fancy. It remained for me in my mature years to discover a pastime that makes sewer digging look like a lawn party.

The Bear River flats are so-called because of the vicinity of the Bear River and more particularly because they are flat. At a short distance they appear dry and inviting—step out, and this appearance fades, for a few inches below the surface of the blue gray mud the water begins and never stops. So although it is called diggins, that is purely vernacular and bailing is more accurate. When you dig a pit you finish sometime; when you bail a pit you bail ad infinitum. The pits when ready for occupancy are about four feet deep, the walls being wet, greasy cold blue mud. This mud has a faculty of completely covering the occupant within six minutes, so that except for one's movements one becomes a mud image. It takes about 15 minutes for the pit to fill up, so you must move or drown. Were it not for the climatic conditions the proper garb would be a bathing suit. As it is, within twenty minutes everything you have on becomes permanently impregnated with clay. I still carry some I acquired in 1916.

With the pits in readiness and the decoys set it seemed but a moment when a sotto voce from the mentor announced that they were coming and come they did. It seemed but a minute or two after we heard their yelps that a bunch of fifty were sailing right over our heads,—so low, so large that one could scarcely miss them. Before we could pick up, another bunch was on its way. Down in the mud and slime, and

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

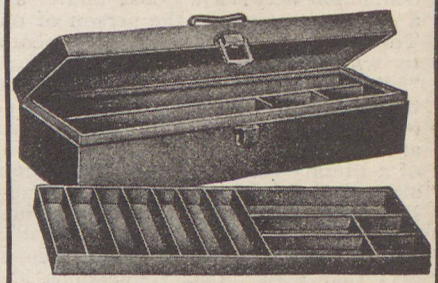
Dilg says *of* Tragic Fishing Moments

"Here I have given you the greatest collection of fishing stories I have ever read"

Fifty delightful, red-blooded stories by real, sure 'nuf fishermen. Handsome cloth and gold binding. Illustrated. $2.00 at your booksellers or direct by mail from

Reilly & Lee, Publishers
1010 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

HOBART WATERTITE *TACKLE BOXES*



Plugs, hooks, spinners, reels, gaff, lines, sinkers, etc., etc., etc. Oh, yes, and rods, room for three if necessary. And the water does not get in. Our seamed and soldered joints take care of that.

An olive green baked enamel finish over lead-coated, rust-resistant steel insures long and faithful service. Small sizes also. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. *Write for catalog.*

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. & 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dunphy Outboard

A NEW and improved outboard model 16 feet long and light enough for rowing (as now required by law in trolling) made to match the new light twin motors now so popular. Best white oak and northern cedar. Weight less than 200 lbs. This is the lightest, strongest boat for this purpose that ever left our shops.

New Model

Now in stock together with Outboard Canoes, "Indian Girls," hunting boats, row boats and high grade launches.

Write for Catalog—Free

DUNPHY BOAT MFG. CO.
Dept. C-4, EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new

Enough to Finish 5 guns $1.00

No Heating Is Necessary

NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
Dept. L. Bradford, Pa.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

a few breathless minutes and we rapped into them again. Three doubles on snow geese gave us a big thrill, and we staked up a couple in with the decoys. "Down," some one called, and we all did a prairie dog dive. Now came a bunch a little more wary—veering a little, just sort of flirting, but the llamas did the trick, and in they came. This time the mentor won the laurels for Doc and I both missed with the first barrel. I have since wondered what those geese thought was happening.—when three large mud balls rose up from a mud bed and cut loose into them. Well, they kept coming in bunches of from three to thirty, and in what seemed like no time we had collected twenty-four, which was what the law allowed. With empty guns we watched them come in flush, and tear away yelling like Indians. It was sport almost as good as shooting, for it was a day when ten limits might have been bagged.

When dusk began to settle we extricated ourselves from the mudholes, hours ago they had ceased to be pits. Of all the sights I can remember we were the dirtiest, wettest, slimiest trio, and thank heaven more than a thousand miles separated us from our own families. But, after all the Doc had his goose shoot, and we all agreed that in spite of everything his was a pretty good idea.

Illinois Stream Pollution

(Continued from page 78)

tail race and then into the Mississippi river channel at Rock Island. Rock Island pours the contents of its sewers into the Mississippi. The sewage and waste of the large city of East St. Louis are conveyed into the Mississippi river below the city.

Alton finds the river a convenient receptacle for its waste and sewage. Cairo's sewage and waste pours into the Ohio, and flows thence into the Mississippi. Other cities along both sides of the river from the north end of the state to the south end are abusing this magnificent waterway and contributing to its contamination.

For weeks and even months in low water, the river is likely to be a foul and filthy stream.

Rock River Threatened

TRIBUTARIES that flow into the Mississippi river are also polluted. Take Rock river, one of the most picturesque rivers in the state, and whose banks have been noted as picnic grounds. One of its tributaries is the Pecatonica river, and within the city limits of Freeport raw sewage flows into it in five places.

Rockford, the main city on the river, and known for the extent of its industries, turns its sewage into the river, and the report from Sterling, another good sized city, is of the same nature.

All this sewage must tend to make the river less desirable and a menace. Belleville, not far from the Mississippi, uses a small creek for sewage in part, although it has a disposal plant.

Shelbyville reported: "We are emptying everything into the Kaskaskia," and a similar answer came from Vandalia.

On the other side of the state one

(Continued on page 89)

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

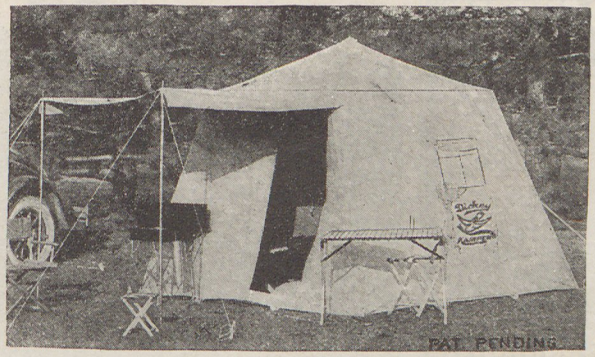
"every fisherman ought to own one of your tents!"

A dyed-in-the-wool member of the Izaak Walton League received his "Dickeybird-Kamper" the other day. His enthusiasm was so great he sat right down and wrote a letter. "Every fisherman should own one," he wrote.

—go fishin' with a—

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The Tent That Has No Center Pole!"



A fine tent for the fishing trip, easily carried and quickly erected. Square, two sizes 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft. No center pole, waterproof, won't blow down, drum-tight, priced right!

Fishermen everywhere praise it. Dickey-Sta-Lok and screw shaft arrangement (patent pending) eliminates center pole; locks tent drum-tight; insures greater comfort and convenience. In wet weather tent loosens from inside. Sewed-in floor, bobinette door.

There Is No Substitute for "Dickeybird" Quality!

"The Dickeybird Tent"

The "Dickeybird Tent" has won an enviable position in the tent world because of its fine workmanship, materials and conveniences and because it more than fulfills the camper's expectations. Sturdily built, with sewed-in floors, two doors and two windows. Ideal size 7x7 ft. with awning extension 7 ft. sq. Snake and insect proof—resists all storms. It was a prominent favorite last year—going *stronger* in 1924.

Write or wire TODAY for catalog just off press containing pictures, description and prices on the "Dickeybird" line. Dealer inquiries solicited.

The Dickey Manufacturing Co.

Exclusive Manufacturers "Dickeybird" Products

330 Tenth St. TOLEDO, OHIO

ITHACA WINS

Here is the first Ithaca gun, and it has stood use and abuse for *42 years*, not one cent was ever spent on it for repairs and it's in perfect working order and still outshoots all comers.

Catalog Free
Double guns for game $37.50 up.
Single barrel trap guns $100 up.
ITHACA GUN CO., Box 14 Ithaca, N.Y.

(Continued from page 71)

about an albino crow that was shot in Antelope county, Nebraska. Every once in a while one of these freak birds is seen or shot. They have a tough time as a pure white bird is a marked one wherever it may be. Mr. Nichols writing us about this Antelope county albino says:

"All through the summer of 1923 this bird was seen near a ranch in Antelope county, Nebraska. Its black brethren seemed to resent the special favor nature had bestowed upon it and drove it from their roosts in the cottonwood groves among the neighboring sand hills. The white crow finally took up its abode in a grove near the ranch house. Even there it was not immune from the attacks of its natural colored kin. At last apparently becoming possessed of a greater fear of its own kind than of man, it moved to a tree in the ranch house door yard. It was during the latter part of the summer that a strange disease broke out among the

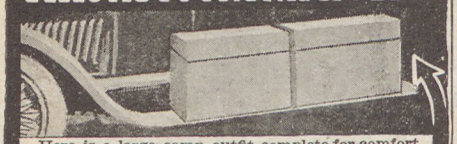
Clifford Green and his pet owl "Misery."

young pigs in that neighborhood. It spread rapidly and stockmen lost so many that they became alarmed. One ranchman took two of the carcasses to the state veterinarian at Lincoln. Examination was made and the malady was pronounced a form of typhus, very contagious and spread, no doubt, by some agent that was visiting the yards and pastures where the pigs ran. Further investigation revealed that there were no signs of the diseases upon ranches where crows had not been allowed to come. Acting up this theory the ranchmen began to make war upon crows. Crow shooting became so general that the ranchman who was harboring the white crow feared that some hunter would shoot it. Wishing to keep it as a rare specimen he tried to capture it alive. Not being able to do so he at last shot it and had it mounted.

"Among the thousands of crows that infest the Elkhorn valley, there has never before been known to exist a freak bird of this sort. Last February a crow shooting contest was staged between Antelope and Madison counties. More than thirteen thousand crows were killed. One or two displayed a few white, or rather, grayish feathers. All the rest were just, regular, normal, black crows."

(Continued on page 85)

THIS AUTO TRUNK HOLDS



Here is a large camp outfit complete for comfort. All contained in a trunk 56"x21"x10" carried on the running board. Completely folded inside is full equipment of

AUTO TOURIST BUNGALOO

1. Big Tent 9 ft. long, 6½ ft. wide, 6½ ft. high center, 6 ft. high sides. No center pole. A family tent.
2. Big Table 56 in. long by 36 in. wide. Folds to form box. This space can be used for extra bed.
3. Big Bed 6 ft. 6 in. long, 45 in. wide. Two use with comfort.
4. Benches for 6 people with lots of room for all.
5. Cupboard 112 in. of shelf space for dishes, etc. Curtains to divide sleeping quarters when 2 beds are used.
6. Windows netted and fitted with storm flaps, which can be raised or lowered from inside tent.

Strong, durable, guaranteed materials throughout. All parts interchangeable. Best workmanship. **Absolutely waterproof.** Fits into small auto trunk. Anyone able to open and close a folding bed can put this furnished bungaloo up in five minutes without tools, bolts, ropes or stakes. Handsome, light tan, highest quality duck, snappy green trim. **Weight only 150 lbs. Comfort** in camp with complete outfit **without trailer worry.**

TENTS of all kinds and sizes—exclusive patented features.

CHICAGO DEALERS:—Marshall Field & Company, Thos. E. Wilson & Company, The Fair, Boston Store. Send DIRECT to us for name of dealer in your town or nearest town and for our complete catalog of camp equipment sent FREE. **AGENTS** with cars, write for proposition.

THIS BIG CAMP OUTFIT

UNITED STATES TENT & AWNING CO.
723 N. SANGAMON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Attract Ducks—Fish by planting foods they love—Wild Rice and 35 other kinds. *Write for free folder*
Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Blk. 4L, Oshkosh, Wis.

Real living!

Your next vacation can be the best you've ever had if you camp out. There's nothing real men enjoy more. Our

TENTS *and Camp Equipment*

are the result of long experience. They're the kind used by guides and trappers—waterproof, light, practical, full weight and full size. Send for our new catalog—it's a guide to the outdoors.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.
Tentmakers for 80 years
Send for our Catalog No. 612
440 No. Wells St. Chicago, Ill.

BASS-HOUNS, 50c
TROUT-HOUNS, 30c

The deadliest flies ever devised for taking bass and trout. Their success is beyond belief. Made in both wet and dry patterns. Also furnished tied on Jamison barbless hooks. Dry fly fishing for bass is sport supreme. Write for my little book that tells you how. It's free. Dealers write for catalog and prices.
A. J. KOSHOLLEK, STEVENS POINT, WIS.

Anglers BEST FLIES

Get acquainted offer. Reversed, double tied wings. English, T. D. E. tested, hollow point hooks. Expert tying on perfect gut. Sizes 8 to 14, (state size) $1.20 per dozen assorted patterns, postpaid. Guaranteed. Return if don't suit. Quality Tackle, Fly and Rod Making Materials. Are you one of my Friendly Customers?
Catalog Free J. F. Willmarth, Roosevelt, N. Y.

Kinney's "Old Hickory" Casting Rods

will "OUTCAST" and "OUTLAST" any other rod. My "OVAL" rod IS A BIG WINNER. 10% off to members of Izaak Walton League of America. Rod Dope FREE. "GET IT." Address

"OLD HICKORY"
579 Wallcraft Ave., TAMPA, FLORIDA

FREE CATALOGUE ON TACKLE.
Reels-Lines-Baits-Etc.
Before you buy—See our catalogue showing tackle that you will want and need. Let us help you increase your catches. A Post Card Gets It.
GO-ITE MANUFACTURING CO. Kokomo, Ind.

HOW TO CATCH LARGE TROUT
Valuable to Fishermen
Get the Big Fellows. Only 25c a Copy.
FISHING METHODS COMPANY
RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN

SILK FISH LINES
For service and satisfaction try the Gold Seal tournament water-proof casting line. We sell direct to you, that means about half price; send stamp for samples.
SILKLINE CO., Dept. K, PEKIN, ILL.

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

Conservation in Thought, Word and Deed

(Continued from page 7)

is caught. The fine with which he is punished is more than paid for out of one night's drag. I have known of as high as three hundred ducks taken by one discharge of the heavy automatic guns on ponds at night. There have been a few isolated instances where judges of courage have given jail sentences and this has helped. However, all of this is completely unavailing as long as the demand is permitted in the hotels and restaurants of the city. Only by cutting off this demand can the supply be stopped, for your poacher will always find a way of meeting a remunerative demand. Now the fellow who nine times in ten goes into the restaurant and orders the duck is loudest in game conservation, and is very possibly himself a sportsman and a member of one of the numerous duck clubs.

This sort of thing obtains almost all along the line. We Americans seem to think that as far as we are personally concerned, there is a "harmless" dispensation in our favor in all of these small infractions, until the general sporting population is convinced that it is a personal matter for each one of them, they will get exactly what they deserve—that is, a dimunition of the things that give them pleasure, in such a decreasing ratio as to effect its withdrawal altogether.

118

NEW CHAPTERS IN MARCH

Devil's River Again

(Continued from page 25)

Just here John exploded, "My Mother an actress, I guess not. She could be, of course, or a Boy Scout either, but she just isn't. Why, my Mother—"

We never heard what was to have followed, for there came a shrill S. O. S. from little Mammy. Her "last day" washing hung on bushes had tempted a stray goat, and just now she was engaged in a lively tug o' war with a shaggy fellow who was bent on swallowing a cherished garment, and the goat was getting the best of it.

The entire company flew to the rescue. Vanquished by noise and numbers the goat had released his coveted prize, and indifferent to all of us, was nibbling a scrubby bush. Holding the recovered garment Mammy followed us into camp. A bit breathless from the struggle she said, "I reckin' it's allright leavin' a nice clean house an' livin' out mongst the bushes an' all fer a little while; an' cose when youall brings my baby I aims to come 'long, but I is sho' goin' to be proud to git back to a Christian bed, an' see a long line of WHITE clothes flappin' in the breeze clean outen this goat country!"

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

CANADA

Where fishing is at its best NOW

JUNE and July are good months for fishing in Canada's ten thousand lakes and crystal streams. In the cool, deep pools below the rapid water and shadowed by trees, speckled trout, salmon trout and black bass—the big fellows—are curious about bright insects and hungry for them.

Around the lily pads and in the clear reaches of rivers and ponds, the small-mouthed bass, pickerel and the fighting maskinonge are ready to rush at the unwary shiner.

Do you "wonder where fishing is good?" Canadian National Railways will take you to any of a thousand places. Fares and resort rates are surprisingly low. Write *C. K. Howard,* General Tourist Agent, Montreal, or our nearest office for Illustrated Booklet and full information, and talk to your local ticket agent.

No Passports Required

Offices

Boston—333 Washington St.
Buffalo—11 So. Division Street
Chicago—108 West Adams St.
Cincinnati—406 Traction Bldg.
Cleveland—925 Euclid Ave.
Detroit—1259 Griswold Street
Duluth—430 West Superior St.
Kansas City—334-335 Railway Exchange Building
Los Angeles—503 So. Spring St.
Minneapolis—518 Second Ave. South
New York—1270 Broadway, Cor. 33rd Street
Philadelphia—401 Franklin Trust Building
Pittsburgh—505 Park Bldg.
Portland, Me.—Grand Trunk Railway Station
Portland, Ore.—120½ Third St.
St. Louis—305 Merchants Laclede Building
St. Paul—Cor. 4th and Jackson Streets
San Francisco—689 Market St
Seattle—902 Second Ave.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Largest Railway System in the World

Summer Outing Shoe

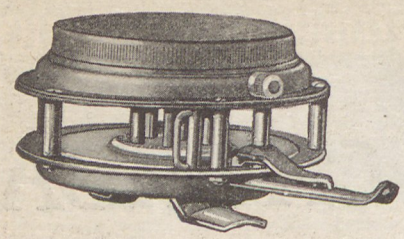
White and Brown duck with pure rubber Non-Slip Sole. Hard felt Innersole that will not curl or draw the feet.

This new style Lace-to-toe shoe is the last word in up-to-date shoe construction for boating, camping, tennis, etc. As rubber deteriorates rapidly get shoes newly made. With 35,000 customers, our turnover is so quick shoes do not get old.

Send for catalogue and free sample of this wonderful sole, also duck and felt Innersole. Price: Men's Brown or White, $2.40. Boys', White only, $2.20. Delivered free in the U. S.

L. L. BEAN
FREEPORT MAINE

$2.40



OUTPLAY HIM!

With your game fighting at the end of light tackle, every lightning-like dash challenges your fishing skill. With the lever of one of the

MARTIN AUTOMATIC
FISHING REELS

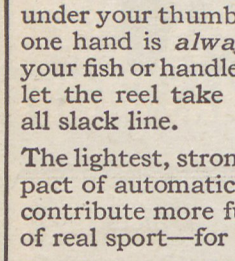
under your thumb or little finger, one hand is *always* free to play your fish or handle your net. You let the reel take instant care of all slack line.

The lightest, strongest, most compact of automatics, a Martin will contribute more fun to your days of real sport—for many years.

Send for catalog, describing all the Martin styles and sizes for every kind of fishing.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

KELLY WEEDLESS BASS FLIES



The Result of 30 Years' Fly Fishing

White — black — red — brown — yellow — blue. White, black tail & wing; brown, red tail & wing; black, white tail & wing; red, yellow tail & wing; black, yellow tail & wing! red, black tail & wing; Tied with solid silk body. Made of horsehair — not a bucktail.

Patented Jan. 15, 1924

Will Outwear a Dozen Feather Flies
Weedless but not fishless. Gets the bass where they lie in the weeds, moss or snags. Order a dozen now — $4.50 — 40c each.
Tied on finest 2/o Eyed Pennell with reinforced leaders. Also Ringed Sproat Hooks without leaders.
KELLY BROS., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 195, PEORIA, ILL.

High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

YOUR BAIT PROBLEM SOLVED

Pat. applied for.
The J & L Spinner, a combined spinner and fly. Cast, Plout, Troll. Brass, silver or copper spinners. Prove our claim as hundreds of fishermen have that the J & L is "An every day bait for every man." **Bass size $1.00. Trout size 75c**
Postpaid on receipt of cash.
Leberman & Jacobs Meadville, Pa.

On the Nipigon

(Continued from page 28)

sight of Nipigon and the first speckled trout makes her forever after a participant with her husband.

One senses quickly why the Nipigon appeals to women. Camp life is carried on with certain comforts and foods seldom looked for in similar wilderness places. Then so quickly as the float of the river is made they land at modern bungalows amidst lofty spruce where all the luxuries of civilization are at hand, and all women appreciate this before they return to city life again.

No angler can say he has participated in all the good things until he rides the Nipigon in a canoe manned by two trusty Indian paddlers and has taken one of the big speckled battlers from their cold lair. Then only can he sense the thrill that comes with memories of Pine Portage and every spot where swift center and jutting rocks mark the lurking place of a monster trout.

Try as I will against these memories, they hold tenaciously. Especially one in a rush of growling water close to rocks where I parted with a big trout and a bit of what I thought was a strong leader and a favorite Ginger quill. I shall always feel that the angler who fails to make a catch in Nipigon waters simply has neglected good opportunities. And now that talkative Cree invades my memory, but second only to the tremendous appeals of scenery that carried along the entire gowning of bejewelled lakes and fast water flanked by heights of rugged formations, fascinating in the extreme, even where the lack of soil or its very sheerness denied the growth of spruce or timber.

But the Cree returns as a part of my piscatorial enjoyments with his rhythmical quick paddle strokes and quaint "ken dat" when I failed to show that I understood some of his voluminous explanations of the abounding wild things, creatures, trees and rocks, all beauties to a lover of the wilds. I knew he was a man of the fast water the instant I saw he paddled with his body and guided with a certain stroke instead of as most whites with the paddle sweeping toward the stern. The Indian knows nothing of the white man's labor-saving devices, but in paddling he has him beaten a mile.

All things end, even catching big trout and feasting the eyes over surpassing landscape around their abiding places. Today I am dreaming of those that came to the net and those that I will acknowledge were lost fairly. I parted with Jim Craig at the last portage happy, contented too, as the wonderful vista ahead lay before me and the anticipation of the luxuries of the bungalow camp.

The handshake the red man gave me was unmistakably hearty, especially when I promised him to return again. I felt that he was as happy as I at the prospect of meeting again next year on Nipigon waters. The birds, the trees, the clear stream all seemed to tell me so as I watched him turn up stream and sing merrily in his incomprehensible Cree, his perpetual "Maggie!"

See B-K-BAIT

Before Buying
I will send you one on approval
(Not C. O. D.)

Weight ½ ounce Patent applied for

A Real Fish Getter
(Made by a fisherman to catch fish)

Can be used with feathered fly, Bucktail, or Plain hook with Frog, Minnow or Pork Rind. Change hook in a few seconds without tools or detaching Lure from Line. Keel weights keep hook upright avoiding weeds and snags making it more effective when fish strike.

B-K-Bait with our assortment of flies can't be beat.

Equipped with Peacock Bass Bug $1.00
At Dealers or Sent Direct
Write for Circular
W. C. BAILER 405 Breckenridge Street BUFFALO, NEW YORK

BUCKTAIL TROUT FLIES

The bucktail fly is winning itself a place in the hearts of trout fishermen. If properly made, it will take trout in early season and late, in good weather and bad. Our bucktail flies are well designed and of good workmanship and material. "HERB'S HALF DOZEN" is an assortment of bucktail flies whose performance will please you. A dollar bill or your check will bring it by return mail.

L. M. THURSTON, Owosso, Michigan

Joe Welsh Leaders

Proven, Tested and Pronounced Perfection by the most discriminating anglers. Let me send you a sample card showing the six sizes, no knots, no splices, transparent and of great strength.

25c for a 3 ft. Trout or Bass—50c for a 6 ft. Trout or Bass

Registered in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain under the name of

TELERANA NOVA
Manufactured by William Robertson
Glasgow, Scotland

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN OK SEAL OF QUALITY TRY OUT & TESTING DEPT.

JOE WELSH, Pasadena, Calif.
Sole Agent for United States and Canada

MORE THAN 25000 FISHERMEN

have written for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on flies and spinners. It's brimful of fish-taking tips on catching trout, bass, pike, pickerel, muskies and other game fish. It illustrates in detail the

Complete Hildebrandt Line

the result of more than a quarter century devoted to the exclusive manufacture of spinners and flies. Ask your dealer about Hildebrandt baits for casting, trolling, fly fishing and live bait fishing.

FREE Write for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS today—no obligation. You will want to save the cover and color sheet.

THE JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT COMPANY
455 HIGH STREET LOGANSPORT, INDIANA

THE PRESCOTT SPINNER "GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL ASK YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR

9 IN. OVERALL
WEEDLESS 30¢
PLAIN 25¢

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
BY CHAS. H. STAPF. PRESCOTT, WIS.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Birdlore

(Continued from page 82)

It's funny how tame wild ducks will become when they know they are protected and no guns will be unlimbered. Ever notice this? While we were in the south last winter we saw bluebills at West Palm Beach, Florida, which behaved like barnyard fowls. Frequenting the lake front at this city they would follow along the shore line if you walked by with a sack in your hand as they thought you had something for them. George High of Chicago, who spent some time in Florida this past winter, also saw flocks of tame bluebills that acted as if they had never known what it was to dodge shot during an open season. George, who sure knows how to shoot that camera of his, made a picture of some of the tamest of the tame and hence we are able to show you how friendly these bluebills will get. The picture is enough to make any duck hunter's mouth water. Not so?

How do you like that picture of the ruffed grouse on her nest? Walt Hastings is "guilty"! The ruffed grouse or as it is commonly known, the partridge, is one of our noblest game birds. Some sportsmen consider it the noblest "what am." Certainly this bird is a beauty and every bird fan should some day have the experience of being in the woods when a cock is drumming as this is one of the most "woodsey" sounds in all of nature's scheme. We have never seen a handsome cock grouse on his favorite drumming log and producing this rolling, reverberating sound with his wings, but we have heard it. And once heard you will never forget it. What beautiful birds these fellows are with their rich colorings. And what wonderful flyers as they skim and whirl through the woods. We never tired of watching them last summer and fall when we were in upper Wisconsin and Minnesota where, praise be, they are still abundant.

Walter Hastings made this dandy picture of a hen on her nest in Michigan and it shows how Mrs. Grouse has chosen a spot at the foot of a tree for her nesting site.

By the way, we have received a long letter from Doc Rothschild of Madison, South Dakota, about the Chinese pheasant. We have been very much interested in the habits of this introduced game bird as of late it has been accused of killing prairie chickens, quail and even young rabbits. Doc is a sportsman and a bird student with rich years of study behind him and he knows what he is talking about. His letter about the habits of the pheasant (which are being introduced in many states and doing well) is so very interesting that we are going to pass it along to you. He writes:

The question on the ring neck pheasant makes me itch to write you sort of a personal letter. You may not know it, but this state is one of the very best stocked with this bird of any state in the Union.

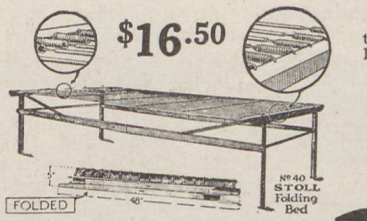
As to his quarrelsome habits, he is sure a fighter amongst his own kind as well as against the rural man's chickens should they interfere with his eats. He is one game bird that protects himself from outside enemies. Last fall I saw an old cock roosting in a tree with a bunch of a dozen crows. This old fellow would make a jump from limb to limb after a crow and each jump would

Day hunter killed 5 bear, 17 lion in one month. A profit of $100,000.00. See the ad on page 86.

PREPARE FOR CAMP COMFORT

—by getting full information now. This Stoll Perfection Tent, for instance. Notice the extra wide hips, giving standing room all around. Real weather protection—thoroughly waterproofed. Also mildew proof. Sewed-in floor and screened windows make it insect proof. Very easy to put up. Extra large windows, door and windbreak awning. Made in 3 sizes to suit number in party. Makes very compact roll.

Big new catalog gives full details and prices on the complete Stoll line, including many types of tents—folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carryall bags, luggage carriers, etc.



Catalog also contains complete auto trails map of the U. S. and road map of your own state. Very handy. Free. Mail the coupon.

FOR ROAD MAPS AND CATALOG

COUPON

STOLL MFG. CO. O. A.
3281 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

Please send me catalog of complete Stoll Line of Outing Equipment and including road maps of my state and trail map of the U. S. *free.*

NAME.....

MAIL ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

WEIGHS ½ OUNCE

GILMORE'S AUTOMATIC WEEDLESS

A SPORTSMAN'S LURE

The Only Weedless That Aids in Hooking a Striking Fish.

In many waters in which we fish a weedless hook is a necessity, and its use in all waters adds a feeling of security, as it is a safeguard against possible snags.

The AUTOMATIC was born of the idea to have a weedless hook that served efficiently as such, and that would also aid in hooking a biting fish.

The Automatic accomplishes these two objects perfectly. It cannot be properly described in a brief ad., but if you are interested in a sportsman's lure of high merit, send for folder with complete illustrations and full descriptive matter with prices.

E. L. GILMORE & CO.
1419 Mahoning Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

Barbour Shoal Sled

Runs in 5 inches of water.
Best fishing and hunting boat ever designed.

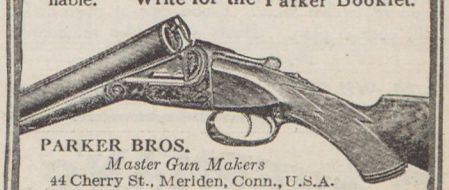
Catalog "A" will bring everything in boats up to 100 ft.

BARBOUR METAL BOAT COMPANY
Valley Park, Mo. St. Louis Co.

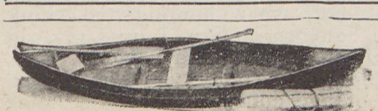
The Old Reliable

PARKER GUN

Your first hour with your Parker fully proves its right to be called the "old reliable." Write for the Parker Booklet.



PARKER BROS.
Master Gun Makers
44 Cherry St., Meriden, Conn., U.S.A.



FOLDING PUNCTURE - PROOF CANVAS BOATS
Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

COME TO MINNESOTA

For Your Vacation

Boating Fishing Motoring
Bathing Golfing Tennis
Camping Hiking Yachting

UNLIMITED opportunities for *all* summer-time sports; thousands of free camp sites; many homelike resort hotels, cottages and stopping places; reasonable prices. *Visit the healthiest state in the Union* this summer.

SEND FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE AND INFORMATION—

Ten Thousand Lakes *of* Minnesota Association
1160 E. 6th St.;
Saint Paul, Minnesota

5 Bear in 1 day. 17 Lion in 1 month

MOUNTAIN CATTLE-RANCH

Half interest for financial assistance. Largest virgin pine forest in the world. 5 to 10,000 feet elevation.

WONDERFUL HUNTING, FISHING, SCENERY

Probably unexcelled in U. S. Just lately, one party killed *5 bear single day, 17 lion this Feb.*, and another occasion *6 lion one week, etc.* Fifty deer can be seen in day's ride. Fish in abundance. Paradise for lovers of hounds, chase and big game. Trappers' wonderland. Little known remarkable game preserve. On transcontinental highway, now under construction, of which 38 miles is within fence of this ranch.

THREE IMPROVED HOMESTEADS, 200 Sec. practically fenced (75 miles fencing). Surface area 200,000 acres. 200 miles of running water, hundred springs, abundance feed everywhere.

APPROXIMATELY 4,000 HIGH GRADE HEREFORDS with 50 horses, 100 bulls, pastures, corrals, etc.

Worth $168,500.00 on today's "panicky" livestock market, and should be worth $250,000.00 in year. At immediate forced sale, everything *$66,000.00*. Easy terms or half interest *free* in cattle, range rights, improvements, for financial assistance.

I offer agent commission $2,500.00.

Owner EVERT HAGAN, Clifton, Ariz.

Muskallonge *at* Mantrap Camp

Season opens May 15th, when the tigers strike fast and furious. Also Large and Small Mouth Bass fishing. Camp opens May 15th with special rates for May bookings. Mantrap Lake head chain of twelve lakes. Good eats at main dining hall, cottage plan. Boats and guides reasonable.

Write for Booklet.

E. M. WILSIE - Dorset, Minn.

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Located on chain of six Lakes. Black Bass, Pickerel, Mackinaw and Speckled Trout. *Bathing. Tennis.* Motor Boating. Finest Log and Stone Bungalow Dining Room this side of Rockies. Perfect Sanitary Conditions. Lodge Cottages, Close-to-Nature Houses, Tents *Write for Booklet.*

H. D. SMITH, Bellaire, Mich.

scatter the crows. I watched this procedure for a long time and finally, they, the crows, left him alone on his roost. He finally flew down to a cornfield and started eating. He sure scattered them and after looking one of the old chinks over and noting his build and beak one can realize why he can protect himself.

The state is somewhat divided as to his destroying other game. Take up in Spink county, the boys are so hostile, that in driving along the country roads they shoot the chinks whenever they get a chance and never stop to pick them up. They are a unit in stating that since the coming of the chink the chicken is rapidly vanishing. This has spread to other parts of the state so that the bird is getting a bad name. BUT this bird has come to stay. You can't stop him. He takes care of himself the most severe winters, he protects himself from living and weather enemies, he is a good brooder and raises his young in large bunches. He is not an easy bird to stop and his meat is considered the very finest of all game birds (quail excepted). Mr. Miller makes me believe he has not eaten of this bird or else he has a darn poor cook. The meat is sweet, juicy and tender and fine grained. He raises more like an airplane and attains a very swift flight and can outrun a turkey, is hard to raise and a dog does not work them successfully. The prairie chicken does not withstand immigration and intensified farming and this and this alone is the greatest reason of his downfall, overshooting and predatory animals notwithstanding. The quail cannot stand the northern winters. So if our chicks and quail are becoming a thing of the past, why not reconcile ourselves to a game bird that will stick with us, one that is a good game bird and a good eater? We holler about the extermination of the GREAT AMERICAN BISON. Lord, man, if they were not exterminated, where in thunder would we keep 'em and feed 'em? You can't keep mankind from settling on the salt-a-the-earth and if the Government says he can so settle, you can't make him feed stuff he can't live on. National parks and lots of 'em are the only solution of extending such life. So, if a game bird will not stand up under farm settlements and another specie will, why not take that kind?

This is not idle stuff, old man, not riffraff and just jump at a conclusion with me. I've been in this game for better than a quarter century and I am an outer because of the great outdoors and not a meat getter. I have drawn certain conclusions from years of observation and the greatest thing I miss in this world is my inability to write clearly on the subject in such a way as to benefit mankind.

But, to go back. I honestly feel that this bird is maligned dishonestly. His nesting grounds are a long ways from the prairie chicken. They would not conflict there at all. His feeding is strictly insects, grain and sprouts. I do not believe he is a carniverous animal in any sense of the word. I just can't say enough for him. But I can say again as a final tribute, he is taking the place of a vanishing game bird, a game bird wherein no solution as to his non-extermination has yet been solved.

Last fall, when hunting the chink out in Sanborn county, I used my old Llewellin, Lewis Caesar's Jack. Now, this old fellow is better than eleven years of age and sure has bird brains and handles the chink as well as one

Dude Ranching Wyoming

Enjoy all the thrills of real ranch life in the Wyoming Rockies for your vacation this summer. Headquartered at Brooks Lake Inn and Jackson Lake Lodge we have all the facilities for taking parties via horseback trails to the most beautiful and historic sections in this famous country.

We are pleased to announce that beginning with this season we are starting daily (except Sunday) pack and saddle horse trips from Brooks Lake (near Lander, Wyoming) to Lewis Lake in Yellowstone Park.

From Brooks to Lewis Lake is a seven-day horseback trip through typical Rocky Mountain country redolent with the memories of the early explorers, fur trappers, and Indian fighters —John Colter, Jim Bridger, Capt. Bonneville, Gen. Washburn, and the others. Each night you stop at our permanent tent camps. Only the travelers' baggage is packed through on the horses.

Our itinerary takes you through famous Two-Ocean-Pass, where a stream divides, part flowing to the Atlantic and another branch to the Pacific. Part of the time you are in the timber and Elk or Moose are common sights. From Gratiot Point on Big Game Ridge the entire Yellowstone country is at your feet.

The whole section is a virgin Fisherman's Paradise with plenty of the much-prized Native Trout. Wonderful big-game hunting in season.

We Positively Guarantee—Easy riding and gentle mounts, real cowboys for your trusty guides and cooks, plenty of the best grub, the best trout fishing you ever enjoyed all along the trails, snug camps with air beds and all the woolen blanket covers you want. We will be glad to help with your railroad reservations and arrange for your transportation via the fleet of motorbuses to and from the railroad as well as a complete circuit of the roads of the Yellowstone Park if you like.

Without Obligation Send for Particulars

Amoretti Hotel and Camp Company
LANDER, WYOMING
Or write Mr. J. T. Gratiot, R-1121, Blackstone Hotel, Chicago

THE
WILDERNESS OUTFITTERS
at ELY, MINNESOTA
"Where the Wilderness Begins"

Complete and reliable outfitting service. Canoe and Fishing Trips arranged into Superior National Forest and Canadian Wilderness. 6,000,000 acres virgin wilderness – 10,000 lakes – 8,000 miles canoe trails – unexcelled fishing. Complete camping outfits for rental. Food supplies, full line of tackle and camping accessories for sale. Guides reserved. Maps, rates, literature, and information furnished on request.

We Furnish Everything

COME TO IDAHO

For your Fall Big Game Hunt—Also fine Trout Fishing. *Write us for details.*

L. C. Stonebraker - S. Stonebraker
Guides And Packers
OROFINO IDAHO
Largest, best equipped pack trains in the U. S.

CANADA'S WILDS
NORTHERN ONTARIO
TEMAGAMI

Wabi-Kon Camp
Lake Temagami
Ontario, Canada

The unspoiled country—A real North Woods Camp with every comfort in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest—**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**

MISS S. ORR, 250 WRIGHT AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

GIRLS CAMP IN COLORADO

Camp Kimoho in the Rockies affords unique advantages. Illustrated book free.

MRS. G. F. R. CURRENS, 1447 Grandview Ave., Boulder, Colo.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

can desire. He invariably makes a circle and always points with the bird between you and him. On one occasion he made a point ahead of me, was standing in some short brush and grass. I promptly informed him that he was too darn slow to point a chink that way as they run faster than a dog can move up on them. On moving him up, we flushed a small bunch of chicken. Of course, we could not shoot as it was out of season on this bird. On sending the old dog on, he went about fifty jumps when he froze again, pointing sideways and we flushed the largest bevy of quail I ever saw in one bunch. A hundred yards further he made a stand pointing correctly toward me and we flushed a couple of chinks. There you have it, quail, prairie chicken and chinks all in the same field.

Well, the Birdlore broadcasting station will now sign off until June. But, meantime you'd better tune in with your field glasses and bird books as the songsters sure will be turning out the music this month. And good luck on your troutin' expeditions!

An Anti-Climax and Swift Conviction

(Continued from page 9)

reaching any residuum of unchallenged truth. Then he concluded: "Gentlemen, if in this vindictive prosecution you should be inclined to the view that upon the testimony, a reasonable doubt of guilt cannot be predicated, I appeal to the record of time, to the fidelity of a people to the religion of their fathers, and to its obligations which they have accepted and maintained in their family, social, and religious life. This, in this fateful hour, should stand as a tower of defense to repel the malignant attack of this motley crew of shiftless slanderers.

I need not remind you that the crime charged is solemnly prohibited by the Mosaic Law, which forbade the eating of the flesh of anything that has died a natural death, and that their fidelity to their laws illustrated throughout time, should only be overcome by clear, unquestionable testimony of witnesses whose reputations are unassailable."

He read his triumph in the eyes of a jury craning their necks forward with sympathy and admiration, and sat down with that sense of satisfaction that can only come to one who has safely made, through his own redoubtable skill, a friendly port.

Quarles was a magician in divining the trend of an argument, and he had quietly gone to the Clerk's desk, leafed through the old dirty, dingy bible, which time out of mind had been kissed by thousands of witnesses and complacently resumed his seat. When East concluded, he arose and said that he had been overwhelmed with conviction by the powerful and conclusive argument that he had just listened to with admiration and rapt attention, and that he would submit the case with but one addition. He then said "Mr. Officer, please hand me that bible." He opened it at the 21st verse, 14th Chapter of Deuteronomy, and read:

"Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien, for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God."

Your Own
Cabin Or Group Camp
in the North Woods of Wisconsin

UP among the pines and lakes of the north woods of Wisconsin is just the kind of place you want for a cabin or cottage of your own, or for a group camp where you and your friends may join together.

You can get a secluded nook for yourself, a larger tract for a camp or a whole lake. Men who know this country will help you find it. And if what you want isn't built already, they will help you choose your site, plan and build your cabin, cottage or camp. It's time to get busy now.

LAKES & WOODS REALTY CO.
Mercer, Wis.

Hunting and Fishing Camp for Sale

CAMP located in the heart of the Rangeley Lakes Region, long noted for its trout and salmon fishing. Situated on an island in Mooselucmaguntic Lake, about one half mile from west shore and three miles from Haines Landing P. O. and telephone. Camp is built of logs and about ten years old, furnished to handle a party of ten or twelve. Has bath room and running water. 40' motor boat, rowboats, canoe, etc.

Parties interested, write **F. C. King, Oquossoc, Maine,** for particulars, terms, etc.

Spend Your Vacation on the Mississippi

Cottages for rent, completely furnished. Good Fishing at the Mud Hen Reserve, Nine Miles North of McGregor.

C. F. WIDMAN, McGregor, Iowa

Aberdeen Villa **In the Siskiyous of Southern Oregon**

Located in a secluded spot of fine fir, pine and oak timber, where nature has provided for the ideal vacation. A paradise for lady anglers, and a real home to sportsmen and families. Between Oregon Caves and Rogue River, making an ideal spot for the vacation, as well as hunting and fishing. Hunting, Fishing, Hiking and Saddle Trips. For rates and reservations, address, **E. W. MENGEL, Kerby, Ore.**

SKIFF LAKE

is a native home of land-locked salmon and it is kept well stocked. LACOOT LAKE is a virgin, speckled trout lake, fished only by my guests. I have comfortable, clean camps, with complete, good equipment at both lakes. Each camp accommodates four sportsmen and has separate quarters for guides. 7 P. M. Boston train gets you in camp the following noon.

References and rates upon request

DICK SHAW, Reg. Guide
Canterbury, N. B., Canada

Fiske Camp On Intermediate Chains of Lakes.

Fine Fishing — Rooms or Cottages — Fine Sandy Beach—Tennis Court. Rather primitive, but comfortable. Khaki Clothes — Home Cooking—*BOOKLET on REQUEST.*

C. B. FISKE, Central Lake, Mich.

Speckled Trout and Salmon Fishing in May

Pickerel, bass, pike and lunge, plenty in season. Come and be a boy again. The trout are jumping.

CAMP CHAMPLAIN

E. L. Hughes **Trout Mills, Ont., Can.**

Best of food. Guides, rowboats and canoes to hire.
Send for folder and rates.

Help the Izaak Walton League and subscribe to its magazine

OUTDOOR AMERICA

Northern Wisconsin Lake Frontage

WHY not have that cottage "up there" this year that you dreamed about? We can tell you where to find an ideal spot in Northern Wisconsin's finest hunting and fishing region. Our service is free.

Write for circular of Summer Cottage Plans which describes our extensive service to builders in this district.

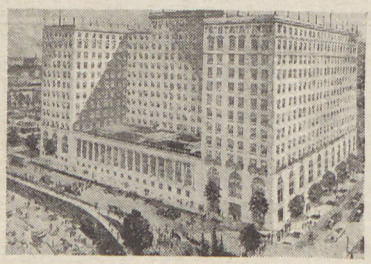
The Outer's Store In the Land o' Lakes.

WILSON LUMBER CO.
WOODRUFF, WIS.
"At the sign of the Green Arrow"

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



or at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park

These two magnificent world-famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers

COME TO **EAGLE KNOB LODGE**
On Beautiful LAKE OWEN

A camp run to meet the taste of discriminating out-of-door-folks. A strictly moral, high grade vacation paradise for the entire family. Best Bass and Great Northern Pike fishing in Wisconsin's forest country.

Send for booklet. Reservation required.

WALTER H. REED, Cable, Wis.
Member of Izaak Walton League of America—Rotarian

Through sleeper with special rates daily over C. & N. W. R. R. to Lake Owen station, May 15 to Sept. 30.

FLY AND BAIT CASTING, hand line fisherman, notice! We are located on the Illinois River in the best and largest territory left in the State. Boating and bathing. Write for particulars and reservations.

W. T. BOYD, Sheldons Grove, Illinois

Our Outdoor Calendar

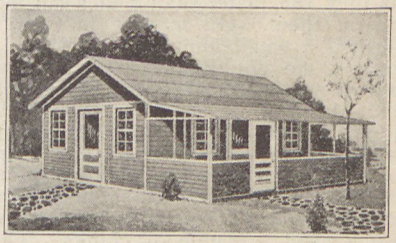
(Continued from page 37)

and good to gossip with; country Solons whose opinions on all subjects under the sun are diverting.

Yet another May camp is one just for the sake of camping. Here you choose your type of forest and go to it. As the pines are more balmy and warm in May than the hemlocks and balsams of the hills, I recall several such camps taking up some big salt water estuary in them by preference. Of course there were kids along, eight of them. One daddy, and his own and two assorted neighbor's broods. We started in a fast motor boat, with a row boat and a canoe towing astern. The latter two were piled deep with tents and duffle; the motor boat literally plastered with kids, with two males of the more adventurous riding her narrow bow deck straddle-legged and yelling like Piutes. Twelve miles of noise; over a glassy bay in the soft May morning. Far up a salt river, near where it turned to fresh and there were marshes and pickerel, jutted out a sandy point covered with seaside pines. The kids yelled with delight as we neared it; and, once ashore, there was a mad rush for the bushes where they could all shift into bathing suits. Presently the shallow waters offshore bore a school of porpoises, yelling, splashing water, swimming and diving off the rowboat. Red-faced smaller ones pretended to swim in two feet of water. Daddy smiled with happiness, and set about cutting poles for the tents. By the time they and the pegs were cut and brought to camp the older ones were calmed down enough to bear a hand, and up went our white village, a large wall tent and two small fellows, a wedge and a forester. Mosquito screens were hung; browse bags served out, with directions to forage under the pines until each was stuffed full with dry needles. A camp kitchen became in evidence. Pots steamed and fry pans sizzled. The serious business of filling up eight hungry youngsters began. They ate up an entire boatload of groceries during the four days of that camp! There was lots to do; clearing out the spring, building camp tables and benches, forays on the pickerel who inhabited the weeds along the marsh shore, expeditions up the freshwater reaches of the river, crabbing parties, nature-expeditions in the peculiar fauna of the pines, full and happy days—and always bathing, of which they never got enough. Back in the motor boat to the railroad station, with five boys and three girls all sunburned and delighted with daddy and everything!

Another May camp was that of the Primitive Sourdoughs. It has always been a penchant of mine to do everything that the Indians ever did. The arts of weaving, basketry, arrow-making, preparation of wilderness foods, as they practiced them are all fascinating to the white man. I discovered two other souls who were likeminded with myself. One was an old doctor who habitually wore a buckskin shirt in the woods and slept in an all-wool Navaho blanket. The other was a sculptor of national fame, a mild soul who neither hunted nor fished, but who just loved the woods. We three went on a primitive camp in which we could play with Nature as we found her and never give a moment to the serious business of

Bilt-Easy Summer Cottages



Just the thing for your lake shore cabin or hunting lodge. The latest on the market. Size 18x20. Shipped in sections. Ready painted. Easy to erect—you can do it yourself. Can be readily converted into comfortable all-season living quarters. You can make it larger by adding sections. Send for circular. Order now for early spring delivery.

Price includes freight prepaid to Iowa or Minnesota points in lots of five or more. We give you 50 cents per 100 pounds freight allowance on single shipments.

Price $360.00

***Address* BILT-EASY CO.**
701 Corning Ave. Des Moines, Ia.

TROUT

Yes, square-tailed, red-spotted fontinalis, fly-fishing, average 2 to 4 lbs. Veriest tyro can take 'em on a fly. Only 27 hours from Toronto or Montreal on virgin waters in Northern Ontario

North of Nipigon Rivers

Trips May 24th and from July 4th throughout summer of 10, 14 and 21 days, by reservation only. Write for particulars.

MOOSE

On the Northwestern Quebec and Northern Ontario areas of THE NEW NORTH.

Our guests killed 33 Moose and 3 Bear in 1923. Record head 23 of Canada killed here, spread 67". Lodges, Hunting Camps, ease of access, real guides: complete trip at a definite cost. Hunting license $25.00. Trips here of 14 days.

Now is the time to secure reservation. Correspondence from sportsmen solicited. A limited questage. Write

S. E. Sangster, Man.-Dir. **Canuck's Camps** **(Box 393) Ottawa, Canada**

EAGLE LAKE CAMPS
Formerly Titus' Camps

For Hunters and Fishermen. On Eagle Lake, one of the famous Fish River chain that stretches from Central Northern Maine, through virgin forests, almost to the Canadian border. A group of 18 camps. Ideal location. Real comfort, cabins heated and well ventilated. Electric lights and running water in every cabin. Magnificent views. And the pick of sports. In the heart of the big game country; there is no limit to the sportsman's enjoyment. Eagle Lake Camps are Nature at its best. Easily reached. For particulars, address

SAUL MICHAUD, Manager
EAGLE LAKE, ME.

VARNEY'S CAMPS On shore of Connecticut Lake near Canadian Border. Log camps, open fire. Detached sleeping cabin. Good eats and boats. Good guide. Salmon and Trout Fishing, May to October. Deer and Bear Hunting, October to December. At reasonable rates.

Write for Booklet.

A. L. VARNEY Pittsburg, N. H.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

killing anything. The photo shows our camp and our spring house. Also a fire in process of being kindled with the primitive rubbing stick. The doctor was an expert at that, and his time is a record, for men, twenty-seven seconds from "Go!" to flame. A rock shelter was our home, and I made a mat for it of cedar bark strips woven on a Kwakiutl loom, a primitive affair of sticks and balls of bark used by the Pacific Coast Indians. We puttered around with the axe and made ourselves comforts. We built a stone fireplace, and made stick and wattle walls for the front of our shelter. Everything we owned came in an Adirondack packbasket, but we went away from there looking like a moving Indian curio-shop, loaded with picturesque souvenirs of birch-bark and spruce roots, mapleknob bowls, flint work. It astounded our neighbors to learn that they were made by white men. . . . . A rascally, worthless, wasted week, say you, but there you are; we loved the woods.

Illinois Stream Pollution

(Continued from page 81)

finds Danville emptying its sewage into the Big Vermilion.

In nearly every case the reports make the statement that the rivers and streams are too foul to use as sources of supplies without treatment. In the state department report for 1919-20 we find this strong statement: "Stream pollution is depriving the public of the legitimate use of the water therein. For years streams not only in Illinois but in many states have been accepted as a natural means of sewage disposal. Increased development and growth of population have resulted in such a load of sewage or industrial waste, that the streams can no longer carry it with due regard to public health or to the use of the streams for stock on the farms."

It is but simple justice to say that several of these cities are taking steps that may lead to the installation of disposal plants. Decatur has led the way, and Elgin is following, but one of the chief difficulties is in getting the people to vote the necessary funds.

Disposal Plants Neglected

IN the 1923 report of the proceedings of the Civil Engineers of the State, is found an address by Paul Hansen, who enumerates 103 disposal plants, and makes the comment that many of the plants are neglected, ten of them abandoned, and eleven overloaded, disclosing that efficiency is in many instances far from maintained.

Thus is the run off from practically one third of the rainfall, expedited by tiling and sewers, seriously affected, and the citizens of our state are being deprived of many gallons of water annually. Cities are finding it increasingly difficult to find a stream of sufficient size to serve as a supply when impounded, owing to the insanitary condition which may extend even to the watershed.

A Vicious Practice

JUDGING from the reports at hand it is the common practice of cities to create a reservoir on a stream, and

(Continued on page 94)

Bigger Trout than you ever dreamed of

Square-tailed giants lurking in fast water—eager to fight whenever a real sportsman casts a proper fly—red-spotted prizes that run often from 5 to 10 pounds in the

NIPIGON

You've always heard of the Nipigon....This year, take this great trip. Get ready now....For full information based on latest advices write to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Canada.

Canadian Pacific

FOR ALL OUTINGS **Brooks** TRADE MARK REGISTERED SQUARE UMBRELLA **Tents** PATENTS PENDING THEY ARE DIFFERENT

THE TENT THAT RAISES LIKE AN UMBRELLA

This is the tent you have been looking for—the choice of experienced auto tourists everywhere. Canvas floor. No guy ropes. Iron stakes. Light weight. Compact. Two popular sizes. Ample floor space and head room.

Water Proof.
Mildew Proof.
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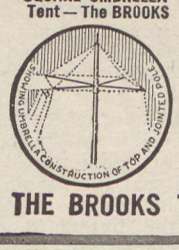

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Size of Bird Dogs for Hunting

YEARS ago we paid more attention to sizes than we do now. A pointer or setter that did not have size and weight was considered a dwarf and, without reason, incapable of performing arduous work in the field. This opinion held for years; in fact until the field trial dog developed along modern lines and showed that the small dogs could stand just as much as the big ones, and often surpass them in every way.

Some of the crack shooting dogs in bygone days were very large. They went in many instances over sixty pounds, while today the standard aimed at is around fifty-five pounds and most of the cracks fall short of that poundage by a lot. The old dogs were much slower than the present ones. Of course, there was the occasional fast one, but before field trials became popular what is now called a fast dog would be looked upon as undesirable and too difficult for the ordinary hunter to handle. There is an opinion still held by the old hunters that the big dogs of the past with their weight and large bones surpassed the lighter dogs of this day in endurance. In this they are mistaken, for those we have now can stand the gruelling paces any of the old timers had to go through and at the same time do it faster and oftener in a manner which never was conceived possible before.

A dog is like a horse or any animal used in competitive sports. There are big fellows that have speed and endurance, and some that lack a whole lot of it. There are little chaps that can stand all day work without tiring while they go at a pace that would kill most dogs. Then, there are little chaps that cannot stand the racket and quit when facing a hard going or rather slow down until they are mere plug dogs.

What brought the little fellows into prominence was the work of such great performers as Tony Boy, Peach Blossom and Bay Ale, the latter two especially a man could pretty near carry in a hunting coat and yet they had the greatest class, could go the route, and won with their bird work, as much as with their speed and range.

Dogs often are of the same type as men. Take for instance on the long trails you can find those slender, wiry little men that can kill the big, heavy fellow that labors all the time in the going. They are made apparently of spring steel and do not know what tiring is. If they do, no one knows it. Then there are big men who take the long trail easily, and will carry the heaviest burdens over them and the little fellow that tries to keep up finds it impossible. They also conform in a measure to the makeup of the going dog, whether large or small, and have that frictionless method of going that puzzles the beholder.

A champion on Covey Point.

It has been a pleasure to watch all types of dogs, as well as sizes, and an intimate analysis shows that the little fellows and the big chaps that have speed and endurance have to have the one big thing, the right heart to carry them along. They have a fighting spirit which cannot be conquered. Though the going is heavy they take it with pleasure and if there is chance of finding another covey of birds they want more and more of it. They have that divine spark implanted way down in their being, the hunting instinct which dominates them in everything they do.

Years ago when handling some dogs with Ozark Ripley we had one dog in our string that belonged to the late Doctor Moore, of Prince Lyndon fame. The little bitch in mind would just weigh thirty pounds when in full flesh.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

She was very fast, and though she was a trifle choppy-gaited she had worlds of endurance, speed and bird finding qualities. She worked in light cover all day with a big dog whose owner thought he was a wonder. He looked for the little one to tire, and invariably predicted at the first heavy cover she would give out. While these predictions were being made, and being unfulfilled, the visitor was puzzled. The second day heavy corn beaten down by a storm, thick sedge and ragweed were worked, and that visitor continued to tell how the big dogs of the past would work it with ease and little Di would not last two hours. He was due for a surprise. Di worked the heavy cover without tiring and found two-thirds of the covies, but the big dog labored badly every time he hit the ragweed full of dewberry vines. That night we went fox hunting and according to her custom Di followed behind the hounds for seven hours, and next morning was fresh as ever.

What is the explanation of this? The big dog next day could not respond to the hard going we gave him and the little dog could. The tiny bitch knew how to run fast in cover without tiring. Furthermore, she had the heart and love for hunting which nothing could overcome except death.

First body scent point of Masterpiece John.

There was another little bitch which recently came to the mind of the writer. She was a daughter of the famous Alford's John. Every other pup of the litter was a great dog, and of good size like the illustrious sire. But Alford's Pearl was exceedingly small and homely. She had a muzzle like the erstwhile popular pug dogs, and a short thick tail that curled up noticeably. Everybody who saw declared she was the ugliest dwarf specimen of the pointer breed they ever saw. But what a dog! That tiny little liver and white bitch never knew what the word tire

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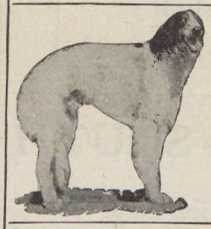

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meant. She could handle birds in heavy cover, in timber, and on bare ground at full speed where other dogs blinked that tried to handle them. In the open she went wide as the widest field trial dog, and she was always brimming with speed and dazzling energy. Cover in swamp countries on account of the fertility of the soil is usually the heaviest. But nothing deterred her, and she could go every day of the season at such a clip that most dogs found it hopeless to keep up with her. She simply had the heart, bird brains and stamina which made all going a delight to her. But above all, at an early age she learned to run in heavy cover, something lots of dogs, large or small, never learn to do in a lifetime.

There is no difference in the large or small dog, in so far as endurance is concerned if they have the heart and ability to take punishment. The fault with the average large or small dog is that their owners do not know how to handle them from youth for the work they have to stand. They start them at work and let them go so long as they can stand it when they are young. But the wise handler, notwithstanding how much stamina and ability a young dog has, will start them out gradually. He will work them the first day only half an hour, then later an hour, then not much longer until quite a big period has elapsed. It is always gradual, and that is why his dogs have snap and style all their lives. Never was it taken away from them in youth so that they felt to keep going in their work was labor.

The thing of contrasts always counts. There is this to balance everything in the size question. Usually the big dog is strongest and can breast cover the best, but he has the weight to carry also, and some of the very heavy boned dogs labor perceptibly in their work though they have been conditioned well for it a long period. This brings to mind two remarkable large dogs the Ozarker handled, and later became possessor of on account of their outstanding qualities. They were bird finders beyond compare, very large dogs, and work in any kind of country never tired them. The first was a coal black pointer, the Black Devil, of the old true Pape Black strain, and the other was a black and white son of the mysterious Masterpiece, Masterpiece, Jr.

The Black Devil weighed seventy pounds in full flesh, coal black, and very awkward looking. But in the field he went like greased lightning and his gait was baffling, and his bird finding ability could not be surpassed. To the eye the rangy fellow did not appear to have speed, but the average fast dog could not keep up with him. His big black tail simply knocked down corn stalks as he went through corn fields, but with all his apparent clumsiness he handled birds with rare deftness and beauty. He was not of temperamental type, so naturally holding and finding birds were easy. Climbing fences bothered him not in the least, and until he passed out of existence no one ever saw him tire even with the great weight he was carrying, and the clumsy gait Nature bestowed on him. Masterpiece, Jr., was a black and white dog of marvellous beauty and physique. He weighed exactly 63 pounds in working condition, but on account of the way weight was distributed no one ever

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

estimated him to weigh over 45 pounds. He came to the boss by chance, almost an inheritance, a blinker, false pointer, but with the greatest endurance of any living dog we had ever seen. He could run faster at five in the evening than at eight in the morning, and next day always fresh as a daisy. He was as temperamental as his sire, but he had a fighting spirit which effected his retention and ultimately into becoming the greatest shooting dog we ever saw. Two weeks and his blinking and false pointing habits disappeared, never again false pointing even on the puzzling stink birds during the entire balance of his career. But his great gift was stamina. One season we worked him, all visitors shooting over him, thirty-five days straight-all-day and strange to say, he lost very little weight, though he was daily put down in heavy cover in a flint rock mountain country.

It is readily seen that it is all in the dog. The vital spark must be there to insure stamina and ability to surmount heavy going. There is this in favor of the big dogs, and all the small dogs cannot overcome. They can be seen in weeds, corn and other cover where the little chaps are invisible. But the little fellows are commanding lots of attention today because they are easy to carry in an automobile or on the running board when they learn the trick. But there is a happy medium and we cannot well pass it over; day in and day out the medium weight, cobby-built dog will stand the racket better than any other type.

Avoid Shouting

A trainer never gets far with a loud voice. If he starts shouting his commands to the animal while it is a puppy, he will have to continue it all the time, and then he seldom has a tractable dog. A command should be given in a low tone; never vary this and you will avoid trouble. One word is sufficient for a command. Confine yourself to it and always you will be better understood. When correcting the dog never utter a word except the command he has disobeyed, and that slowly and in a low tone.

Correction

The original painting of Some Dogs, a copy of which appeared in last month's issue of this magazine, was made by Edwin H. Osthaus, the celebrated painter of dogs and a close friend of Mr. John W. Oswald, the owner of the dogs in the picture; himself an artist and painter of note.

The original picture of these dogs was sold for $1000.00, largely because of the painter's renown.

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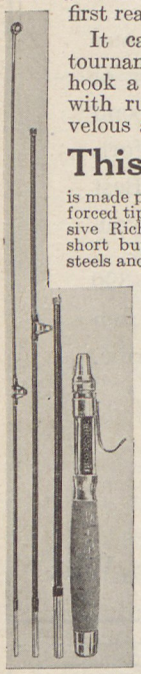

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Illinois Stream Pollution

(Continued from page 89)

empty the sewage into the stream at some point below the reservoir. The next town below finds itself short of water, and becomes aware that the city above is using the river for a sewer. But it builds its dam and erects an extensive purifying plant expecting that the chlorine and other chemicals will protect the lives of the people, and in turns conveys its sewage to a point below its dam, thus contaminating the water for the town next below. This may go on for the length of the stream. The health of each of these places depends on the efficacy of the purification plant and any imperfection in this that causes raw water to get into the distributing system, is likely to result in serious epidemics. Polluting a river for the city next below is a good deal like poisoning your neighbor's well.

Cities that have deep well or spring supplies are likely to show least responsibility. One might cite Rockford, Freeport, Peoria, Aurora and Joliet.

Some Good Laws

ILLINOIS has some good laws on the subject of stream pollution but in view of existing public indifference it is difficult to apply them.

In all this I have been trying to show:

First. That ground supplies are not adequate the year around, under the present methods.

Second. That the usability of our surface supplies, represented by our streams, is lessened by their pollution by sewage and factory waste.

Third. That the available supply could be increased by the suppression of such pollution, and the enforcement of a law that would compel or permit cities to provide for the disposal of waste and sewage.

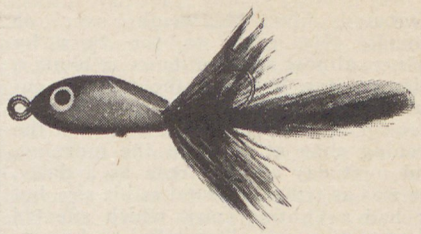
Fourth. That sewage and waste pollution of streams is a menace to health, a source of disease, and renders water unfit for use, and constitutes a public nuisance, besides killing aquatic animal life, and making the water a possible source of disease to domestic animals, which may communicate it to man.

Fifth. That conservation, checking flood waste, would probably carry a wholesome supply through the heated season and save much expense and trouble.

Sixth. That the uncertainty attending the life of deep well supplies makes the saving of surface supplies all the more important.

It seems to me that it would be well for us to urge the Legislature to provide the State Water board with an appropriation sufficient to make a comprehensive survey of the extent of the pollution of Illinois streams and to formulate the most practical remedies. It is possible that additional and more drastic legislation is needed.

In the meantime I believe that the systematic education of the public should be undertaken and that they should become informed not only of the dangers of the indiscriminate use of our streams as open sewers and waste receptacles, but also of the methods of conserving rainfall and making more of it available. It is a subject that could be pursued to advantage in our schools. Our streams should not continue cesspools, but should be converted back to their original state.



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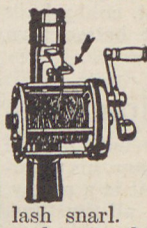

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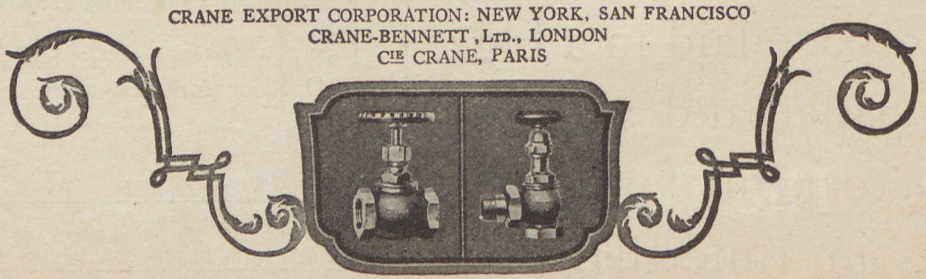

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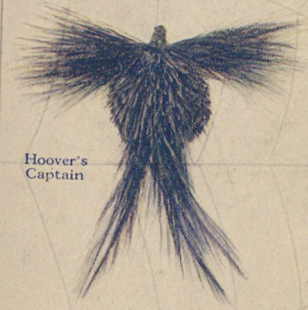
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Made Like a Fly

No hard head or body to interfere with hook setting in making the strike.

Casts easily with a fly rod.

No paint to peal or scale.

Does not strain your rod on the pickup.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
America's Izaak Walton

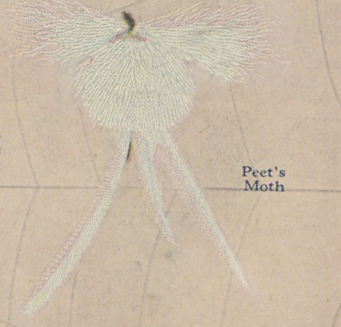
Acts Like a Fly

The soft body allows the fish to close its mouth on or over the lure.

The point of hook sets on the force of the strike.

Lights on surface without splash or riffle.

The hook has large round bend taking a firm hold.


Peet's Moth

Gov. Pinchot's Ideal

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NO hook interference allowing a fish to close its mouth on or over the lure. Casts easily, alights easily, does not strain your rod on the pickup.

I confidently offer these lures to American anglers, knowing they will take fish.

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The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.

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Every straintest leader marked with actual commercial name and size of gut giving the tensile test.

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When you start out, what are the chances of your getting them? Look over your tackle and you can tell pretty well in advance — so can other fishermen who know good tackle when they see it. The fellow who gets them usually is the one who has good tackle and knows how to use it.

You know how important it is to have the right lures, and you can tell just by looking at the Heddon Bass Bugs that they are made differently — made in the same way Heddon makes Wilder-Dilg lures, the "original feathered minnow."

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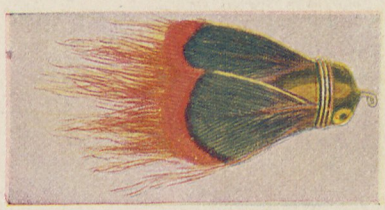

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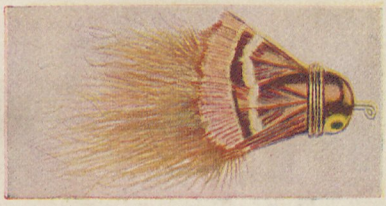
Comes in 12 different color combinations



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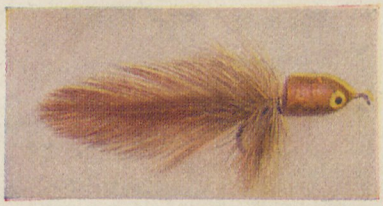

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Heddon Fishing Tackle

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